

HISLOP'S BOOK OF SCOTTISH ANECDOTE

HUMOROUS, SOCIAL, LEGENDARY,
AND HISTORICAL.

New and Revised Edition.

FIRST SERIES.



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EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY
JULSTON & SONS.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THE favourable reception which the BOOK OF SCOTTISH ANECDOTES met with at the hands of the Public and the Press has been - to induce the Publishers to re-issue the work in a cheaper and more popular form.

In preparing the present Edition, the work has been carefully revised; and it may be mentioned, as an indication of the extent of this revision, that in the present volume space has been found for upwards of one hundred and fifty fresh anecdotes.

The aim of the Publishers in re-issuing the work in its present form has been to place this "extraordinary miscellany of interesting and readable matter" * within reach of that larger class of readers to whom the original edition, from its price, may not have been readily accessible; and they trust that the effect of the revision which the work has been subjected will be to render the BOOK OF SCOTTISH ANECDOTES still more worthy of the high place it has already attained in public estimation.

Inverness Courier.

AUGUST 1875.

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH ANECDOTE

First Series.

OUT OF HIS DEPTH.

John, the pawky "man" of the Rev. Mr Aiken, of the parish of Morton, had a strange preacher officiating in what he called his "poopit" one Sunday. As the "man" thought that no minister could preach like his master, he was not favourably disposed towards the substitute. The text had been given out, and the minister had been for a considerable time talking of his subject, and beating about the bush with it, when an old woman, who, from a "want" of hearing, had not heard the text, applied to John for information in these terms—whispered loudly in his ear—

"Whaur's his grund, John, whaur's his grund?"

"Grund!" replied John, with a look of contempt; "he has nae grund, woman—he's sooming!"

MEG DODS ON DEATH.

"Ay, and is it even sae?" said Meg; "and has the puir bairn been sae soon removed frae this fashious warld? Ay, ay, we maun a' gang ae gate—crackit quart stoups and geisened barrels—leaky quighs are we a', and canna keep in the water o' life—Oho sirs!"
—*St Roman's Well.*

A DOUBLY HEINOUS CRIME.

Lord Eskgrove was a very "wordy" judge. Lord Cockburn says he heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus:—"And not only did you murder him, whereby he was berea-ved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel, the le-thal weapon through the bellyband of his regimental breeches, which were His Majesty's!"

KING WILLIAM AND THE "THUMBIKINS."

"I have heard," said King William, to Principal Carstairs, "that you were tortured with something they call 'thumbikins'; pray what sort of instrument of torture is it?"

"I will show it you," replied Carstairs, "the next time I have the honour to wait upon your Majesty."

The Principal was as good as his word. "I must try them," said the King. "I must put in my thumbs here—now, Principal, turn the screw. Oh! not so gently—another turn—another—stop! stop! no more. Another turn, I'm afraid, would make me confess anything."
—*Statistical Account.*

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GOOD OMENS.

wind to the bairn
When ga'an for its name;
And safe to the corpse
Carried to its lang hame.

A bonny blue sky
To welcome the bride,
As she gangs to the kirk
Wi' the sun on her side.

CHALMERS' PUNCTUALITY.

The punctuality which reigned over the domestic regulations of Dr Chalmers was sometimes not a little inconvenient to his guests. His aunt, while living in the house, appearing one morning too late for breakfast, and well knowing what awaited her if she did not "take the first word o' flying," thus diverted the expected storm:—

"Oh! Mr Chalmers," she exclaimed, as she entered the room, "I had such a strange dream last night; I dreamt that you were dead."

"Indeed, aunt," said the Doctor, quite arrested by an announcement which bore so directly on his own future history.

"And I dreamt," she continued, "that the funeral day was named, and the funeral hour was fixed, and the funeral cards were written; and the day came, and the folk came, and the hour came; but what do you think happened? Why, the clock had scarce done chapping twelve, which was the hour named in the cards, when a loud knocking was heard within the coffin, and a voice, gey peremptory and ill-pleased like, came out of it, saying,

"'Twelve's chappit, and ye're no fitin'!"

The Doctor was too fond of a joke not to relish this one; and, in the hearty laugh which followed, the ingenious culprit escaped.—*Rrv. Dr Hanna.*

A CURE FOR CHIN-COUGH.

Formerly in Scotland a person who rode a *pyat* or pie-bald horse was supposed to be endowed with a supernatural power to cure the chin-cough. I recollect a worthy friend of mine, who rode a horse of this description, told me, that he used to be pursued by people running after him out of every village and hamlet through which he passed, bawling, "Man wi' the pyatic horse, what's gude for the kink-host?" "But," he added, "I ay gied them a prescription that I was sure would do them nae harm. I bad them gie the bairn plenty o' sugar-candy."—*Jamie-son.*

JUSTICE IN KIND.

The following incident is said to have occurred in the Highlands of Scotland about the year 1430. A Highland robber having taken two cows from a poor woman, she swore she would wear no shoes till she had complained to the king. The thief, in ridicule of her oath, nailed a pair of horse-shoes on her feet. When her wounds were healed, she proceeded to the royal presence, told her story, and showed her scars. The just monarch instantly dispatched orders to secure the thief, who being brought to Perth, and condemned, "the king commanded that he should be clothed in a canvas frock, on which was painted the figure of a man fastening horse-shoes to a woman's feet. In this dress he was exhibited through the streets of the city for two days, then dragged at the tail of a horse to the gallows, and hanged."—*Pinkerton.*

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

A rather mean and parsimonious old lady called one day upon David Dreghorn, a well-known Glasgow

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fishmonger, saying, "Weel, Maister Dreghorn, how are ye selling your half salmon the noo?"

David, being rather in a cross humour, replied, "When we catch ony half salmon, mem, we'll let ye ken!"

audience that he would speak of different kinds of followers.

"First," said he, "my friends, are followers ahint; secondly, are followers afore; thirdly, there are followers cheekie for chow, and by sidie; and last o' a', there are followers that stand stane-still."—*James*

WONDERFUL CURES.

1562. At this time divers great and uncommon cures having been performed by Robert Henderson, a surgeon, by order of the Council, viz., on a person whose hands were cut off, a man and woman run through their bodies with swords by the French, and a woman (said to have been worried) after she was buried, and lye two days in the grave; for which extraordinary performances the Council ordered him the sum of twenty merks, Scottish money.—*Maillard*.

THE LAIRD OF BALGARVIE.

It is reported of him, that when King James v. did live at Falkland, this gentleman did wait upon the king there, at a certain time, with thirty of his sons, all begotten of his own body, who rode on horses with him. The king was well pleased to see such handsome and comely men, and said he would take care to employ them in his service; but it was observed, that in a very few years thereafter, they died all of them.—*Sibbald*.

FOLLOWERS.

Tradition tells of an old minister in our own country, not of the brightest parts it may be supposed, who, in discoursing from some text in which the word "follow" occurred, informed his

A STRANGE TENURE.

Sir Henry Munro of Foulis holds a forest from the Crown by a very whimsical tenure—that of delivering a snowball on any day of the year that it is demanded; and he seems to be in no danger of forfeiting his right by failure of the quit-rent, for snow lies in form of a glacier in the chasms of Ben Wyvis, a neighbouring mountain, throughout the year.—*Pennant*.

A HINT TO CANDIDATES.

I must say that I prefer our own quiet, canny Scotch way at Irvine. Well do I remember, for it happened in the year that I was licensed, that the town council, the Lord Eglinton that was shot being then Provost, took in the late Thomas Bowet to be a councillor, and Thomas not being versed in election matters, yet minding to please his Lordship, for, like the rest of the council, he had always a proper veneration for those in power; he, as I was saying, consulted Joseph Boyd the weaver, who was then Dean of Guild, as to the way of voting; whereupon Joseph, who was a discreet man, said to him, "Ye'll just say as I say, and I'll say what Baillie Shaw says, for he will do what my lord bids him," which was as peaceful a way of sending up a member to parliament as could well be devised.—*Galt*.

THE SHEPHERD ON SMALL WAISTS.

Shepherd.—I allow that lassies should aye be something sonsie.

North.—So with waists. Women are not wasps.

Shepherd.—I'm no just quite sae sure about that, sir; but I agree wi' you in dislikin' the wasp-waist. You wunner what they do wi' their vittals. They canna be healthy—and you'll generally observe, that sic-like hae gey yellow faces, as if something were wrang wi' their stomach. There should be moderation in a' things. A waist's for puttin' your arm round, and no for spannin' wi' your hauns, except it be some fairy o' a creatur that's no made to be married, but just to wunner at, and aiblins admire, as you wud a bonny she-dwarf at a show. There should aye be some tear and wear about a lassie that's meant for domestic life.—*Noctes Ambrosiana.*

A FRIENDLY CRITICISM.

Old John Cameron was leader of a small quadrille band in Edinburgh, the performances of which were certainly not the very finest. Being disappointed on one occasion of an engagement at a particular ball, he described his more fortunate but equally able brethren in the following terms:—"There's Geordie Menstrie, he plays rough, like a man sharpening knives wi' yellow sand. Then there's Jamie Corri, his playin's like the chappin' o' mince-collops—sic short bows he tak. And then there's Donald Munro, his bass is like wind i' the lum, or a toom cart gaun down Blackfriars' Wynd!"

GETTING THE BEVERAGE.

When a young girl gets any piece of new dress, she sily shows it to her Jo, who gives her a kiss, which is taking

the beverage of the article in question. And when he gets anything, they kiss again, which is giving the beverage. The bridegroom takes the beverage of his bride by kissing her the instant the marriage ceremony is over; but if any other person be so nimble as to have a kiss before him, that person gets the beverage.—*MacTaggart.*

THE TAPPIT HEN.

"Weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a Tappit Hen."

The Tappit Hen contained three quarts of claret.

"I have seen one of these formidable stoups at Provost Haswell's, at Jedburgh, in the days of yore. It was a pewter measure, the claret being in ancient days served from the tap, and had the figure of a hen upon the lid. In later times, the name was given to a glass bottle of the same dimensions. These are rare apparitions among the degenerate toppers of modern days."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

A PAIR OF BULLS.

Two operatives in one of the Border towns were heard disputing about a new cemetery, beside the elegant railing of which they were standing.

One of them, evidently disliking the continental fashion in which it was being laid out, said in disgust, "I'd rather dee than be buried in sic a place!"

"Weel, it's the verra reverse wi' me," said the other, "for I'll be buried naewhere else, if I'm spared."

CHECKING THE TAILOR.

I shall give you a notable instance of precaution used by some of the people against the tailor's purloining.

This is to buy everything that goes to the making of a suit of clothes, even to the stay-tape and thread; and when they are to be delivered out, they are, all together, weighed before the tailor's face. And when he brings home the suit, it is again put into the scale, with the shreds of every sort, and it is expected the whole shall answer the original weight.—*Burt.*

THE SINCLAIRS AND FLODDEN.

No gentleman of the name of Sinclair, either in Conisbay or throughout Caithness, will put on green apparel or think of crossing the Ord upon a Monday. They were dressed in green, and they crossed the Ord upon a Monday, on their way to the battle of Flodden, where they fought and fell in the service of their country, almost without leaving a representative of the name behind them. The day and the dress are accordingly regarded as inauspicious.—*Stat. Account.*

"ANOTHER FOR HECTOR."

In the battle of Inverkeithing, between the Royalists and Oliver Cromwell, five hundred of the followers of the Laird of Maclean were left dead on the field. In the heat of the conflict, seven brothers of the clan sacrificed their lives in defence of their leader, Sir Hector Maclean. Being hard pressed by the enemy, he was supported and covered from their attacks by these intrepid men; and as one brother fell, another came up in succession to cover him, crying "Another for Hector!" This phrase has continued ever since as a proverb or watch-word when a man encounters any sudden danger that requires instant succour.—*Stewart.*

GRAVE WIT.

Sir Patrick Hume, King's High Commissioner to Parliament in Scotland, died in the 84th year of his age, 1714. Being observed to smile when on his death-bed, he was asked by Lord Binning what he was laughing at. He answered, "I am diverted to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with when they bore through my thick coffin, expecting to find a good meal, and get nothing but the bones!"

CHARLES II. STATUE.

In 1685, the town council of Edinburgh having got executed a superior equestrian statue of Charles II., had it erected in Parliament Square only a short time before his death. It would probably have bothered the brains of these learned burghers, or city wiseacres, to have been called on to state for what good deeds they awarded this honour.—*Anderson.*

PROVOST AND POLICEMAN.

On Saturday last (May 1835), the then Lord Provost of Glasgow was seen, near the Royal Exchange, talking to a man, who, from his outward appearance, seemed to be a chimney-sweeper. The Provost and the sweep appeared to be deeply engaged on some interesting subject, and were seen describing with the point of an old nail the inclinations and curvatures of certain "vents" or flues which might be swept by means of the newly invented machine which was to supersede the "climbing boys," as the unlucky urchins who had to ascend the chimneys were called. A crowd very soon collected round the Provost and the sweep, wondering, no doubt, what the one had to do with the other. But so intent

was his Lordship on the subject under discussion, that he seemed to be quite unconscious of any person being present save the man with whom he was talking, until a policeman came forward, and in the true Celtic twang rudely ordered his Lordship to "dismiss."

"What!" said the Provost, surprised, "do you know to whom you speak?"

"No, she'll did not," answered Donald, "neither did she'll care. Her orders was not to let peoples stand upon ta plainstane causey, causing a crowd, and if she wadna gang awa, she wad put ta offish upon her."

"Do you know that you are talking to the Lord Provost?" said a gentleman present; "you ought to be more respectful to his Lordship."

"Let her pe ta Lord Provish," retorted the doughty preserver of the peace, "or ta Lord Justice Peace Court hersel, she did not care one pinch o' snish! but if she will not dismiss, her order will pe tat ta put ta offish upon her shust in a minute."

It is needless to say that the Provost good-naturedly yielded to a law of his own sanctioning, and walked off, glad, no doubt, to find that the police establishment was filled with such unpromising and faithful servants.

THE PROBATIONER.

Finding myself rather in a dawning state on the Friday, with the advice of Mrs Balwhidder, who was counted very skilly in sic matters, and wi' the consent o' the session, I determined to hire a probationer for the Sunday, sae I sent in word to Baillie Watt, the wahster in Paisley, to make sure of one for that day. Next day's carrier brought word that he had gotten the only one that was not engaged; he wasna very first-rate, he said, but I didna think much about that, as I wasna a very great hand at

the preaching mysel'; but ye'll hear hoo it turnt out.

The young birky cam according to appointment; he was rather little, and had a happy leg; however, that wasna noticed when he got into the poopit. He made ane or twa blunders in reading the psalms, but this could be forgi'en in sic a young beginner; but in the prayer he gaed far by the straught, for in praying for twa lads to be hanged at Ayr, he worded it in this manner: "We pray for the two unfortunate men under sentence of death, the king and the minister of this parish," to the no little amazement of the congregation. A bit farther on he prayed, "Lord, darken our lightened imaginations." I was so angry at the chap that I maist wished him to be taen at his word, in so far as regardit himsel'; but this wasna it a', for when the bit body cam into the vestry, he said to me, fishing for a compliment, aiblins, "Ye wad notice I was a wee hoarse the day." "Wee horse!" says I, hardly able to keep my temper: "na, na, my man. I didna think ye was a wee horse, but I thocht ye was a big ass!" The chiel was perfectly dumb-founded, and Matthew Stenson, the elder, remarkit, that it was the cleverest observe of mine he had heard for mony a day; but frae that day to this I hae never meddlet wi' a probationer again.

—Hutchison.

AN ACT FOR THE LADIES.

The following item is extracted from an Act of the Scottish Parliament, passed in the reign of Queen Margaret, about the year 1288:—

"It is stated and ordainit that during the reime of hir maist blissit Magestie, ilk maiden ladye of baith highe and lowe estait shall hae libertie to bespeak ye man she likes; albeit, gif he refuses to tak hir till be his wyf, he sall be mulctit in ye sume of ane hundredth

pundis or less, as his estait mai be, except and alwais gif he can mak it appear that he is betrothit to aneither woman, then he shall be free."

A BLUEGOWN WEDDING.

On the 23d of October 1749, the noted Bluegown,—— Hamilton, a bachelor, aged about 80, was married in the Canongate, Edinburgh, to Jean Lindsay, aged about 20, a bluegown's daughter. This man is one of the most deformed creatures, perhaps, in the world, and is well known all over Britain, having for a long time been carried about on an ass as an object of charity. He is so bowed together that his breast lies between his ancles; his knees on each side are higher than his back; and almost every member of his body is distorted.—*Scots Magazine*.

JEALOUSY BETWEEN EDINBURGH AND LEITH.

In 1485, it was ordained, that no merchant of Edinburgh presume to take into partnership an inhabitant of Leith, under a penalty of forty shillings to the church, and of being deprived of his freedom of the city for a year. And, as if this were not considered sufficient, it was at the same time enacted, that none of the revenues of Edinburgh should be let to an inhabitant of Leith, nor should any of the Edinburgh farmers take an inhabitant of Leith as a partner, or even employ him as a servant relative to that business.—*Kincaid*.

SCOTTISH BY-NAMES.

"And what's his name, pray?"
"Gabriel."
"But Gabriel what?"

"Oh, Lord kens that; we dinna mind folk's after-names muckle here, they run sae muckle into clans."

"Ye see, sir," said an old shepherd, rising, and speaking very slow, "the folks hereabout are a' Armstrongs and Elliots and sic-like—twa or three given names—and so, for distinction's sake, the lairds and farmers have the names of their places that they live at—as for example, Tam o' Todshaw, Will o' the Flat, Hobbie o' Sorbietrees, and our good master here, o' the Charlieshope.—Aweel, sir, and then the inferior sort o' people, ye'll observe, are kend by sorts o' by-names, some o' them, as Glaiket Christie, and the Deuke's Davie, or maybe, like this lad Gabriel, by his employment; as, for example, Tod Gabbie, or Hunter Gabbie. He's no been lang here, sir, and I dinna think anybody kens him by ony ither name."—*Guy Mannering*.

JANET ALLAN, Æ 105.

1788, January 1.—Died at Kilmar-nock, in her 105th year, Janet Allan, being born on that day John Nisbet suffered death at the cross of Kilmar-nock, in the reign of Charles II. About four years ago her sight returned in a great measure, after it was long dimmed by reason of age. She went to kirk and market within a few days of her death, and retained her senses to the last.—*Scots Magazine*.

THE FAMINE, 1694-1700.

Meal was so scarce that many could not get it. It was not then with many, Where will we get silver? but, Where will we get meal for silver? I have seen when meal was all sold in markets, women clapping their hands, and tearing the clothes off their heads, crying, How shall we go home and see our

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children die in hunger? they have got no meat these two days, and we have nothing to give them.

Through the long continuance of these manifold judgments, deaths and burials were so many and common, that the living were wearied in the burying of the dead. I have seen corpses drawn in sleds; many neither got coffin nor winding-sheet. I was one of four who carried the corpse of a young woman a mile of way; and when we came to the grave an honest man came and said: You must go and help me to bury my son, he is lain these two days, otherwise I will be obliged to bury him in my own yard. We went, and there were eight of us had two miles to carry the corpse of that young man, many neighbours looking on us, but none to help us. I was credibly informed, that in the north, two sisters on a Monday morning were found carrying the corpse of their brother on a barrow with bearing ropes, resting themselves many times, and none offering to help them.

Many had cleanness of teeth in our cities, and want of bread in our borders; and to some the staff of life was so utterly broken—which makes complete famine—that they did eat, and were neither satisfied nor nourished; and some of them said to me, that they could mind nothing but meat, and were nothing bettered by it; and that they were utterly unconcerned about their souls, whether they went to heaven or hell. The nearer and sorer these plagues seized, the sadder were their effects, that took away all natural and relative affection, so that husbands had no sympathy with their wives, nor wives with their husbands, parents with their children, nor children with their parents. These and other things have made me to doubt if ever any of Adam's race were in a more deplorable condition, their bodies and spirits more low, than many were in these years.—*David Cargill.*

CLEANING THE KIRN.

"But do you not clean the churn before you put in the cream?"

"Na, na," returned Mrs MacClarty, "that wad no' be canny, ye ken. Naebody hereabouts would clean their kirn for any consideration. I never heard o' sic a thing i' my life. . . . I ne'er kend gude come o' new gaits a' my days. There was Tibby Bell at the head o' the glen, she fell to cleaning her kirn ae day, and the very first kirming after, her butter was burstet, and gude for naething. Twa or three hairs are better than the blink o' an ill ee."—*Cottagers of Glenburnie.*

RED COCK-CRAWING.

"Red Cock-crawing" was a term formerly used in Scotland to designate fire-raising.

"Weel, there's Ane abune a'—but we'll see if the red cock craw not in his bonnie barn-yard ae morning before day dawning."

"What does she mean?" said Man-nering to Sampson in an undertone.

"Fire-raising," answered the laconic dominie.—*Guy Mannering.*

THE LEAD BRASH.

Fowls of any kind will not live many days at Leadhills. They pick up arsenical particles with their food, which soon kills them. Horses, cows, dogs, cats, are liable to the lead brash. A cat, when seized with that distemper, springs like lightning through every corner of the house, falls into convulsions, and dies. A dog falls into strong convulsions also, but occasionally recovers. A cow grows perfectly mad in an instant, and must be immediately killed. Fortunately this distemper does not affect the human species.—*Stat. Acc.*

LAMMER-WINE.

This imaginary liquor (Auber wine) was esteemed a sort of elixir of immortality, and its virtues are celebrated in the following infallible recipe :—

“Drink ae coup o’ the lammer-wine,
An’ the tear is nae mair in your e’e ;
An’ drink twae coups o’ the lammer-wine,
Nae dule nor pine ye’ll dree.
An’ drink three coups o’ the lammer-wine,
Your mortal life’s awa’.
An’ drink four coups o’ the lammer-wine,
Ye’ll turn a fairy sma’.
An’ drink five coups o’ the lammer-wine,
O’ joys ye’ve rowth an’ wale.
An’ drink sax coups o’ the lammer-wine,
Ye’ll ring ower hill and dale.
An’ drink seven coups o’ the lammer-wine,
Ye may dance on the milky way.
An’ drink aught coups o’ the lammer-wine,
Ye may ride on the fire-flaught blae.
An’ drink nine coups o’ the lammer-wine,
Your end-day ye’ll never see ;
An’ the nicht is gane, an’ the day has come
Will never set to thee.”

Mermaid of Clyde.

LIP AND LEGGIN.

To Lip and Leggin, is a phrase used in Fifeshire relating to drink in a cup or vessel. The person to whom the drink is offered holds the vessel obliquely, so as to try whether the liquid it contains will at the same time touch the “leggin,” or angle at the bottom, and reach the “lip” or rim. If it does not, he refuses to receive it, saying, “There’s no a drink there ; it’ll no lip and leggin.”
—*Macdaggart.*

MEG DODS AND HER LODGER.

“I maun hae the best of the cart, Nelly—if you and me can gree—for it is for ane of the best of painters. Your fine folk down yonder would gie their lugs to look at what he has been doing—he gets gowd in goupins, for three downright skarts and three cross anes—and he is no an ungrateful loon, like Dick Tinto, that had nae sooner my good five-and-twenty shillings in his pocket, than he gaed to birl it awa at their bonny hotel yonder, but a decent quiet lad, that kens when he is weel aff, and bides still at the auld howff—And what for no?—Tell them all this, and hear what they will say till’t.”

“Indeed, mistress, I can tell ye that already, without stirring my shanks for the matter,” answered Nelly Trotter ; “they will e’en say that ye are an auld fule, and me anither, that may hae some judgment in cock-bree or in scate-rumples, but maunna fash our beards about onything else.”

“Wad they say sae, the frontless villains? and me been a housekeeper this thirty year !” exclaimed Meg ; “I wadna hae them sae it to my face ! But I am no speaking without warrant—for what an I had spoken to the minister, lass, and shown him ane of the loose scarts of paper that Maister Tirl leaves fleeing about his room? and what an he had said he had kend Lord Bidmore gie five guineas for the waur on’t? and a’ the world kens he was lang tutor in the Bidmore family.”

“Troth,” answered her gossip, “I doubt if I was to tell a’ this they would hardly believe me, mistress ; for there are sae mony judges amang them, and they think sae muckle of themselves, and sae little of other folk, that unless ye were to send down the bit picture, I am no thinking they will believe a word that I can tell them.”

“No believe what an honest woman says, let abee to say twa o’ them !” ex-

claimed Meg; "Oh the unbelieving generation!—Weel, Nelly, since my back is up, ye sall tak down the picture, or sketching, or whatever it is (though I thought sketchers were aye made of air), and shame them wi' it, the conceited crew that they are. But see and bring't back wi' ye again, Nelly, for it's a thing of value; and trustna it out o' your hand, that I charge you, for I lippen no muckle to their honesty. And, Nelly, ye may tell them he has an illustrated poem—*illustrated*—mi'd the word, Nelly, that is to be stuck as fou o' the like o' that, as ever turkey was larded wi' dabs o' bacon."

Thus furnished with her credentials, and acting the part of a herald betwixt two hostile countries, honest Nelly switched her little fish-cart downwards to St Ronan's Well.—*St Ronan's Well.*

THE MILL-REEK.

The miners and smelters of Lead-hills and Wanlockhead are subject, as in other places, to the lead distemper, or mill-reek, as it is called. It brings on palsies, and sometimes madness, terminating in death in about ten days.—*Pennant.*

ORDEAL OF FIRE AND WATER.

This ancient method of purgation was by trial two ways, one by water, the other by fire. The former was either in hot or cold water. If in cold, the parties were adjudged innocent, if their bodies, contrary to the course of nature, did float on the water: if in hot water, the arms and legs of the person accused were put bare into boiling water, and, if brought forth unhurt, were held innocent of the crime he or she were charged with. Those who were tried by fire ordeal walked barefooted and blindfolded over nine glowing plough-

shares; or were to carry in their hands burning irons usually of a pound weight, which was called Simple ordeal; that of two pounds, Double ordeal, and that of three pounds, Triple ordeal; and they remained unhurt by the said irons were acquitted, and on the contrary condemned. The Fire ordeal was the trial of Freemen and persons of distinction; and that by Water for Bondsmen and rustics. But those wicked and deceitful customs are long since abolished, to the ease and happiness of the people.—*Maitland.*

LACONIC EPITAPH.

The following epitaph was copied from a stone in the church-wall Dowallie, Perthshire. It is without date, but evidently of great age:—

Here lyes
James Stewart
He sall rys.

A SINGULAR PROCESSION.

Edinburgh, Anno 1736, July 10.
"Yesterday nine wenches of the tow made an 'amende honourable' through the several streets of the city, the handieman attending them, and drums beating to the tune of 'Cuckolds-come-dig.' Seven of them were afterwards sent to the House of Correction. They were very naked and meagre beings, and fools into the bargain, for driving a trade which afforded neither food nor raiment."—*Caledonian Mercury.*

THE WRAITH OF MONTROSE.

After the battle of Killiecrankie, where fell the last hope of James in the Viscount of Dundee, the ghost of that hero is said to have appeared about day

break to his confidential friend, Lord Balcarres, then confined in Edinburgh Castle. The spectre, drawing aside the curtain of the bed, looked very steadfastly upon the Earl, after which it moved towards the mantelpiece, remained there for some time in a leaning posture, and then walked out of the chamber without uttering one word. Lord Balcarres, in great surprise, though not suspecting that which he saw to be an apparition, called out repeatedly to his friend to stop, but received no answer, and subsequently learned that at the very moment this shadow stood before him, Dundee had breathed his last near the field of Killiecrankie.—*C. K. Sharpe.*

A PATRIARCH.

On a gravestone in the churchyard of Fyvie, Aberdeenshire, is the following inscription :—"Erected to the memory of Alexander Gray, some time farmer in Mill of Burns, who died in the 96th year of his age, having had thirty-two legitimate children by two wives."

JOHNNIE CARNEGIE'S EPITAPH.

Johnnie Carnegie lais heer,
Descendit of Adam and Eve.
Gif ony can gang hieher,
Ise willing gie him leve.

HEALTHS IN SHETLAND.

It was usual about ninety years ago, when a party was assembled at Johnsmass—a festival held at the time of the ling fishery—for the principal person of the feast to address his comrades after the following manner :—

"Men and brèthren, lat wis raise a helt. Here's first ta da Glory o' God an da guid o' wir ain puir sauls, wir

wordy landmaister, an wir lovin meast-mither, helt ta man, death ta fish, and guid growth i' da grund."

About Lammass, when * from the length of the nights, and the rapidity of the tides, lives were often lost, the convivial sentiment was, "Helt ta man, death ta fish, and detriment ta no man."

But when the natives were about to quit the ling-fishery, and to return home to the harvest, the toast remembered in the cottager's cups was, "God open the mouth of the gray-fish, and haud His hand about da corn."—*Hibbert.*

PETER PEEBLES' PREJUDICE.

"Ow, he is just a wud harum-scarum creature, that wad never take to his studies ; daft, sir, clean daft."

"Deft !" said the Justice ; "what d'ye mean by deft—eh ?"

"Just Fifish," replied Peter ; "wow!—a wee bit by the East-Nook or sae ; it's a common case—the ae half of the world thinks the tither daft. I have met with folk in my day that thought I was daft mysell ; and, for my part, I think our Court of Session clean daft, that have had the great cause of Peebles against Plainstones before them for this score of years, and have never been able to ding the bottom out of it yet."—*Rudgeantlet.*

CULTOQUEY'S LITANY.

There was an ancient gentleman, Maxton of Cultoquay, in Perthshire, who lived in the midst of Campbells, and whose family, as might be expected, had experienced some difficulty in preserving its possessions entire. He had some other neighbours of the names Drummond, Graham, and Murray, whose qualities, if less dangerous, were not more agreeable. The whole he anathematised in an addition to the

Litany, which he used to repeat every morning, on performing his toilette at a well near his house—

From the greed of the Campbells,
From the ire of the Drummonds,
From the pride of the Grahams,
From the wind of the Murrays,
Good Lord, deliver us!

None of the individuals concerned took the satire in ill part except the Murrays, whose characteristic is the most opprobrious,—*wind*, in Scottish phraseology, implying a propensity to vain and foolish bravado. It is said that the Duke of Atholl, hearing of Cultoquay's Litany, invited the old humourist to dinner, and desired to hear from his own mouth the lines which had made so much noise over the country. Cultoquay repeated them, without the least hesitation or bungling; when his grace said, half in good, half in bad humour, "Take care, Cultie, for the future to omit my name in your morning devotions, else I shall certainly crop your ears for your boldness."

"That's wind, my lord duke!" quoth Cultoquay, with the greatest coolness, at the same time taking off his glass.

On another occasion, a gentleman of his grace's name having called upon Mr Maxton, and used some angry expostulations on the manner in which his clan was characterised, Cultoquay made no answer, other than bidding his servant open the door, and let out the wind of the Murrays!—*R. Chambers.*

A MISUNDERSTANDING MISUNDERSTOOD.

A countryman, going into the Court of Session, took notice of two advocates at the bar, who, being engaged on opposite sides of the case in hand, wrangled with and contradicted each other severely, each frequently, how-

ever, styling his opponent "brother." The countryman observed to a bystander that there did not seem to be much brotherly love between them.

"Oh," said he, "they're only brothers-in-law."

"I suppose they'll be married on twa sisters, then," replied he; "and I think it's just the auld story ower again—*swens gice best separate.*"

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

By east the Isle of May, twelve miles from all land, in the German Sea, lyes a great hidden rocke, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed everie tide. It is reported in old times, upon the said rocke there was a bell fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylors of the danger. This bell or clock was put there, and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rocke with ship and goods, in the righteous judgment of God.—*Monipennie.*

A BRIDE'S "PROVIDING."

We have the authority of an experienced matron for the following as a complete inventory of a bride's plenishing, according to old Scottish notions, and which, especially in the country, is often still regarded as indispensable:—

I. A chest of drawers, "split new," and ordered for the occasion.

II. Bed and table linen, or *naiprie* as it is styled, with a supply of blankets.

III. A "set" of silver tea spoons, and, in some districts,

IV. An eight-day clock.

But the *sine qua non* of all was

V. A LADLE! —*Wilson.*

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

When Edmund Kean paid his last visit to Ayr, his performance of Othello happened to be the subject of conversation in a shop. A butcher who was present asked very gravely whether Mr Kean spoke all he said out of his own head, or if he learned it from a book? Being told how the thing was, he objected against paying to hear a man repeat what every person who could read might do as well for himself. This objection was met by some one observing that the actor "did not only recite the play, but he delineated the various passions which belonged to the character."

"Passions!" exclaimed the butcher with a sneer of contempt, "gang to the fish-market if ye want to see folk in a passion! That's the place for

still turning up the mouls here, for a' that. Forbye that, to tell your honour the evendown truth, there's nae better place ever offered to Andrew. But if your honour wad wush me to ony place where I could hear pure doctrine, and hae a free cow's grass, and a oot, and a yard, and mair than ten punds of annual fee, and where there's nae leddy about the town to count the apples, I'll hold myself muckle indebted t'ye."

"Bravo, Andrew! I perceive you'll lose no preferment for want of asking patronage."

"I canna see what for I should," replied Andrew; "it's no a generation to wait till ane's worth's discovered, I trow."—*Rob Roy*.

A CAUTIOUS COMPLIMENT.

In ancient times the tenants of Lord Breadalbane having applied to him for reduction of rent, had occasion to dine together, before their landlord and chief had sent his reply. When they proposed his health, therefore, they gave it in these cautious words,—
"Breadalbane—till we see."

ERRING ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

A certain minister was frequently accused of preaching the same sermon twice over, though at a considerable interval of time between them. One day, however, he had the misfortune, from a slip of memory, to deliver one which he had preached only a week or two previously. After the dismissal of the congregation, the minister's man remarked to him,

"I hae often heard ye blamed, sir, for gien us auld sermons; but they'll surely no sae that o' the ane ye gied them the day, for it's just a fortnicht sin' they heard it afore in the same place."

ANDREW FAIRSERVICE SPEAKS
FOR HIMSELF.

"It disna become me to speak to the point of my qualifications," said Andrew, looking around him with great complacency; "but nae doubt I should understand my trade of horticulture, seeing I was bred in the parish of Dreepdally, where they raise lang-kale under glass, and force the early nettles for their spring kale. And, to speak truth, I hae been flitting every term these four-and-twenty years; but when the time comes there's aye something to saw that I would like to see sawn—or something to maw that I would like to see mawn—or something to ripe that I would like to see ripen—and sae I e'en daiker on wi' the family frae year's end to year's end. And I wad say for certain, that I am gaun to quit at Candle-mas, only I was just as positive on it twenty years syne, and I find myself

THE FACES OF WITCHES AND WIZARDS.

"Looking like a witch" is a proverb that has been always descriptive of the most exquisite ugliness; and whoever has seen the frontispiece of a Highland witch will be satisfied with its force and propriety. The face is so wrinkled, that it commonly resembles the channels of dried waters, and the colour of it resembles nothing so much as a piece rough tanned leather. The eyes are small and piercing, sunk into the forehead, like the expiring remains of a candle in a socket. The nose is large, prominent, and sharp, forming a bridge to the contacting chin. These are represented as the amiable features of a witch. The wizard's appearance differs very little from that of his amiable sister the witch, only that his face covered over with a preternatural redundancy of hair, and that he wears beneath his chin a bunch of hair in the manner of a goat.—*W. G. Stewart.*

KIDNAPPING A JUDGE.

Of Lord Durie the following remarkable circumstance, highly illustrative of the unsettled state of the country about 1640, is recorded. The Earl of Traquair, lord high treasurer, having a lawsuit, of great importance to his family, depending before the court of session, and believing that the opinion of Lord Durie, then lord president, was adverse to his interests, employed Willie Armstrong, called Christie's Will, a noted and daring mossrooper, to convey his lordship out of the way until the cause should be decided. Accordingly, one day when the judge was taking his usual airing on horseback on Leith sands, without any attendant, he was accosted by Armstrong, near the then unfrequented and furzy common called the Figgate Whins, forcibly dragged from his saddle, blindfolded, and muffled in a large cloak; in

which condition he was carried to an old castle in Annandale, named the Tower of Graham. He remained closely immured in the vault of the castle for three months, debarred from all intercourse with human kind, and receiving his food through an aperture in the wall. His friends, supposing that he had been thrown from his horse into the sea, and been drowned, had gone into mourning for him, but upon the lawsuit terminating in favour of Lord Traquair, he was brought back in the same mysterious manner, and set down on the very spot whence he had been so expertly kidnapped.—*Scottish Nation.*

HOW TO MEET A DIFFICULTY.

An old Nithsdale farmer possessed a fair portion of that satiric humour which belongs to the song of *Tibbie Fowler*. Having two daughters "mair black than bonnie," he would hint at their uncomeliness—

"My lasses wad hae mensed me had I lived amang the black but comely daughters o' Jerusalem," he would say; "but I'll do wi' them as the gudeman o' Roanshaw did wi' his cowtes. He put siller graithing on them, and hung bobbins o' gowd at their manes, and shawed them at the market, sayin', 'Some will gie a bode for ye, for the sonks and bridle.'"

A CONSOLATION.

"Eh, sir," said a minister's man, one Sabbath morning to the clergyman, while assisting him on with his gown, "do ye see what a lot o' folk are leaving the kirk the day, and gaun ower the hill to the meeting house?"

"Very true John," replied the minister, jocosely; "but, John, ye dinna see ony o' the stipend gaun ower after them!"

A GRAVE COURTSHIP.

A certain Scotch beadle fell in love with the manse housemaid, but was at a loss for an opportunity to declare himself. One Sunday, however, when his duties were ended, he mustered courage to say—

"Wad ye tak a turn, Mary?"

He led her to the churchyard, and, pointing with his finger, got out, "My fowk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?" The grave hint was taken, and she afterwards became his wife.—*Dr Rogers.*

TAIT FOR EVER!

Otho Herman Wemyss was the son of Mr William Wemyss, a respectable writer to the Signet; and although a lawyer of no inconsiderable talent, met with little success at the Bar. He was a staunch Whig, and in old age obtained the appointment of Sheriff-substitute of Selkirk, which office, shortly before his death in 1835, he relinquished. While holding this appointment, he paid a visit to Edinburgh, during the excitement occasioned by the outcry against the annuity-tax, and upon this occasion got his liberal notions somewhat shaken. It is well known that Mr William Tait, bookseller, who had obtained great popularity as a leading member of the radical party, was, upon his refusal to pay the obnoxious tax, sent to the Calton Jail, and his progress there partook more of a triumphal procession than an incarceration for non-payment of taxes. Poor Otho was sauntering along Waterloo Place, and had got almost opposite to the Calton Jail, when he was surrounded by the mob assembled on this memorable occasion. A cheer was given for Mr Tait, and one of the illustrious unwashed insisted that the Sheriff should doff his beaver, and join in the acclamation. Otho,

who thought the better part of valour was discretion, did as he was bid, and shouted loudly, "Tait for ever!" The stranger, delighted with the enthusiasm displayed, swore eternal friendship, and as embracing amongst men is not relished in this country, insisted on shaking hands with so worthy a citizen. This boon was conceded, and the ancient patriot's fingers received so fervent a pressure, that they tingled for some time afterwards. The mysterious anti-annuitant then beat a retreat, and when the judge had recovered from the thrilling emotions produced by the affectionate squeeze, he discovered that his new friend had removed from one of his digits a valuable seal ring. This he indubitably had taken away from no sordid motive, but as a memorial of the veneration in which he held his proselyte, and as a pledge of fraternization. Otho, who told the story, was by no means reconciled to this popular manner of testifying respect.—*Court of Session Garland.*

A POET CRITICISED.

Thomson the poet had an uncle, a clever, active mechanic, who could do many things with his hands, and contemplated James's indolent, dreamy, "feckless" character with impatient displeasure.

When the first of *The Seasons*—"Winter"—had been completed at press, Jamie thought, by a presentation copy, to triumph over his uncle's scepticism; and to propitiate his good opinion he had the book handsomely bound. The old man never looked inside, or asked what the book was about, but, turning it round and round with his fingers in gratified admiration, exclaimed—

"Come, is that really our Jamie's doin' now?—well, I never thought the cratur wad hae had the handicraft to dae the like!"

THE ANECDOTE.

A MISLEADING TITLE.

There is a sober-looking volume, generally known in sheep, called "M'Fween's Types,"—a theological book, in fact, treating of the types of Christianity in the old law. Concerning it, a friend once told me that, at an auction, he had seen it vehemently competed for by an acute-looking citizen artizan and a burly farmer from the hills. The latter, the successful bidder, tossed the lot to the other, saying he might "hae't and be d—d to it—he thoct it was a buik upo' the tups," a word which, it may be necessary to inform the unlearned reader, means rams; but the other competitor also declined the lot: he was a compositor, or journeyman printer, and expected to find it honestly devoted to those tools of his trade of which it professed to deal.—*J. Hill Burton.*

when she wished a note to be taken without loss of time, held it open, and read it over to him, saying, "There noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it, but jest send it off."

MODERN-ANCIENTS.

The absurdity of detracting from the merits of moderns because their genius approximates to that of the ancients, has perhaps never been better ridiculed than in the following repartee of Burns.

He was quoting a brilliant sentiment in an old Scottish song, with his accustomed warmth, to a pedantic school-master, who coolly observed—

"That it was very good—but the idea was in Horace."

"That may be," replied Burns, "but Horace stole it from the Scotchman."

MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

There was pointed out to the author lately a person in the eastern part of Scotland, who had fallen into a certain degree of discredit only a few years ago, from declining to undergo a ceremony not uncommon in earlier times. On the morning after marriage, the youth of both sexes, or perhaps females, were the principal participators, assembled along with the new married pair. A basket was transmitted among them, and gradually filled with stones, until reaching the bridegroom, when it was suspended from his neck. Then receiving some additional load, his affectionate helpmate, to testify her sense of the caresses he had lavished on her, cut the cord and relieved him of this oppressive burden.—*Dalryell.*

SAVING TIME.

An aged Forfarshire lady, knowing the habits of her old and spoilt servant,

A GALLOWAY POUND OF BUTTER.

A person came to an honest *gude wife*, and wanted a *fun* o' butter, but, as bad luck would have it, the *funstane* was lost, so she did not know how in all the world she should serve her customer; the *ounce-weights* were rummaged over and over, and none less than the *meal-stane quarter* could be found, and with this she saw it was impossible to weigh a pound. While pondering the matter, as a gude wife ponders, the *tangs* struck her fancy. "O!" quoth she, "I ken how we'll manage now; the gudeman brought hame a pair o' new tangs the other night, which weighed in the smiddy just twa pun; sae stand by and I'll soon weigh ye wi' them your butter." She then opened the legs of the tongs, put one leg in the scale against the butter, and let the other hang out. The beam got its fair swing, and so weighed a dounce Galloway pound of butter.—*Macdaggart.*

A KILMAURS WHITTLE.

A man of acute understanding and quickness of action is said to be as sharp as a Kilmaurs Whittle. An old Presbyterian clergyman, in addressing himself to his audience, upon rising to speak after a young divine, who had delivered a discourse in flowery language and English pronunciation, said—

"My friends, we have had a great deal of fine English ware among us the day, but aiblins my Kilmaurs whittle will cut as sharp as ony English blade;" meaning that the language of his own country would be better understood, and do more good.—*Stat. Account.*

DEOCH AN DORUIS.

When the landlord of an inn presented his guests with *deoch an doruis*, that is, the drink at the door, or the stirrup-cup, the draught was not charged in the reckoning. On this point a learned bailie of the town of Forfar pronounced a very sound judgment.

A., an ale-wife in Forfar, had brewed her "peck of malt" and set the liquor out of doors to cool; the cow of B., a neighbour of A., chanced to come by, and seeing the good beverage, was allured to taste it, and finally to drink it up. When A. came to take in her liquor, she found her tub empty, and from the cow's staggering and staring, so as to betray her intemperance, she easily divined the mode in which her "browst" had disappeared. To take vengeance on Crummie's ribs with a stick was her first effort. The roaring of the cow brought B., her master, who remonstrated with his angry neighbour, and received in reply a demand for the value of the ale which Crummie had drunk up. B. refused payment, and

was conveyed before C. the bailie, or sitting magistrate. He heard the case patiently; and then demanded of the plaintiff A., whether the cow had sat down to her potation, or taken it standing? The plaintiff answered, she had not seen the deed committed, but she supposed the cow drank the ale while standing on her feet; adding, that had she been near she would have made her use them to some purpose. The bailie, on this admission, solemnly adjudged the cow's drink to be *deoch an doruis*—a stirrup-cup, for which no charge could be made, without violating the ancient hospitality of Scotland.—*Waverley.*

SLEEPIN' OR WAKING?

"Sleepin', Tonal'd?" said a Highlander to a drowsy acquaintance, who was ruminating on the grass in a horizontal position.

"No, Tuncan," was the ready answer.

"Then, Tonal'd, would you'll no lend me ten and twenty shilling?" was the next question.

"Ough, ough!" was the response, with a heavy snore; "I'm sleepin' noo, Tuncan, my lad."

THE WRONG SIDE FOR TRACTS.

Robert Kettle, a temperance missionary in Glasgow, left a few tracts with a young lady one morning. Calling at the same house a few days afterwards, he was rather disconcerted at observing the tracts doing duty as curl-papers on the head of the damsel to whom he had given them.

"Weel, my lassie," he remarked, "I see you have used the tracts I left wi' ye; but," he added, in time to turn confusion into merriment, "ye have putten them on the wrang side o' your head, my woman!"

AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

When Leyden read Campbell's "Hohenlinden," he said to Scott—

"Dash it! I hate the fellow, but he has written the best verses I have read for ever so long;" to which Campbell replied—

"I detest Leyden with all my soul, but I know the value of his critical approbation!"

HIGHLAND VIEW OF HEAVEN.

"I know what sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'!" shouted an earnest and excited Highland minister into the ears of an apathetic congregation, to whom he had delivered, without any apparent effect, a vivid and impressive address on the glory of heaven. "I know what sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'! You'd pe wantin' that all the seas would pe hot water; that all the rivers would pe rivers of whiskies; and that all the hills and the mountains would pe loaves o' shugar! That's the sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'! Moreover," he added, warming to his work, "you'd pe wantin' that all the corn-stooks would pe pipe-staples, and tobaccos, and sneeshin'; that's the sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'!"

A' OO'.

A gentleman, in company with a lady to whom he was about to be married, and who carried a white muff, called upon an old gentlewoman on a winter morning. The latter, observing some of the down off the muff adhering to the sleeve of the gentleman's coat, said—

"Mr, there's some woo' on your coat."

"Nae wonder, ma'am," replied the smiling swain, "for I hae been wooing a' morning."

BURNS' SCOTTISH DIALECT.

Letter from Robert Burns to Mr W. Nicol, Master of the High School, Edinburgh.

"No man had ever more command of the ancient Doric dialect than Burns. He has left a curious testimony of his skill in the following letter—an attempt to read a sentence of which would break the teeth of most modern Scotchmen."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

CARLISLE, June 1, 1787.

KIND, HONEST-HEARTED WILLIE:

I'm sitten down here, after seven and forty miles ridin', e'en as forjeskit and forniaw'd as a forfoughten cock, to gie you some notion o' my land-lower-like stravaguin sin the sorrowfu' hour that I shkuk hands and parted wi' Auld Reekie.

My auld ga'd gleyde o' a meere has huchyal'd up hill and down brae, in Scotland and England, as teugh and birnie as a vera devil wi' me. It's true, she's as poor's a sang-maker and as hard's a kirk, and tipper-taipers when she taks the gate, first like a lady's gentlewoman in a minuwae, or a hen on a het girdle; but she's a yauld, pouth-erie girran for a' that, and has a stomak like Willie Stalker's meere that wad hae disgeested tumbler-wheels, for she'll whip me aff her five stimparts o' the best aits at a down-sitten, and ne'er fash her thumb. When ance her ring-banes and spavies, her crucks and cramps, are fairly soupl'd, she beets to, beets to, and aye the hindmost hour the tightest. I could wager her price to a thretty pennies, that for twa or three weeks, ridin' at fifty miles a day, the deil-sticket a five gallopers acqueesh Clyde and Whithorn could cast saut on her tail.

I hae dander'd owre a' the kintra frae Dunbar to Selcraig, and hae foregather'd wi' monya guid fallow, and monya weel-far'd hizzie. I met wi' twa dink quines in particular, ane o' them a sonsie, fine, fodgeg lass, baith braw and bonnie; the

tither was a clean-shankit, straught, tight, weelfar'd wench, as 'blythe's a lintwhite on a flowerie thorn, and as sweet and modest's a new blawn plum-rose in a hazle shaw. They were baith bred to mainers by the beuk, and onie ane o' them had as muckle smeddum and rumblegumption as the half o' some presbyteries that you and I baith ken. They play'd me sic a deevil o' a shavie that I daur say, if my harrigals were turn'd out, ye wad see twa nicks i' the heart o' me like the mark o' a kail-whittle in a castock.

I was gaun to write you a lang pystle, but, gude forgie me, I gat mysel sae noutouriously beastif'd the day, after kail-time, that I can hardly stoiter but an' ben.

My best respects to the gudewife and our common fricns, especial Mr and Mrs Cruikshank, and the honest guid-man o' Jock's Lodge.

I'll be in Dumfries the morn gif the beast be to the fore, and the branks bide hale.

Gude be wi' you, Willie ! Amen !

R. B.

UMBRELLAS IN GLASGOW.

Dr Jamieson first introduced the umbrella into Glasgow in 1782. He procured it in Paris, and it was a ponderous article formed of heavy wax-cloth, stout cane ribs, and a long clumsy wooden handle.

A PAWKIE BEGGAR.

A beggar-man, going his rounds in a populous parish in Ayrshire, took the liberty of rapping at the door of the best house in it. It so happened that the only domestic in the house was the cook, who left her own more immediate business to open the door. Seeing that it was only a beggar-man who had dis-

turbed her, she angrily bade him go about his business and find work to do.

"Oh," said the gaberlunzie, "if I maun, I maun ; but afore I gang, I canna help sayin' that I haena seen sae bonny a foot in a coif or a carrich, as your ain ane."

"Ye're no the first that has said that, gudeman," said the mollified lady of the dripping-pan ; "mony hac thocht the same—come ben, puir body, and I will e'en gie ye a chack !"

PLOUGHS AND HARROWS.

A clergyman in one of the agricultural districts of Scotland had busied himself in introducing an improved plough, about which he was for some time very "full," as the Scotch say ; and accordingly, wherever he was, he was sure to overflow in reference to the subject. He afterwards employed his busy brain in editing a school edition of Horace, of which, for some time, he was also very "full." Calling one day upon a farmer in the neighbourhood, he said, "Well, John, have you seen my Horace?"

"Na, sir," quoth John, "I haena seen your harrows ; but weel I kent your ploo !"

AN OLD PROCLAMATION.

In *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1731 we find the following proclamation of a fair which we give *verbatim* :—

"Oyez, and that's ae time ; Oyez, and that's twa times ; Oyez, and that's the third and last time. All manner of person and persons whasoever, let them draw near, and I shall let them ken, that there is a fair to be held at the toun o' Langholm, for the space o' aught days ; wherein if any hustrin, custrin, land-louper, dub-acouper, or gang-the-gate swinger, shall breed ony

—dardum, rabblement, brabble-
or swabblement, he shall have
nailed to the muckle trone,
a nail, of, twal-a-penny, until he
own on his hob-shanks, and pray to
heaven, nine times God bless the King,
and thrice the Laird o' Kelton, paying a
boat to me, Jemmy Ferguson, bailie
of the aforesaid manor. So you've
heard my proclamation; I'll hame to
my dinner."

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND TOM PURDIE.

Two or three more fish were taken
amongst the stones at the tail of the
ast, and the sport in the carry-wheel
being now ended, the fish were stowed
in the hold of the boat, the crew jumped
ashore, and a right hearty appeal was
made to the whisky bottle. It was first
tendered to the veteran, Tom Purdie,
to whom it always was observed to have
natural gravitation, but to the aston-
ishment of all, he barely put his lips to
be quai gh, and passed it to his nephew.

"Why, uncle, man, what the deil's
me owre ye? I never kent ye refuse
drappie afore; no, not sin I was a
allant. I canna thole to see you gang
that gait."

"Why, I'll tell ye what it is, Charlie.
got a reproof from Sir Walter for
being fou the ither night."

"Eh, uncle, how was that?"

"Why," says Sir Walter, "Tom," says
me, 'I sent for ye on Monday, and ye
were not at hame at aicht o'clock; I
doubt ye were fou, Tom.' I'll joust
all ye the hale truth, says I; I gaed
hand by the men at wark at Rymer's
slen, and came in by Tarfield; then I
went to Darnick, had a glass o' whisky
I Sandy Trummel at Susy's, and I was
just coming awa when Rob steppit in,
and cried for half-a-mutchkin. I was
a for takin mair, but the glasses were
filled, and I did not like to be beat wi'
him, so I took mine. 'And is that

all you had, Tom?' said Sir Walter.
Ay, indeed was it, said I; but heaven
have a care o' me, I never was the
waur o' it, till I was ganging up by
Jemmy Mercer's by Coat's Green; and
when I cam up by Kaeside I wanted to
see Maister Laidlaw, but I thoct I
durstna gang in; and how I got hame
I dinna ken, for I never minded it nae
mair; but our wife was in a terrible
bad key i' the morning, because I was
sair wanted last nicht. 'Well,' said
the maister, 'ye muna never do the like
again, Tom.' We then gaed to the
woods, and thinned the trees; and I
laboured with the axe at thae that Sir
Walter marked. 'Now, Tom,' says
he, 'you will go home with me, for you
have been working very hard, and a
glass of whisky will do you good;' and
he cawed to Nicholson to bring Tom a
glass o' Glenlivet. I tuk it down; and,
man, if ye'd found it, it beat a' the
whisky I ever tasted in my life. 'Well,
Tom,' said Sir Walter, 'how do you
feel after it? Do you think another
glass will do ye any harm?' I said
naething, but I thoct I wad like anither,
and Nicholson poured out ane, and I
tuk it. Then the maister said, 'Tom,
do you feel onything the waur o't?'
Na, na, said I; but it's terrible powerfu',
and three times as strang as ony whisky
I ever drank in my life. 'Then, Tom,'
says Sir Walter, 'never tell me that
three glasses o' Susy's whisky will fill
ye fou, when ye have drank twa o'
mine, which you say is three times as
strong, and you feel all the better for it.'
Hey, man, I never was so ta'en by the
face in a' my life! I didna ken where
to luk. The deil fa'me if ever he catch
me sae again!"—*Scotch's Days and
Nights of Salmon Fishing.*

QUID PRO QUO.

Henry Mackenzie, author of "The
Man of Feeling," and a great friend of

Sir Walter Scott's, was a lawyer. He was in the Highlands in 1786 with General Sir William H——, who had gone there to war upon grouse and moor-fowl. After dinner, the conversation turned upon poisons. The various effects of different species were mentioned, and among others those of *ratsbane* and *laurel*.

"We say in England," quoth the General to Mr Mackenzie, "that ratsbane will not kill a *lawyer*."

"And we say in Scotland," answered Mr Mackenzie, "that some generals are in no danger from *laurel*."

A PHILOSOPHICAL PHYSICIAN.

It happened, at a small county town in England, that Sir Walter Scott suddenly required medical advice for one of his servants, and, on inquiring if there was any doctor at the place, he was told that there were two—one long established, and the other a new-comer. The latter gentleman, being luckily found at home, soon made his appearance—a grave, sagacious-looking personage, attired in black, with a shovel-hat, in whom, to his utter astonishment, Sir Walter recognised a Scotch blacksmith, who had formerly practised with tolerable success as a veterinary surgeon in the neighbourhood of Ashfield.

"How, in all the world!" exclaimed he; "can it be possible that this is John Landie?"

"In troth is't, yer honour; just a' that's o' him," was the answer.

"Well, but let us hear; you were a horse-doctor before; now it seems you a man-doctor; how do you get?"

"Ou, just extraordinary weel; for your honour manna ken my practice is very sure and orthodox. I depend entirely upon two simples."

"And what may their names be? Perhaps it is a secret."

"I'll tell your honour," he said, in a low tone; "my two simples are just laudamy and calamy."

"Simples with a vengeance!" replied Sir Walter. "But, John, do you never happen to kill any of your patients?"

"Kill! on aye, maybe sae! Whiles they dee, and whiles no; but it's the will o' Providence. Ony how, your honour, it will be lang before it maks up for Flodden!"

THE GENERAL RISING.

Joseph Gillon, an Edinburgh wit of the early part of the present century, was asked if he thought that a certain ing advocate of the liberal party would rise."

"Oh, yes," said Joseph, "I'll be bound he will;—at the general rising!"

A GOOD SALESMAN.

A vender of buttons, buckles, pins, and other small wares, who occupied a small shop at the head of the Saltmarket in Glasgow, in which street, erewhile, Bailie Nicol Jarvie domiciled, observed a country lout standing at his window one day, with an undecided wanting-to-buy expression on his face. At last he entered the shop and inquired of the keeper "if he had any pistols to sell."

The shopman had long studied the counter logic of endeavouring to persuade a customer to buy what he may have on sale, rather than what the customer asks for.

"Man," said he, "what would be the use o' a pistol to you?—you wad just shoot yoursel', or maybe some other body wi't! You should buy a flute; see, there's ane, an' it's no sae dear as a pistol; just stop an' open, finger about they sax wee holes, and blaw in

at the big ane, and ye can hae ony tune ye like after a wee while's practice. Besides, you'll maybe blaw a tune into the heart o' some blythe bonny lassie, that'll bring to you the worth o' a thousand pistols or German flutes either."

"Man," said the simple customer, "I'm glad that I've met wi' you the day—just tie't up;" and paying down the price asked, he bade him good-day, with a significant nod of the head, remarking, "It'll no be my faut gin ye get na a chance o' riding the broose at my waddin' sin' ye hae learned me to be my ain piper."

ENGLISH SHEEP HEADS.

A Scottish family, having removed to London, wished to have a sheep's head prepared as they had been accustomed to have it at home, and sent a servant to the butcher to procure one.

"My gude man," said the girl, "I want a sheep's head."

"There's plenty of them," replied the knight of the knife, "choose one for yourself."

"Na, na," said she, "I want ane that will sing (singe)."

"Go, you stupid girl," said he, "who ever heard of a sheep's head that could sing?"

"Why," said the girl in wrath, "it's ye that's stupid, for a' the sheep's heads in Scotland can sing: but I jalouse your English sheep are just as grit fules as their owners, and they can do nae-thing as they ocht."

A FAMILY LIKENESS.

Some soldiers who were quartered in a country village, when they met at the roll-call, were asking one another what kind of quarters they had got; one of

them said he had very good quarters, but the strangest landlady ever he saw—she always took him off. A comrade said he would go along with him, and would take her off. He went, and offered to shake hands with her, saying,

"How are you, Elspa?"

"Indeed, sir," said she, "ye hae the better o' me: I dinna ken ye."

"Dear me, Elspa," replied the soldier, "d'ye no ken me? I'm the devil's sister's son."

"Dear save us!" quoth the old wife, looking him broadly in the face; "od, man, but ye're like your uncle!"

QUITE AS NECESSARY.

George Buchanan being told that the Earl of Mar had obtained the government of the young king, James VI., asked immediately, "Who, then, shall have the government of the Earl of Mar?"

"GREETIN' FOU."

A well-known antiquary was one night snugly seated over a bowl of punch with a few select cronies, in Leslie's tavern, in the Old Post-office Close, Edinburgh. For a reason that will appear, we are enabled to fix the precise day and date of this carousal—it was the 8th of February 1787. After bearing for a time his usual share in the social conversation that was going on, the subject of this anecdote suddenly sank into total silence, assumed a most melancholy aspect, and ultimately burst into a flood of tears. We do not mean to assert that the worthy man was at the time as sober as a judge; neither was he exactly half-fou, nor yet dead drunk; he was just at that peculiar stage of intoxication when pathetic narrative or song has the effect described in the words at the head of this para-

graph : he was, in short, "greetin' fou." The exciting cause of the antiquary's grief was, however, of a peculiarly appropriate kind.

"Dear me, Mr C——," said every one present, "what's the matter wi' ye? Has onything happened? What ails ye?"

"Oh, gentlemen," at length sobbed out the lachrymose antiquary, "I've just been thinking that it was on this very day twa hunder year ago that puir Queen Mary was beheaded!"

A FAIR OFFER.

After the Reformation, Nigel Ramsay, laird of Dalhousie, and ancestor of the Earl of Dalhousie, went to hear a preaching along with the Regent Murray, who afterwards asked him how he liked it.

"Passing well," answered the laird; "purgatory he hath altogether ta'en away; if the morn he will take away the place of future punishment altogether as well, I will give him half the lands of Dalhousie."

DEAD SHOT.

An ironmonger who kept a shop in the High Street of Edinburgh, and sold gunpowder and shot, when asked by any ignorant person in what respect "patent" shot—a new article at that time—surpassed the old kind,

"Oh, sir," he would answer, "it shoots deader."

A CENTENARIAN PUNSTER.

It is said by tradition that Grahame of Claverhouse was very desirous to see, and he introduced to, a certain Lady Elphinstoun, who had reached the advanced age of one hundred years.

The noble matron, being a staunch whig, was rather unwilling to receive Claver'se—as he was called from his title—but at length consented. After the usual compliments, the officer observed to the lady, that having lived so much beyond the usual term of humanity, she must in her time have seen many strange changes.

"Hout na, sir," said Lady Elphinstoun, "the world is just to end wi' me as it began. When I was entering life, there was ane Knox deaving us a' wi' his *clavers*, and now I am ganging out, there is ane Claver'se deaving us a' wi' his knocks."—*Sir W. Scott.*

A LIVING CORPSE.

Sir James Stirling, Bart., was Lord Provost of Edinburgh 1794-5. In person he was very tall and extremely attenuated. He was one day walking in his official robes, and was pointed out to an old woman from the country as the Lord Provost.

"Is that the Lord Provost?" said she in amazement; "deed, I thoct it was a corpse rinnin' awa wi' the mort-claith."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

There was an old Scotchman who always rode a donkey to his work, and tethered him while he laboured on the road, or wherever else he might be. It was suggested to him by a neighbouring gentleman that he was suspected of putting him in to feed in the fields at other people's expense.

"Eh, laird, I could never be tempted to do that, for my cuddy winna eat anything but nettles and thistles."

One day, however, the same gentleman was riding along the road, when he saw Andrew Leslie at work, and his

donkey up to his knees in one of his own clover fields, feeding luxuriously.

"Hollo! Andrew," said he, "I thought you told me your cuddy would eat nothing but nettles and thistles."

"Ay," was the reply, "but he misbehaved the day; he nearly kicked me over his head, sae I put him in there just to punish him!"

AN APT TEXT.

The Rev. Hamilton Paul, on receiving the presentation to the church and parish of Broughton, near Edinburgh, preached a farewell sermon to his congregation at Ayr; and, not a little to the surprise of his auditory, gave out his text:—"And they fell upon *Paul's* neck, and kissed him!"

WILKIE'S NATIONALITY.

"Thomson! ye maun be a Scotch Thomson, I'll warrant?" said Wilkie to Henry Thomson, as they sat together for the first time at the Academy dinner.

"I'm of that ilk, sir," was the reply; "my father was a Scotchman."

"Was he, really?" exclaimed Wilkie, grasping the other's hand quite brotherly.

"And my mother was Irish."

"Ay, ay; was she really?" and the hand relaxed its fervour.

"And I was born in England."

Wilkie let go Thomson's hand altogether, turned his back on him, and indulged in no further conversation.—*Life of Sir David Wilkie.*

A HAPPY COMPLIMENT.

General Wolfe invited a Scottish officer to dine with him; the same day he was also invited by some brother officers.

"You must excuse me," said he to them—"I am already engaged to Wolfe."

A smart young ensign observed that he might as well have expressed himself with more respect, and said "General Wolfe."

"Sir," said the Scottish officer with great promptitude, "we never say 'General Alexander,' or 'General Caesar.'"

Wolfe, who was within hearing, by a low bow acknowledged the pleasure he felt at the high compliment.

SCOTTISH BULLS.

A few years ago a board was placed on the wall of Newbattle House, near Edinburgh, on which was inscribed the following words:—

"Any person entering these enclosures, will be shot and prosecuted."

"Noo, my gudè bairns," said a schoolmaster to his class, "there's just another instance o' the uncertainty o' human life; ane o' your ane schule-mates—a fine wee bit lassie—went to her bed hale and weel at night, and rose a corpse in the morning."

An intimation hung in a warehouse in Glasgow was to this effect:—

"No credit given here, except to those who pay money down."

A FORCIBLE HINT.

A gentleman who had recently returned from the East Indies, where he had made a large fortune, which he showed no great alacrity about spending, was of opinion, it seems, that his company had had enough of wine, rather sooner than they had come to the same conclusion. He offered another bottle in feeble and hesitating

terms, and remained dallying with the corkscrew, as if in hopes that some one would interfere, and prevent further effusion of the Bordeaux.

"Sir," said Robert Burns, the poet, losing temper, and betraying in his mood something of the old rusticity—"Sir, you have been in Asia, and, for aught I know, on the Mount of Moriah, and you seem to hang over your *tappit hen* as remorsefully as Abraham did over his son Isaac. Come, sir, to the sacrifice!"—*Lockhart*.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

An old Scottish beggar, with bonnet in hand, appealed to a clergyman for "a bit of charity." The minister put a piece of silver into his hand. "Thank ye, sir; oh, thank ye! I'll gie ye an afternoon's hearing for this ane o' these days."

THE MINOR PROPHETS.

A Scotch preacher being sent to officiate one Sunday at a country parish, was accommodated at night in the manse, in a very diminutive closet, instead of the usual "best bed" appropriated to strangers.

"Is this the bedroom?" he said when he saw it, starting back in amazement.

"Deed ay, sir," responded the lady of the house, who had escorted him upstairs: "this is the prophet's chamber."

"It maun be for the minor prophets, then," was the quiet reply.

WHAT WAS SAID TO "THE CAUSE."

Sir Walter Scott brought pleasure with him into every party. His rich, racy humour in telling stories and giving anecdotes, always on the spur of

the moment, was delightful. He had an anecdote ready, a story to match, or "cap" as he used to call it, every one he heard; and that with most perfect ease and hearty good humour. His first publisher, Robert Miller, gave anecdotes very pleasantly, and one day, after dinner, he was telling the company that either he, or some friend, had been present at an assize court in Jedburgh, when a farm-servant had summoned his master for non-payment of wages, which he—the servant—had justly forfeited through some misconduct. After a great deal of cross-questioning—

"I'm sure, my lord," said the pursuer, "I'm seeking nowt but what I've rowt for!"

"Ay, my man," responded the judge, "but I'm thinking ye'll hae to rowt a wee langer afore ye get it though;" and nonsuited him.

Scott, with the others, was well pleased with this courtly dialogue, and in his easy unaffected manner, said—

"Well, something of a similar nature occurred when a friend of mine was present at the Justice-court at Jedburgh. Two fellows had been taken up for sheep-stealing; there was a dense crowd, and we were listening with breathless attention to the evidence, when, from what reason I have forgotten, there was a dead pause, during which the judge, observing a rosy-cheeked, chubby-faced country boy, who seemed to pay the utmost attention to what was going on, and continued to fix his eyes on his lordship's countenance, cried out to the callant—

"'Well, my man, what do *you* say to the cause?'

"'Eh, gosh,' answered the boy, 'but that's a gude ane! What div I say? I whiles say *Pui hup*, and whiles I say *Pui ho*, to the caws,' meaning, of course, the calves. "But the business was quickly decided," continued the narrator, "for the whole

court, judge and jury, were thrown into such convulsions of laughter, that nothing more could be said or done."

A HIGHLAND SENTINEL.

A Highland regiment was stationed in India during a troublous time. On a night when "The Brig o' Perth" was the watchword, a comparatively raw lad was placed as a sentry. After he had paced backwards and forwards for some time, one of his own regiment came up, and the sentinel challenged him with "Who goes there?" The soldier answered, "A friend."

"Pe she friend or no friend," replied the faithful watch, "gin she dinna bring ta Brig o' Perth wi' her, she'll shoot."

SCOTT'S OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

It is interesting to observe how not a few of the familiar names known to him in his youth or boyhood have been preserved on his written page, and are now classical. Thus Meg Dods was the real name of a woman, or "Luckie," in Howgate, "who brewed good ale for gentlemen." In the account of a Galloway trial, in which Scott was counsel, occurs the name "Mackinflog," afterwards that of the famous turnkey in *Guy Mannering*. The name "Dunward" may still be seen on the signs of Arbroath and Forfar, and Scott had doubtless met it there; as well as that of "Prudefute, or Proudfoot," in or near Perth; "Morton," in the lists of the western Whigs; and "Gilfillan," in the catalogue of the prisoners in Dunnottar Castle. Nothing, in fact, that ever flashed on the eye or vibrated on the ear of this extraordinary man but was in some form or other reproduced in his writings.—*Gilfillan*.

A CONTEMPORARY OF BURNS.

During the celebration of the Burns' Centenary in Edinburgh in 1859, a "tea banquet" was held in the Corn Exchange. At it appeared Mr William Glover, a centenarian, and formerly a carrier, who was personally associated with the poet when both were young men. The hale old man related the circumstances of several interviews he had had with Burns, and among others he told how, on one occasion, being storm-stayed at Dumfries in the severe winter of 1795, he was treated to share of half-a-mutchkin of whisky in his landlady's by Burns. He described the poet as a "weel-made man, with dark hair and chestnut eyes," and said, "he was not talkative; but of coorse he had nae business to converse wi' me: he just signed my permits, and my business was done wi' him."

AN EXACTING PRISONER.

An anecdote illustrative of the condition of Scottish prisons thirty-four years ago is given by Lord Cockburn in his "Journal":—"We have had good specimens of the present condition of some prisons. One man was tried at Inverness for prison-breaking, and his defence was that he was ill-fed, and that the prison was so weak that he had sent a message to the jailer that if he did not get more meat he would not stay another hour, and he went out accordingly."

A GHOST NONPLUSSED.

"Watty Dunlop," the humorous minister of Dumfries, had frequently practical jokes played upon him, but the perpetrators rarely got the better of him. On one occasion some idle and mischievous youths waited for him as

he passed through a churchyard, and one of them came up to him dressed as a ghost, in hopes of frightening him ; but Watty's cool accost speedily upset the plan.

"Weel, Maister Ghost," said he, "is this a general rising, or are ye just taking a daunder frae your grave by yersel?"

THE OUTCOME OF AN INVASION.

A small landed proprietor, discussing with a manufacturer the probable consequences of an invasion of Scotland, the former, with a feeling of self-congratulation, observed, that although trade might for a time be destroyed, they could not take away the land. "No," slyly responded the latter, "they couldna tak awa the land, but they micht change the laird."

ON TONALD JONES.

The following has been deciphered from an inscription on a decayed tombstone in Skye :—

"Here lie the bones
O' Tonal'd Jones,
The wale o' men
For eating scones—
Eating scones
And drinking yill,
Till his last moans
He took his fill."

SMUGGLING A GENERAL.

General Anstruther, who represented the East of Fife Burghs at the time of the Porteous mob, gained unpopularity by voting for the bill against the city of Edinburgh. Having to go south, he deemed it imprudent to cross the Firth by the usual ferry, and pass to Edin-

burgh direct ; so he got a couple of stout fishermen and a boat at Elie, and crossed to East Lothian. On the passage, he fell into conversation with the two men.

"Well, I suppose you fellows are all great smugglers?"

"Ou, ay," said one of them dryly ; "but I dinna think we ever smuggled a general before!"

REGAINING LOST GROUND.

At a party in modern Athens, one of the guests observed her son Charles eating rather more voraciously than the laws of even northern etiquette allowed. She watched for an opportunity, and gave him one of those significant looks which only mothers and elder sisters can command ; but instead of stopping him, it merely called forth this remark—

"Oh, ye needna look at me that way, mother, and nod for me to stop. Ye ken this was washing-day, and I got no dinner."

THE BEST JUDGE.

Burns was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant belonging to the town had the misfortune to fall into the harbour. He was no swimmer ; and his death would have been inevitable had not a sailor plunged in, at the risk of his own life, and rescued him from his dangerous situation. The merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket, and presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the insignificance of the sum ; but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamour, "For," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

AN ODD CHARACTER.

Sir James Colquhoun, Bart. of Luss, principal clerk of Session, was one of the odd characters of the time, and was much teased by the wags of the Parliament House. On one occasion, whilst Henry Erskine was at the Inner-House Bar during the advising of some important case, he amused himself by making faces at Sir James, who was sitting at the clerk's table, beneath the judges. His victim was much annoyed at the strange conduct of the tormenting lawyer, and, unable to bear it, disturbed the gravity of the Court by rising and exclaiming, "My Lord, my Lord, I wish you would speak to Harry, he's aye making faces at me!" Harry, however, looked as grave as a judge. Peace ensued, and the advising went on, when Sir James, casting his eyes towards the Bar, witnessed a new grimace from his tormentor, and convulsed Bench, Bar, and audience by roaring out, "There, there, my Lord, see he's at it again!" Sir James, notwithstanding his simplicity in ordinary matters, had much worldly wisdom, for no one knew better how to take care of his money than he did.—*Court of Session Garland.*

AN EXPLANATION.

"How had you the audacity, John," said a Scottish laird to his servant, "to go and tell some people that I was a mean fellow, and no gentleman?"

"Na, na, sir," was the candid answer, "you'll no catch me at the like o' that. I aye keep my thoughts to mysel'."

WILL SPEIRS' HORSE.

Will Speirs joined a funeral passing along the road in the same direction as he was going; all the attendants were on horseback, and Will, to save appear-

ances, got astride on his huge pole or staff that he walked with. One of the mourners in attendance observed to Will—

"So ye hae gotten a horse, Will; it's a peaceable like brute."

"On ay, puir thing, it's no ill to keep; it's neither gi'en to flinging nor eating corn."

A BAD COLD.

A precentor, who had a bad cold, occupied the "desk" so badly, that the minister whispered to him over the side of the pulpit—

"What's the matter wi' ye, John?"

John whispered back—

"That there was an unco kittlin' in the paup o' his hass."

"A kittlin, do ye caw't? It sounds to me like an auld tam cat."

PRESENTING AND PREACHING.

In a parish not thirty miles from Elgin, the people were one Sunday in want of a precentor; and the minister meeting one of his parishioners, accustomed to much speaking in public, the following colloquy occurred between them:

"John, can you precent?"

"Na," replied John; "but, sir, gin ye like tae sing yersel', I'll preach."

The parson stood aghast, exclaiming, "O, John, you would not try to preach?"

To which John replied, with a lee in his eye, "An' fat wad hinner me? onybody can dee that noo."

A HARD WORD EXPLAINED.

The Rev. James Bonnar, of Auchtermuchty, was officiating at Kettle, in Fife, one Sunday for a friend. He observed, with some annoyance, many of his hearers nodding and asleep in

their pews while he was preaching; he took his measures accordingly, and introduced the word "hyperbolic" into his sermon. He then paused, and said—

"Now, my friends, some of you may not understand this word hyperbolic—I'll explain it. Suppose that I were to say that this congregation were *all* asleep in this church at the present moment, I would be speaking hyperbolically; because," looking round, "I don't believe that more than one-half of you are sleeping."

The effect was instantaneous, and those who were nodding recovered themselves and nudged their sleeping neighbours, and the preacher went on as if nothing had happened.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

There were three candidates for a Scottish pulpit. The first one put upon his trial, while adjusting his robe, happened to descry an ancient-looking well-worn roll of paper, which proved to be a sermon upon the text, "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents." Seeing that the old sermon was much better than his new one, the aspirant to pulpit honours took possession of it, delivered it as his own, and then returned it to its old resting-place. The sermon was a good one, and pleased the hearers, although they would have preferred one delivered without book. Great was their astonishment the following Sunday when preacher number two treated them with the same sermon from the same text; but it was too much for Scottish patience when the third candidate, falling into the same trap, commenced his sermon by announcing that "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents;" and one old woman relieved the feelings of her fellow-sufferers by exclaiming: "Deil dwell 'um! Is Jacob ne'er gaun tae flit?"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Charles Erskine was, at the age of twenty, a teacher of Latin in Edinburgh University. On one occasion, after his elevation to the Bench, a young lawyer in arguing a case before him used a false Latin quantity, whereupon his lordship said, with a good-natured smile—

"Are you sure, sir, you are correct in your quantity there?"

The young counsel, nettled at the query, retorted petulantly, "My lord, I never was a schoolmaster."

"No," replied the judge; "nor, I think, a scholar either."

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

When Sir Walter Scott was at school, a boy in the same class was asked by the "dominie" what part of speech "with" was.

"A noun, sir," said the boy.

"You young blockhead," cried the pedagogue, "what example can you give of such a thing?"

"I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott; "you know there's a verse in the Bible which says, 'They bound Sampson with *withs*.'"

AN AWKWARD TIME TO SMOKE.

As two Highlanders were travelling along the side of a disused quarry, the bonnet of one of them was blown off. The face of the quarry, while rather high and vertical, had several abutments, and on one of these the bonnet had fallen. Fertile in expedients, the one, a burly, tall fellow, proposed to lower the other, who was small, with a rope he had with him; and ere long the latter was dangling at one end of it, while his friend held the other firmly. The bonnet was secured, and the adven-

tayer had called out to his countryman to haul him up again, when the Celt above exclaimed—

"Houl't a moment, Sandy, will ye, till I get ta pipe lichtit?" at the same time letting go his hold of the rope. Fortunately there was just enough water below to break the unlucky one's fall without drowning him.

A FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

At the Raid of Stirling, in 1585, when King James the Sixth, then a youth of nineteen, was pressing forward to the gate, in order to meet the lords who had come to take him, Thomas, master of Glamis, put his foot to the gate, and held the king in. James burst into tears at this rude but prudent and conscientious conduct on the part of his guardian, who sternly observed, "Better that bairns weep, than bearded men."—*R. Chambers.*

HOW TO EAT "A BEAST."

Lord Polkemmet, a Scottish Lord of Session, usually retired to his country residence during the vacation. John Hagart, the Scottish advocate, equally idle, from a similar cause, went to shoot; and happening to pass Lord P.'s property, he met his lordship, who politely invited John to take a family dinner with himself, his wife, and daughter. John accepted the invitation, and appeared at the proper time. There was a joint of roasted veal at the head of the table, stewed veal at the bottom, veal soup in the middle, calf's head on one side of the soup and veal cutlets on the other, calf's-foot jelly between the soup and roast veal, and calf's brains between the stewed veal and the soup.

"Noo," says his lordship, in his own blunt way, "Mr Hagart, you may very

likely think this an odd sort of dinner; but ye'll no wonder when you hear the cause of it. We keep nae company, Mr Hagart, and my daughter here caters for our table. The way we do is just this:—We kill a beast, as it were to-day, and we just begin to cook it at one side of the head, travel down that side, turn the tail, and gang back again by the other side to where we began."

AN EXPERIENCED COUPLE.

July 1814. Lately, at Glasgow, Mr H. Cain, aged *eighty-four*, to Mrs Maxwell, of Clark's Bridge, aged *ninety-six*. It is the *sixth* time for the bridegroom, and the *ninth* time for the bride, being joined in wedlock.—*European Magazine.*

LORD BRAXFIELD'S MAXIM.

This humorous, determined, and stern criminal judge had a favourite maxim which he used frequently to repeat: "Hang a thief when he's young, and he'll no steal when he's auld."

"HERE SIT I, AND MY THREE SONS."

A jolly dame, who, not "Sixty Years since," kept the principal caravansary at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the honour to receive under her roof a very worthy clergyman, with three sons of the same profession, each having a cure of souls: be it said, in passing, none of the reverend party were reckoned very powerful in the pulpit. After dinner was over, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs Buchan, the landlady, whether she ever had had such a party in her house before?

"Here sit I," he said, "a placed

minister in the Kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same kirk. Confess, Luckie Buchan, you never had such a party in your house before."

The question was not premised by any invitation to sit down and take a glass of wine or the like, so Mrs Buchan answered dryly—

"Indeed, sir, I cannot just say that ever I had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here, with his three sons, all Highland pipers; and deil a spring they could play amang them!"—*Waverley*.

BURNS AND JAMIE QUIN.

Burns was kind to such helpless creatures as were weak in mind, and who sauntered harmlessly about. A poor half-mad creature—the Madge Wildfire, it is said, of Scott—always found a mouthful ready for her at the bard's fireside; nor was he unkind to a crazy and tippling prodigal named Quin.

"Jamie," said the poet one day, as he gave him a penny, "you should pray to be turned from the evil of your ways; you are ready now to melt that penny into whisky."

"Turn!" said Jamie, who was a wit in his way; "I wish some ane would turn me into the worm o' Will Hyslop's whisky-still, that the drink might dribble through me for ever."

"Weel said, Jamie," answered the poet, "you shall have a glass of whisky once a week for that, if ye'll come sober for't."

A friend rallied Burns for indulging such creatures.

"You don't understand the matter," said he; "they are poets: they have the madness of the muse, and all they want is the inspiration—a mere trifle!"

—*Cunningham*.

A DISCUSSION FROM THE PULPIT.

The following incident occurred between an old Lord Elphinstone and his parish minister. The latter, be it premised, was a very addleheaded theologian, and in his sermons occasionally knew not the end from the beginning. One Sunday his lordship, to his customary sleeping, added an unmistakable snore. This was too much for the minister—who, like another, held that "sleeping in the house of God was bad enough, but snoring was out of the question," so he stopped and cried—

"Wauken, my Lord Elphinstone."

A grunt followed, and then his lordship answered—

"I'm no sleepin', minister."

"But ye are sleepin'—I wager ye dinna ken what I said last."

"Ye said, 'Wauken, my Lord Elphinstone,'"

"Ay, ay; but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that."

"I wager ye dinna ken yersel!"

INTEREST AND DISINTERESTEDNESS.

Many years since, when the present Earl of Dalhousie, then the Hon. Fox Maule, stood as a candidate for the city of Perth, one of his most enthusiastic admirers among the lower order of the inhabitants was Sand Jess, a woman who lived by vending the article from which she derived her sobriquet. Jess, being a staunch Liberal in her political views, was so devoted to the interests of Mr Fox Maule that she more than once during the election time headed motley processions of boys, bearing rustic flags, banners, placards, &c., in his honour. Chancing to meet her hero during one of those noisy ovations, her zeal, both in his interest and her own, showed itself in words.

"Oh, ma bonnie Fox Maule, ma bonnie Fox Maule!" she exclaimed, in enthusiastic admiration, as she stopped him short in his path. "Hae ye a wife, Fox Maule?" she asked him breathlessly.

"Ay, have I, Jess," replied the nobleman, with an amused smile.

"Would she be needin' ony sand, d'ye think?" inquired Jess, with much interest.

What Mr Fox Maule's reply was was lost in the laughter of the crowd, but Jess won five shillings of him through her zeal in his interest and her own on the occasion.

its weight, would have required three or four ordinary men to move it. He had not been long at his post, however, when his comrades, who were enjoying themselves at the guard-room fire, were astonished at his entrance with the huge instrument of warfare on his shoulder. On being asked what he meant by deserting his post, Sam replied—

"Why, what's the use, lads, of standing out there in such a cold night as this, watching that bit of airn, when I can watch it as well in here and keep mysel' warm too?"

A SAD PROSPECT.

NOT FAR FROM THE TRUTH.

During the trial of a disputed settlement at Leith, one of the witnesses was asked—

"Do sermons that are delivered and not read edify you the most?"

He excited the risibility of the court by replying—

"I consider that if ministers cannot remember their own sermons, it is perfectly unreasonable to expect their hearers to do so."

SINGLE OR DOUBLE?

"Weel, Peggy," said an old man to a female servant whom he had known all his days, "are ye no married yet?"

"Me married yet!" replied Peggy indignantly, "I daresay no! I wouldna gie my single life for a' the double anes ever I saw."

A SCOTTISH HERCULES.

"Big Sam," a noted character in the Sutherland Fencibles, happened one night to be placed as sentry over a piece of ordnance, which, on account of

A venerable matron of the old school, in the whaling burgh of Peterhead, bearing that a comet was expected to appear, which would perhaps destroy the world, uttered the following lamentation:—

"Fat will the peer things that's awa tee Greenland dee, fan they come hame frae the fishin', and fin' that there's nae world left till come tee?"

LORD COCKBURN CONFOUNDED.

One day Lord Cockburn went into the Second Division of the Court of Session, but came out again very hurriedly, meeting Lord Jeffrey at the door.

"Do you see ony paleness about my face, Jeffrey?" asked Cockburn.

"No," replied Jeffrey, "I hope you're weel enough?"

"I don't know," said the other; "but I have just heard Bolus (Lord Justice-Clerk Boyle) say: 'I for one am of opinion that this case is founded on the fundamental basis of a quadrilateral contract, the four sides of which are agglutinated by adhesion!'"

"I think, Cockburn," said Jeffrey, "that you had better go home."

ST PAUL'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

Tam Neil, the precentor, and a drouthy crony, accidentally met one day in the Potterrow (*Scot. Patterraw*) of Edinburgh. They were both anxious to get their "meridian," but neither had a stiver. In vain they looked around for some kindly invitation—they could not part dry-mouthed, but where could they go? "Let's see what chance will do," said Tam, and they ventured speculatively into the public-house of an old acquaintance. A gill was called for, and the landlady invited to "tak' the poison off the glass;" which she readily did to oblige, as she said, "sae auld a friend as the precentor." A conversation ensued upon the common topics of the day—the war, the dearth of provisions, and other things; and Tam took occasion to allude to the great alterations then going on in the city. "What wi' levelling streets, and bigging brigs (the North Bridge was being built at the time), they'll no leave ac stane o' the auld toon aboon anither," said the landlady.

"It's a confounded shame," rejoined Tam; "and sic an ancient city, too! I'm tauld the Apostle Paul ance visited this very district we're sitting in the noo."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his crony.

"Ye're clean gyte noo, Tam," said the landlady; "I'm sure I've read the Testament mony a time, an' I ne'er saw sic a thing in't."

"What'll you wager, then?" quoth the wily precentor.

"It's no for the like o' me to be wagering," said she; "but, in a case like this, I'll haud ye the gill on the table there's no a word about the Patterraw in a' his history."

The Testament was produced—Tam turned over the leaves with affected difficulty, till at last he hit upon the passage, Acts xxi. 1.—"We came with

a straight course unto Coos, and the day following unto Rhodes, and from thence unto P-a-t-a-r-a," giving the latter word with the longest Edinburgh drawl he could command. Against such conclusive evidence the simple hostess could not appeal; and she was so highly pleased at the discovery, that, like Eve, she wished the "gudeman" to be made wise like herself. John at this moment came in, and, on being informed of the fact, was as incredulous as his rib had been.

"I'm no," said he, "a great reader o' the New Testament, but I'll wager half-a-mutchkin wi' ony man, that the Patterraw, ay, or ony ither raw in Edinburgh, is no sae muckle as mentioned between the twa buirds o' the whole Bible."

The stoup was filled and placed on the table, and the "gudewife" was secretly gratified that John's wisdom, so immaculate in his own estimation, was now to be found faulty. The "P-a-t-a-r-a" text was again referred to, and once more admitted as conclusive; and Tam and his friend, thus "providentially" supplied, were spared the mortification of parting with dry mouths.—*Kay*.

IN A TRANCE.

Dr David Shaw of Coylton, who figures in *The Holy Tulzie* of Burns, was moderator of the General Assembly in 1775. He had a fine old clergyman-like kind of wit. In the house of a man of rank, where he once spent a night, an alarm took place after midnight, which brought all the members of the family from their dormitories. The Doctor encountered a countess in her chemise, which occasioned mutual confusion. At breakfast, next morning, a lady asked him what he thought when he met the countess in the lobby.

"Oh, my lady," replied the pawkie minister, "I was just in a *trance*!"

Trance, in Scotland, signifies a passage or vestibule, as well as a swoon.

TOM PURDIE'S EPITAPH.

Purdie, Sir Walter Scott's favourite servant, appeared before the Sheriff first as a poacher; but Scott became interested in his story, which he told with a mixture of pathos, simplicity, and pawky humour, and extended to him forgiveness and favour. Tom served him long and faithfully, and we have been told that Scott proposed for his epitaph the words, "Here lies one who might have been trusted with untold gold, but not with unmeasured whisky."

BURNS AND LORD JEFFREY.

One day, in the winter of 1786-7, Lord Jeffrey, when a boy, was standing on the High Street of Edinburgh, staring at a man whose appearance struck him; a person standing at a shop door tapped him on the shoulder, and said—

"Ay, laddie! ye may weel look at that man! That's Robert Burns."

Jeffrey never saw Burns again.

A LIVELY OLD WOMAN.

A neighbour endeavoured to comfort Margaret Cruickshank, when in the 99th year of her age, for the loss of a daughter with whom she had long resided, by observing that in the course of nature she could not long survive.

"Ay," said the good old woman, with pointed indignation, "what fey token d'ye see about me?"

She only lived, however, to complete her 100th year.—*Stat. Account.*

CLARET LONG AGO.

1770.—I have heard Henry Mackenzie and other old people say, that when a cargo of claret came to Leith, the common way of proclaiming its arrival was by sending a hogshead of it through the town on a cart, with a horn; and that anybody who wanted a sample, or a drink under pretence of a sample, had only to go to the cart with a jug, which, without much nicety about its size, was filled for a sixpence. The tax ended this mode of advertising; and, aided by the horror of everything French, drove claret from all tables below the richest.—*Lord Cockburn.*

PLAIN JOHN CAMPBELL.

When Lord Campbell was a candidate for the city of Edinburgh, he told the citizens that he appeared before them as "Plain John Campbell" to solicit their votes. Hence he got the sobriquet of "Plain John"—an epithet which puzzled an old woman very much, for she said, "I dinna ken what for they ca' him Plain John; he is no that ugly. If it were the Provost, that would be anither thing, for he is an ill-faur'd and black-avised loon, but Jock is no that bad looking."

"MANNERS" IMPROVED.

At the usual dinner, at the Inverness Market, recently, a speaker observed: One of our poets had said, in lines which have often been quoted—

"Let laws and learning, arts and commerce die;

But spare—oh! spare our old nobility."

A better version (continued the speaker) would perhaps be:

"Let laws and learning, arts and commerce thrive;

Our nobles too—but let them look alive!"

THE BOOT.

An English visitor of Scotland, in 1679, describes the boot, as "four pieces of narrow boards nailed together, of a competent length for the leg, not unlike the short cases we use to guard young trees from the rabbits, which they wedge so tightly on all sides, that not being able to bear the pain, they promise confession to get rid of it." However, a clergyman taken at Pentland Hills, for the very suspicious appendage of "a sword, though not present at the fight, was first cruelly tortured with iron boots," which is confirmed by another, describing him as a "much honoured young minister," who patiently endured the torture of the boot—a cruel engine of iron.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

A learned but rather long-winded minister, being asked if he did not feel tired after preaching such long sermons, answered—

"Na, na, I'm no tired;" to which he added, however, with much pawkie *naivete*, "but, loosh me! hoo tired the folks are whiles!"

A LOGICAL DEFINITION.

A Scottish blacksmith being asked what was the meaning of metaphysics, replied—

"When the party wha listens disna ken what the party wha speaks means; and when the party wha speaks disna ken what he means himsel'—that's metaphysics."

THE SHERIFF'S KETTLE.

On an eminence bordering with Benholme and Garvock, called *Kinchet*, or, more properly, *King's Seat Hill*,

there is a large cairn or heap of stones, where, according to tradition, a king once sat in judgment. Among other complaints, many were lodged against Melville of Allardice, at that time sheriff of the county, for his oppression. The royal judge, either wearied with the complainers, or enraged with the offender, said, probably in a peevish humour—

"I wish that sheriff were sodden and supped in brose."

Such was the savage barbarity of the times, that the barons, who were little accustomed to the formalities of a trial, laid hold on these words, and put them literally in execution. The place where the deed was perpetrated lies at the bottom of the hills, on the side next Garvock, is not unlike the cavity of a kiln for drying corn, and still retains the name of the Sheriff's Kettle.—*Stat. Account.*

WATCHING AND WARDING.

In former times, the citizens of Edinburgh were obliged, personally, to watch over the safety of the town, and this duty was known as *watching and warding*. It was incumbent on the mercantile people to keep watch alternately during the night; but such hard duty being found inconvenient, a regular guard of sixty men was instituted in 1648. No certain fund, however, being provided for their maintenance, the old method of watching and warding was resumed; but the citizens now proved very remiss in their duty, inasmuch that the Privy Council at last informed the magistrates, that the King's troops would be quartered in the city, unless they appointed a proper guard. This order produced a guard of forty men in 1679, which, in 1682, was augmented to one hundred and eight. After the Revolution, a petition

was given into government, setting forth, that the inhabitants had been imposed upon, in establishing a town-guard, and praying for leave to abolish it. This was immediately granted; but so changeable, it seems, was the disposition of the people, that the very next year another petition was presented, praying for leave to re-establish a guard of one hundred and twenty-six men, which was also granted, and was continued until the disbandment of the city guard in 1812.—*Ainslie*.

DANDIE DINMONT SEEKING JUSTICE.

"We're at the auld wark o' the marches again, Jock o' Dawston Cleugh and me. Ye see we march on the tap o' Touthop-rigg after we pass the Pomoragrains; for the Pomoragrains, and Slackenspool, and Bloodylaws, they come in there, and they belang to the Peel; but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer-headed cat-luggit stane, that they ca' Charlie's Chuckie, there Dawston Cleugh and Charlie's hope they march. Now, I say, the march rins on the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears; but Jock o' Dawston Cleugh again, he contravenes that, and says that it hauds down by the auld drove-road that gaes awa by the Knot o' the Gate ower to Keeldar-ward—and that makes an unco difference."

"And what difference does it make, friend?" said Pleydell. "How many sheep will it feed?"

"Ou, no mony," said Dandie, scratching his head; "it's lying high and exposed—it may feed a hog, or aiblins twa in a good year."

"And for this grazing, which may be worth about five shillings a-year, you are willing to throw away a hundred pound or two?"

"Na, sir, it's no for the value o' the grass," replied Dandie, "it's for justice."

"My good friend," said Pleydell, "justice, like charity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your wife and family, and think no more about the matter."

Dandie still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand.

"It's no for that, sir,—but I would like ill to be bragged wi' him;—he threeps he'll bring a score o' witnesses and mair—and I'm sure there's as mony will swear for me as for him, folk that lived a' their days upon the Charlies-hope, and wadna like to see the land lose its right."

"Zounds, man, if it be a point of honour," said the lawyer, "why don't your landlords take it up?"

"I dinna ken, sir" (scratching his head again); "there's been nae election-dusts lately, and the lairds are unco neighbourly, and Jock and me canna get them to yoke thegither about it a' that we can say; but if ye thought we might keep up the rent"—

"No! no! that will never do," said Pleydell; "confound you, why don't you take good cudgels and settle it?"

"Od, sir," answered the farmer, "we tried that three times already—that's twice on the land and ance at Lockerby fair. But I dinna ken—we're baith gey guid at single-stick, and it couldna weel be judged."

"Then take broadsword, and be d-d to you, as your fathers did before you," said the counsel learned in the law.

"Awae, sir, if ye think it wadna be again the law, it's a' ane to Dandie."

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed Pleydell, "we shall have another Lord Soulis' mistake. Pr'ythee man, comprehend me; I wish you to consider how very trifling and foolish a lawsuit you wish to engage in."

"Ay, sir?" said Dandie, in a disap-

pointed tone. "Sae ye winna tak on wi' me, I'm doubting?"

"Me! Not I. Go home, go home. take a pint and agree."—*Guy Mannering*.

STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

Stockwell Street, Glasgow, is pretty well known, and every person in the locality is aware of the "Ratten Well, with its impure waters. It is said that, in days of yore, when Sir William Wallace had occasion to be in that quarter, he and his followers met a party of Englishmen at the well. A skirmish ensued, and the bodies of the Englishmen, who were defeated, were thrown by the victorious Scots into the well.

"Stock it well! stock it well!" exclaimed Wallace, from which expression the street received its name. So says tradition, at all events; and it is even yet believed that the bad quality of the water is owing to the putrefaction of the dead bodies of the Englishmen.—*Scottish Journal*.

JEAN ELLIOT'S "FLOWERS OF THE FOREST."

It was in 1756,—the year when Lord Chatham, as William Pitt, first took office—the year when Admiral Byng was executed, and Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa entered on the Seven Years' War,—that Miss Jean Elliot, "riding home after nightfall" in the family coach with her brother, Mr Gilbert, had a certain conversation with him on the battle of Flodden, which had been so fatal to the men of the Forest, that the much later battle of Philiphaugh—fought actually within the Forest's bounds—had been comparatively forgotten. When Gilbert Elliot and his sister held that memorable conversation, she was a thoughtful

woman, past the period of youth when the heart is engrossed by its own hopes and fears—its own sweetness and bitterness. Speech had sunk into silence, Gilbert, manlike, had chosen to relieve the sober philanthropy and anti-quarianism, the romantic dreariness, as one may say, of the topic, by giving it a sudden practical turn. He laid a wager of a pair of gloves or a set of ribbons, that his sister Jean could not write a ballad on Flodden. Yielding to the influence of the moment, Jean accepted the challenge. Leaning back in her corner, with all the most mournful stories of the country-side for her inspiration, and two lines of an old ballad, which had often rung in her ears and trembled on her lips, for a foundation, she planned and constructed the rude framework of her "Flowers of the Forest." Afterwards the song was duly and correctly written down.—*Songstresses of Scotland*.

THE TOWN-CRIER OF MAYBOLE.

Sandy Gordon, the town-crier of Maybole, was a character in his way. At one period of his life he had been an auctioneer and appraiser, although his "lowing drouth" interfered sadly with the business, but neither poverty nor misfortune could blunt Sandy's relish for a joke. One day going down the street he encountered his son riding on an ass.

"Weel, Jock," quoth he, "you're riding on your brither."

"Ay, faither," rejoined the son, "I didna ken this was ane o' yours tae."

At a neighbouring village he had one day sold his shoes to slake his thirst. After the transaction he was discovered seated on the roadside gazing on his bare feet, and soliloquising in this strain—"Step forrit, barefit Gordon, if it's no on you it's in you."

He was once taking a walk into the country when he met Sir David Hunter Blair.

"Where are you for to-day, Gordon?" asked the baronet.

"Sir David," rejoined the crier, with some dignity, "if I was to ask that at you, you would say I was ill-bred."

He had the misfortune once to break his leg in a drunken brawl, and a hastily-constructed litter was improvised to carry him home. Still his characteristic humour did not leave him. "Canny boys," he would cry to those carrying him, "keep the funeral step; tak care o' my pipe; let oor Jock tae the head, he's the chief mourner."

FACETIÆ ABERDONENSIS.

A venerable Aberdeen bailie, long ago called to his fathers, had once, on a most extraordinary occasion, to travel all the way to the metropolis of the world, London. He was informed, before his departure, by an economical friend, that the cheapest way of living in London was to dine at a coffee-room. This practice he accordingly adopted. Seated in a coffee-room one forenoon, very hungry, he could by no means name to the waiters any dish which there was a possibility of procuring. At length, hearing a gentleman call for coffee, he vociferated—

"I'm sayin', waiter, I'll hae coffee, tee."

"Coffee tea, sir," said the waiter; 'sorry we've no beverage called that 'ere in the 'ouse."

"Lord sake, min," said the bailie, "canna ye gie's coffee, the thing the tither chap's gettin'?"

"Oh yes, sir; bring you a cup of coffee."

But when the coffee was produced, the bailie liked not the three miserable slices of toast which accompanied it; so, having finished them, he said—

"I'm sayin', waiter, I'll hae nae mair o' them waiters; ye maun bring me a shave o' loaf at ance."

"Yes, sir, immediately."

But the waiter was not so good as his word; for, returning, he stated—

"We've sent and searched every baker's shop in the street, sir, and can't find such a thing as a shavoloaf, sir."

Now this was truly perplexing, and the bailie had still to rack his ingenuity for his dinner. At length a "happy thought" struck him. He saw some pigeons perched on a chimney close by, and he would have a "doo tert;" but what this meant, all the learned men in the coffee-room could not discover. He was at last enabled, however, by means of a series of signs, to make known that he wished a "pigeon pie."

A PROLIFIC ROOT OF RYE.

In the year 1827, there grew on the farm of Bents, parish of Kirkmichael, Dumfriesshire, a root of rye, size of a Portugal onion, from which sprung sixty-six stalks, each provided with a well-filled head. It was allowed to ripen, and, when pulled up, the grains were counted, and found to amount to the amazing number of *four thousand and ninety-six* pickles—perhaps the greatest quantity ever produced from one grain of rye.

A CHRISTENING CUSTOM.

There is a custom, strictly Scottish, which used to be connected with the preliminaries of the baptism service, and which may occasionally be found in the present day. A young unmarried woman takes the child to church, and she carries in her hand a slice of bread and cheese, with a pin out of the

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH ANECDOTE.

child's dress, which she is bound to give to the first male person she meets.

I heard of an amusing incident resulting from this custom. An English duke had arrived in Glasgow on a Sunday, and was wandering in the streets during the time of afternoon service. A young woman came up to him with a child in her arms, and presented a piece of bread and cheese. In vain he protested that he did not know what she meant—that he had nothing to do with her or her child—that he was an entire stranger—that he had never been in Scotland before—that he knew nothing of the usages of the Presbyterian Kirk, being of the Church of England—and that she should give the 'piece' to somebody else. The young woman was deaf to all his arguments, and held out authoritatively the bread and cheese. Thinking probably that the lass had not given him credit for what he said, he told her in perfect simplicity, that he was the Duke of —, and that he had just arrived at a hotel which he named. The answer shut his mouth—

"Though you were the king on the throne, sir, ye naun tak that bread and cheese!"—*Dr Clason*.

FAMOUS PIPERS.

In ancient times almost every town, especially in the south of Scotland, had a piper, whose office was often hereditary, and who was generally attached to the burghal establishment of the place. These functionaries, who are supposed to have been the last remains of the minstrels of a more early age, were frequently the depositaries of oral, and particularly of poetical tradition. About spring time, and after harvest, it was the custom of the pipers to make a progress through a particular district of the country. The music and the tale repaid their lodging, and they were

usually rewarded with a donation of seed corn. They received a livery and small salary from the community to which they belonged, and, in some burghs, they had a small allotment of land, generally called the Piper's Croft.

It was the custom of James Ritchie, the town piper of Peebles, who was among the last of his order, to make his rounds annually on *Hands'd Monday*, or the first Monday of the year, for the purpose of receiving a gratuity from the different householders. His uniform consisted of a pair of red breeches and coat, of an antique fashion, with a looped-up cocked hat, and, till the last, he wore a plaited queue.

Robin Hastie, the last town piper of Jedburgh, and a contemporary of Ritchie, died about the beginning of the present century. His family was supposed to have held the office for about three centuries. Old age had rendered Robin a wretched performer; but he knew several old songs and tunes, which have probably died along with him.

This order of minstrels is alluded to in the comic song of *Maggie Lauder*, who thus addresses the piper—

"Live ye upon the Border?"

Habbie Simpson, to whom the lady further alludes, was not a piper in a Border town; he belonged to Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire, where the author of the song, Robert Sempill, the son of Sir James Sempill, of Beltrees, the ambassador to England in 1599, had an opportunity of being acquainted with his name and character. From the notoriety which Habbie thus acquired, the people of Kilbarchan have had some reason to be proud of having possessed such a personage; and his statue, copied from an original picture, has been affixed to the steeple of the school-house of the town.

A CANDID WAITER.

We arrived at Greenock : what we could see of it by the dim light of gas, and through the somewhat opaque atmosphere of a Scotch mist, was anything but pleasant. The Tontine Hotel, however, had a warm reception for us.

"This is a very nice bedroom : it will do capitally," I said to the waiter. He was a wiry, cunning, clever-looking fellow.

"Ay, it's all right ; ye'll find everything guid in this hoose," he said, unstrapping my luggage. Then screwing his head round at me, he added, "But ye'll hae to pay for't." With which suggestive remark he left me.—*Gent. Magazine.*

AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

Dr Adam Ferguson, who was chaplain to one of the Highland regiments, is well remembered for the fearlessness with which he went through his affecting and sacred duties in the midst of the hottest engagements. On one occasion, when the regiment to which he belonged was taking its ground preparatory to battle, Sir Robert Munro perceived the chaplain in the ranks, and with a friendly caution, told him there was no necessity for him to expose himself to unnecessary danger, and that he ought to be out of the line of fire. The doctor thanked Sir Robert for his friendly advice, but added, that on this occasion he had a duty which he was imperatively called upon to perform. Accordingly, he continued with the regiment during the whole of the action, in the hottest of the fire, praying with the dying, attending to the wounded, and directing them to be carried to a place of safety. By his fearless zeal, his intrepidity, and his friendship towards the soldiers (several of whom had been his schoolfellows at Dunkeld), his

amiable and cheerful manners, mixing among them with ease and familiarity, and being as ready as any of them with a poem or heroic tale, he acquired an unbounded ascendancy over them.—*R. Chambers.*

ON SHANET ROY.

On a stone not far from Rob Roy's grave, at Balquhider, the following truly ludicrous inscription may be seen :

"Beneath this stane lies Shanet Roy,
Shon Roy's reputed mother ;
In a' her life, save this Shon Roy,
She never had another.

"'Tis here or here aboot, they say,
The place no one can tell ;
But when she'll rise at the last day,
She'll ken the stane hersel'."

HIGHLAND VENGEANCE.

So deep was the thirst for vengeance impressed on the minds of the Highlanders, that when a clergyman informed a dying chief of the unlawfulness of the sentiment, urged the necessity of his forgiving an inveterate enemy, and quoted the scriptural expression—

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," the acquiescing penitent said, with a deep sigh—

"To be sure, it is too sweet a morsel for a mortal." Then added, "Well, I forgive him ; but the de'il take yon, Donald" (turning to his son), "if you forgive him."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

AN ELECTION JOKE.

When Captain W—— was aspiring to represent the county of F—— in Parliament, he was visiting the constituency, and, coming into the house of

a worthy electoress, he observed a nice ham suspended from the ceiling, which roused his gastric propensities so much, that he forgot all about the main point (the vote), and asked, as a favour, if the good housewife would cook a slice for his dinner. She at once acquiesced, and while still cooking, who should pop in before the Captain had time to mention the vote, but his opponent, Mr L——; but W——'s ready wit decided the all-important object of their visit by saying—

"Come awa', Mr L——, come awa' in by; ye're ower late for the vote noo, but ye're time enough for a bit o' the ham."

A SCOTTISH PROVOST.

The magistrates of the Scottish burghs, though respectable men, are generally not the wealthiest in their respective communities. And it sometimes happens, in the case of very poor and remote burghs, that persons of a very inferior station alone can be induced to accept the uneasy dignity of the municipal chair. An amusing story is told regarding the town of L——, in B——shire, which is generally considered as a peculiarly miserable specimen of these privileged townships. An English gentleman approaching L—— one day in a gig, his horse started at a great heap of dry wood and decayed branches of trees, which a very poor-looking old man was accumulating upon the road, apparently with the intention of conveying them to town for sale as firewood. The stranger immediately cried to the old man, desiring him, in no very civil terms, to clear the road, that his horse might pass. The old man, offended at the disrespectful language of the complainant, took no notice of him, but continued to hew away at his trees.

"You old dog," the gentleman then exclaimed, "I'll have you brought he-

fore the provost, and put into prison for your disregard of the laws of the road."

"Gang to the de'il, man, wi' your provost!" the woodcutter contemptuously replied; "*I'm provost mysel'!*"

IN MEMORIAM: TAMMY MESSER.

Here lies the banes of Tammy Messer,
Of tarry woo' he was a dresser;
He had some faults and mony merits;
And died of drinking ardent spirits.

LIGHTS AND LIVERS.

Lord Cockburn, when at the bar, was pleading in a steamboat collision case. The case turned on the fact of one of the steamers carrying no lights, which was the cause of the accident. Cockburn insisting on this, wound up his eloquent argument with this remark—

"In fact, gentlemen, had there been more *lights*, there would have been more *livers*."

AN OLD SCOTTISH PUNISHMENT.

It appears, from the Records of Justiciary, that a custom at one time prevailed in criminal jurisprudence of commuting sentence of death into gifting away the prisoners as slaves into perpetual servitude under specified masters. The following extract will make the mode of gifting understood:—

"At Perth, the 5th day of December 1701. The Commissioners of Justiciary of the south district, for securing the peace in the Highlands, considering that Donald Robertson, Alexander Stewart, John Robertson, and Donald M'Donald, prisoners within the Tolbooth, and indicted and tried at this court, and by virtue of the inquest, returned guilty of death; and the Com-

missioners have changed their punishment of death to perpetual servitude, and that the said pannels are at the court's disposal: Therefore, the said Commissioners have given and gifted, and hereby give and gift, the said Donald M'Donald, one of the said prisoners, as a perpetual servant to the Right Honourable John Earl of Tullibardine; recommending to his Lordship to provide a collar of brass, iron, or copper, which, by his sentence or doom, whereof an extract is delivered to the magistrates of the said burgh of Perth, is to be upon his neck, with this inscription—"Donald M'Donald, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, December 5, 1701, and gifted as a perpetual servant to John Earl of Tullibardine." Recommending to his Lordship to transport him from the said prison next week," &c.

It would appear that a similar commutation was made of the doom of the other prisoners. About forty years ago some fishermen, in dragging their nets in the river Forth, above Alloa, brought up from the bottom a brass collar with this inscription upon it:—"Alexander Stewart, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, 5th December 1701, and gifted by the Justiciars, as a perpetual servant, to Sir John Aresken (Erskine) of Alva." This curious collar is now in the possession of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

A NATURAL RESULT.

The Very Rev. Principal Baird married a daughter of Provost Elder of Edinburgh. Dr James Gregory, the eminent physician, happening to dine with the provost, a remark was made on the terms in which the provost's name stood on the roll of Perthshire freeholders—"Thomas Elder, younger of Forneth, in right of Mrs Margaret Husband, his wife."

"Oh," said the Provost, "that is

not surprising, for my mother was a Mann."

"No wonder, then, observed Dr Gregory, "that your daughter has got a Baird."

A RELICT OF BURNS.

An English gentleman visiting the widow of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, at Dumfries, was exceedingly anxious to obtain some *relic* of the bard, as he called it; that is, some scrap of his handwriting, or any other little object which could be considered a memorial of the deceased. Mrs Burns replied to all his entreaties, that she had already given away everything of that kind that was remarkable, or that she could think of parting with; that, indeed, she had no relic to give him. Still the visitant insisted, and still Mrs Burns declared her inability to satisfy him. At length, pushed by his good-humoured entreaties to an extremity, she as good-humouredly said, "Well, sir, unless you take myself, I really can think of no other *relic* (relict) of him that it is in my power to give or yours to receive." Of course this closed the argument.

BEARDING THE HANGMAN.

In Dumfries, in 1784, and subsequent years, the salary of Roger Wilson, the hangman, was £6 per annum, and a free house, valued at £1, 13s. 4d. In addition to this, he was permitted to dip his brass ladle into every sack of meal, barley, &c., exposed in the market. But Wilson was a respectable man, if such a term can be applied to a hangman—kept cows, sold milk, and had two daughters, who, for beauty and good behaviour, were the admiration of all the youth of the place. For long, therefore, Roger and the farmers and meal-dealers were on the best terms

possible. Discreet and modest, nobody refused him, but, on the contrary, opened their sacks freely. A girl followed him with bags for receiving his multures, according to their nature; and it was always remarked that, in the case of small sacks, he only took one-half, although entitled to a whole ladleful. At length, however, a spirit of resistance sprung up, and on one occasion a person of the name of Johnston not only refused the hangman his dues, but abused and threatened him into the bargain. As this was more than could be well borne, the functionary complained to Bailie Shaw, who instantly called the recusant before him, and attempted to reason him into a better way of thinking and acting. But he was deaf to all entreaty, boarded even the bailie, and in the end was sent to prison, where he lay for some time, disdaining everything in the shape of a compromise. In fact, when the magistrate tendered his discharge, he insolently replied, 'Him who sent me in maun come and tak' me out, or I'll no budge a single fit.' But the recusant, to use a common phrase, had what he considered good backing, and was merely an instrument in the hands of others. Accordingly, an action was raised in his name for wrongous imprisonment, and a second, in the shape of a declarator, to the effect that the magistrates of Dumfries had no right in law to let the hangman and his ladle loose on the public every market-day. Both actions were stoutly defended, and after years of litigation in the Court of Session, both were dismissed, and the defenders allowed all expenses. The exact amount of these we do not know; but that they were heavy, may be inferred from this fact, that the extract of the proceedings, which is still preserved, fills hundreds of closely written pages. Johnston's friends, who were so ready to flatter and urge him forward, took care to screen themselves from ulterior consequences:

their names were not in the bond, and their tool or instrument, from inability to meet the demands made on his purse, was a second time cast into prison, and became, in short, something very like a ruined man. At the conclusion of the litigation, one of the judges recommended to the Dumfries authorities some less objectionable method of paying their hangman—an advice which was taken in good part, and speedily acted upon by increasing Wilson's salary and abolishing the ladle dues.

HIGH LIVING.

A manufacturer of Paisley, after a long life of severe toil, and little indulgence in the comforts of life, was suddenly enriched at last by the death of a relative in the West Indies, who bequeathed him the bulk of his fortune. The old man was soon afterwards at Edinburgh, where he happened to be introduced to Lord Monboddo, to whom, at the same time, the story of his late acquisition of fortune was related.

"Then," said Monboddo, contemplating the spare figure of his new acquaintance, "you ought to live generously; you and your wife should begin to take a glass or two of wine, and otherwise improve your diet a little."

"Ay, auld man," said the Paisley weaver, evidently thinking the advice completely anticipated by the alteration he had already effected in his system of domestic economy, "we tak parritch and *sweet milk* to our supper noo."

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS.

The fondness of dogs for Sir Walter Scott must have been quite extraordinary. Swanston declares that he had to stand by when they were leaping and fawning about him, to beat them off, lest they should knock him down. One

day, when Sir Walter, Lady Scott, and Swanston were in the armoury, Maida (the dog which now lies at his feet in the monument at Edinburgh) being outside, had peeped in through the window (a beautifully painted one), and the instant he got a glance of his beloved master, he bolted right through it, and at him at once. Lady Scott, starting at the crash, exclaimed, "Oh, gracious! shoot him, Swanston."

But Sir Walter, caressing him with the utmost coolness, said, "No, no, mamma, though he were to break every window at Abbotsford. Ah! poor fellow! poor fellow!"

the affirmative, he burst out into as hearty a laugh as the best of them, and in this manner partook in the general hilarity the whole evening. Burns next day mentioning the circumstance to a lady of his acquaintance, she expressed her astonishment that a man who could act so absurdly should sit as a judge on the lives and fortunes of his fellow-subjects.

"My dear madam," answered Burns, "you wrong the honest man; he acts exactly as a good judge ought; he does not decide before he has heard the evidence."

'GOOD MORNING!'

A HANGMAN'S REVENGE.

In the reign of Charles II., Alexander Cockburn, the hangman of Edinburgh, and who must have officiated at the exits of many of the "martyrs" in the Grassmarket, was found guilty of the murder of a "bluegown," or privileged beggar, and accordingly suffered that fate which he had so often meted out to other men. One Mackenzie, the hangman of Stirling, whom Cockburn had traduced and endeavoured to thrust out of office, was the triumphant executioner of the sentence.

HEARING THE EVIDENCE.

Robert Burns dined in Edinburgh with a large party, in company with Lord Swinton and the Honourable Henry Erskine. Honest Lord Swinton had become extremely deaf. From time to time he observed the company convulsed with laughter; but his deafness prevented him enjoying the exquisite humour of Mr Erskine. That, however, was of little consequence: he inquired at his next neighbour, "Is that my friend Harry?" Being answered in

Sir William Forbes, founder of the Union Bank in Edinburgh, and a very polite man, was one afternoon leaving the bank, about four o'clock, with a plain country acquaintance, who had been doing business with him.

"Good morning," said Sir William, in parting with this person.

"Good mornin'!" cried the other, in surprise; "I got my denner twa hours syne."

THE WITNESS AND THE COAT.

The following examination, which took place in a question tried in 1817, in the Jury Court, between the Trustees of Kinghorn and the Town of Kirkcaldy, affords a striking proof of that *caution* which is held to be a prominent feature in the character of a Scotchman.

The witness was called on the part of the trustees, and apparently full of their interest. The counsel having heard that the man had got a present of a coat from the clerk to the trustees before coming to attend the trial, thought proper to interrogate him on that point; as, by proving this, it would have the effect of completely setting aside his

testimony. The examination was as follows:—

Q. Pray, where did you get that coat? The witness (looking obliquely down on the sleeve of his coat, and from thence to the counsel), with a mixture of effrontery and confusion, exclaimed—

A. Coat, coat, sir! Where gat I that coat?

Q. I wish to know where you got that coat?

A. Maybe ye ken where I got it.

Q. No; but we wish to know from whom you got it?

A. Did ye gi'e me that coat?

Q. Tell the jury where you got that coat?

A. What's your business wi' that?

Q. It is material that you tell the Court where you got the coat?

A. I'm no obliged to tell about ma coat.

Q. Do you not recollect whether you bought that coat, or whether it was given to you?

A. I canna recollect every thing about ma coats—whan I get them, or where I get them.

Q. You said you remembered perfectly well about the boats forty-two years ago, and the people that lived at Kirkcaldy then, and John More's boat; and can you not recollect where you got that coat you have on at present?

A. I'm no gaun to say any thing about coats.

Q. Did Mr Douglas, clerk to the trustees, give you that coat?

A. How do you ken any thing about that?

Q. I ask you, did Mr Douglas, clerk to the trustees, give you that coat?

A. I'm no bound to answer that question, but merely to tell the truth.

Q. So you won't tell where you got that coat?

A. I didna get the coat to do any thing wrang far; I didna engage to say any thing that was na true.

The Lord Chief Commissioner, when the witness was going out of the box, called him back, and observed—

"The Court wish to know from you something farther about this coat. It is not believed or suspected that you got it improperly or dishonestly, or that there is any reason for your concealing it. You may have been disinclined to speak about it, thinking that there was something of insult or reproach in the question put from the bar. You must be sensible that the bench can have no such intention; and it is for your credit, and the sake of your testimony, to disclose fairly where you got it. There may be discredit in concealing, but none in telling where you got it."

Q. Where did you get the coat?

A. I'm no obliged to tell about ma coat.

Q. True, you are not obliged to tell where you got it, but it is for your own credit to tell?

A. I didna come here to tell about coats, but to tell about boats and pin-naces.

Q. If you do not tell, I must throw aside your evidence altogether.

A. I'm no gaun to say any thing about ma coat; I'm no obliged to say any thing about it.

Witness went away, and was called back by Lord Gillies.

Q. How long have you had that coat?

A. I dinna ken how lang I hae had ma coat. I hae plenty o' coats. I dinna mind about this coat or that coat.

Q. Do you remember anything near the time: have you had it a year, a month, or a week? Have you had it a week?

A. Hoot, ay, I daresay I may.

Q. Have you had it a month?

A. I dinna ken; I cam' here to speak about boats, and no about coats.

Q. Did you buy the coat?

A. I dinna mind what coat I bought, or what coat I got.

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH ANECDOTE.

The consequence was, that their lordships were forced to reject the evidence of this witness.—*Scots Mag.*

"WHO STOLE THE WEB?"

Many years ago, in the parish of Carsphairn, in Galloway—a rude and sequestered district—there were only three freemasons, the minister, and a tailor and a mason. The mason, being desirous to introduce his son to the same mystery, caused a lodge to be called for the purpose at a lonely cottage, where the ceremonies were proceeding when a knock was heard at the door. The mason, whose name was Dun, went to see who it was, and found an old woman, who addressed him as follows:—

"The masons are met the nicht?"

"Yes."

"Weel, ye ken my web was stolen last week."

"Yes, Janet; but what business has that wi' the mason meeting?"

"Ou, ye ken, ye'll be raising the de'il, and I wad just like if you wad ask him, *since he's there at ony rate*, wha stole the web."

"Oh, ay, Janet; just you gang away, then, and we'll see what we can do."

Mr Dun then returned to the interior of the cottage, and mentioned to the minister what had passed between him and the old woman. The clergyman rebuked him severely for conceding to the superstitious notions of the aged crone, and said he feared that it would "affront them a'."

"Nae fear o' that," answered the mason; "just leave it all to me."

Next day, when Janet called upon Mr Dun, he told her that "the de'il" had not exactly communicated the name of the thief, but he had mentioned that if the goods were not returned before Thursday next, the house of the guilty

person would fall upon him in the night time, and the whole family would be killed. This, he said, was a great secret, and he strictly forbade her communicating it to more than one person.

Away went Janet, quite satisfied, although it might have been expected to occur to her, that the prediction of punishment to a thief was not exactly a characteristic piece of conduct on the part of Old Nick. The secret was speedily imparted to her next-door neighbour, with many injunctions as to the propriety of letting it go no farther. As a matter of course, it was known to the whole parish before night.

On the third morning thereafter, Janet's web was found lying at her door, with a part which had been cut off attached to the main body of it with pins.

KEELING AND SPINNING.

Dr C——, of Cupar, was in the habit of taking his evening walk on the high-road in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. During one of these stated excursions, he had occasion to meet several people returning from Ceres market, whose conversation and step indicated that Ceres and Bacchus had not been separated. Amongst the rest, a well-known, canty little body, of the name of "Tibby Brown," hove in sight, manifestly after having made, as was sometimes Tibby's practice, a little too free with a certain little stoup, which contains a gill. Tibby was a character, and though somewhat addicted to a glass at "orra" times, was a well-doing body upon the whole, kept a clean well-swept house, a sonsy cat, and a cheerful tongue in her head. Tibby, however, had that day disposed of some sale yarn, and had tithed the price to the amount of a cheerful glass with the merchant who purchased it. Tibby was close upon her pastor ere she perceived him,

and finding it impossible to retreat, did what most people would have done in her circumstances: she put the best face on it possible—brought up her leeway—steadied her pace to a miracle—cocked her head—and, from her very anxiety to disguise her unsteadiness, immediately tripped, stumbled, and all but came in contact with the venerable doctor.

He saw Tibby's situation, and knew her general character as well as her foible; so continuing that benignity of countenance which was natural to him, he proceeded to rally Tibby in the following terms:—

"Hout, tout, Tibby, woman, ye're reeling, I see."

Tibby heard the assertion, and being more accustomed to the professional than to the English sense of the term, incontinently and gaily rejoined—

"Weel, minister; ye ken a body canna aye be spinning."

A CLEVER SMITH.

On the day of the battle of Philiphaugh, the Earl of Traquair departed from his house in Tweeddale, attended by a blacksmith, one of his retainers, and advanced towards Selkirk with a large sum of money, for the payment of Montrose's forces. As they crossed Minchmoor, they were alarmed by firing, which the Earl conceived to be Montrose exercising his forces, but which his attendant, from the constancy and regularity of the noise, affirmed to be the tumult of an engagement. As they came below Broadmeadows, upon Yarrow, they met their fugitive friends hotly pursued by the Parliamentary troopers. The Earl, of course, turned and fled also; but his horse, jaded with the weight of dollars which he carried, refused to take the hill; so that the Earl was fain to exchange with his

attendant, leaving him with the breathless horse and bag of silver to shift for himself, which he is supposed to have done very effectually. Some of Leslie's dragoons, attracted by the appearance of the horse and trappings, gave chase to the smith, who fled up the Yarrow; but finding himself, as he said, encumbered with the treasure, and unwilling that it should be taken, he threw it into a well or pond near the Tinnies, Hangingshaw. Many wells were afterwards searched in vain; but it is the general belief that the smith, if he ever hid the money, knew too well how to anticipate the scrutiny. There is, however, a pond which some peasants drained, in hopes of finding the golden prize, but were prevented, as they pretended, by supernatural interference.

SUMMARY JUSTICE.

. April 27, 1601.—Archibald Cornuel, town officer, hanged at the Cross, and hung on the gallows twenty-four hours; and the cause wherefor he was hanged; he, being an unmerciful, greedy creature, poinded an honest man's house; and amongst the rest he poinded the king and queen's picture; and when he came to the Cross to comprise (appraise and expose by auction) the same, he hung them up on two nails on the same gallows to be comprised; and they being seen, word went to the king and queen, whereupon he was apprehended and hanged.—*Kincaid*.

BLEEDING AT THE TOUCH.

Menaces, as testifying the desire of mischief, were rated as equivalent to imprecations; the proper distinction between divine and human vengeance not being sufficiently understood. Both

produced a fatal revulsion on the temperate. The indictment of Beatrix Leslie states, that one of two damsels, coalbearers, "letting ane coall fall, killed your catt. Therefter, the tuo damsells having cast away your creill with coalls, yow threatened them that you wold sie ane ill sight upon them befor eight days past; and so it fell out, that be your sorcerie and witchcraft, befor the expiring of eight days, according to your threatening, they were both killed in the coall pitt, and none els hurt bot they: albeit divers others wer verry neir hand: as also incontinent, after yow came and tuched them, they did both gush out in blood."

By a superstition, dangerous to the innocent, which prevailed long in Scotland, as in all European countries, this was assumed as a test of guilt in occult cases:—Were evidence defective, amidst pregnant presumptions, and doubts, still hovering over the truth, if the corpse bled either at the mouth or the nose, on the approach of the suspected assassin, it proved his guilt. Accordingly, when in this instance the accused touched the bodies of the deceased, "they both bled, one behind the lug, and the vther at the nose;" and witnesses bore testimony "that they bled not," though others touched them.

A man and his sister were at variance: he died suddenly, and his body was found in his own house naked, with a wound on the face, but bloodless.

'Althoe many of the nycthours in the town came into the hous to sie the dead corps, yett schoe never offered to come; howbeit hir dwelling was nixt adjacent thereto: nor had schoe soe much as any seiming grieff for his death. But the minister and baillifes of the town taking great suspitione of her, in respect of her cariage, commanded that schoe should be brought in. But when schoe come, schoe come trembling all the way to the hous, schoe refused to come nigh to the corps, or to tuitche,

saying, that scho never tuitched a dead corps in hir life. But being earnestlie entreated by the minister and baillifes, and her brother's friends, who was killed, and scho wold but tuitche the corps softlie, scho granted to doe it. But befor schoe did it, the sone schyne-ing in at the hous, schoe exprest herself thus: 'Humble desyring, as the Lord made the sone to schyne and give light into that house, that also he wold give light in discovering that murder:' and with these words, schoe tuitching the wound of the dead man verie softlie, it being whyt and clein, without any spot of blood or the like; yet, immediatlie while her finger was vpon it, the blood rushed out of it, to the great admiratione of all the beholders, whoe tooke it as ane discoverie of the murthier, according to her awne prayer."

In the year 1688, Sir James Standsfield having been found dead in a stream, he was interred precipitately. On exhumation, after resting two days in the grave, his body was partially dissected, and the neck in particular was laid open, in order to ascertain the cause of death. After being well cleansed, blood burst from that side supported by his son Philip, on returning the body to the coffin for a second sepulture—no unlikely consequence of straining the incisions;—and it deeply stained his hand. He was arraigned for parricide; and in the course of the procedure, to obtain conviction, it was argued, that this peculiar incident denoted the disclosure of an occult crime, by the will of Providence.

Janet Rendall was sent for by a man, who suspected she had bewitched him, but he expired before her arrival—"haueing laid his death on hir. How shoone as she came in, the cors haueing lyin ane guid space, and not haueing bled any, immediatlie bled mutch bluid, as ane suir takin that sho was the authour of his death."—*Dalyell*.

HAL O' THE WYND.

About the year 1392, a serious feud broke out betwixt two confederations of Highlanders, and it was resolved that the difference should be decided by a combat of thirty men of the clan Chattan, against the same number of the clan Kay; that the battle should take place on the North Inch of Perth, a beautiful and level meadow, in part surrounded by the river Tay; and that it should be fought in the presence of the king, at that time Robert III., and his nobles.

The day having arrived whereon the combat should take place, the parties on each side were drawn out, armed with sword and target, axe and dagger, and stood looking on each other with fierce and savage aspects, when, just as the signal for fight was expected, the commander of the clan Chattan perceived that one of his men, whose heart had failed him, had deserted his standard. There was no time to seek another man from the clan; so the chieftain, as his only resource, was obliged to offer a reward to any one who would fight in the room of the fugitive. One Henry Wynd, a citizen of Perth, and a saddler by trade, a little bandy-legged man, but of great strength and activity, and well accustomed to use the broadsword, offered himself, for half a French crown, to serve on the part of the clan Chattan in the battle of that day.

The signal was then given by sound of the royal trumpets, and of the great war bagpipes of the Highlanders, and the two parties fell on each other with the utmost fury, their natural ferocity of temper being excited by feudal hatred against the hostile clan, zeal for the honour of their own, and a consciousness that they were fighting in presence of the king and nobles of Scotland. As they fought with the two-handed sword and axe, the wounds they inflicted on

each other were of a ghastly size and character. Heads were cloven asunder, limbs were lopped from the trunk. The meadow was soon flooded with blood, and covered with dead and wounded men.

In the midst of the deadly conflict, the chieftain of the clan Chattan observed that Henry Wynd, after he had slain one of the clan Kay, drew aside, and did not seem willing to fight more.

"How is this?" said he; "art thou afraid?"

"Not I," answered Henry; "but I have done enough of work for half a crown."

"Forward and fight!" said the Highland chief; "he that doth not grudge his day's work, I will not stint him in his wages."

Thus encouraged, Henry Wynd again plunged into the conflict, and, by his excellence as a swordsman, contributed a great deal to the victory, which at length fell to the clan Chattan. Ten of the victors, with Henry Wynd, whom the Highlanders called the *Gow Chrom* (that is, the crooked or bandy-legged smith, though he was a saddler, for war-saddles were then made of steel), were left alive, but they were all wounded. Only one of the clan Kay survived, and he was unhurt. But this single individual dared not oppose himself to eleven men, though all more or less hurt, but, throwing himself into the Tay, swam to the other side, and went off to carry to the Highlands the news of his clan's defeat. It is said he was so ill received by his kinsmen that he put himself to death.

Some part of the above story is matter of tradition, but the general fact is certain. Henry Wynd was rewarded to the Highland chieftain's best abilities; but it was remarked, that, when the battle was over, he was not able to tell the name of the clan he fought for, replying, when asked on which side he

had been, that he was fighting for his own hand. Hence the proverb—

"Every man for his own hand, as Harry Wynn fought."—*Sir W. Scott.*

SLOGANS, OR WAR-CRIES.

Every clan and great family, and also various towns, had formerly its Slogan, or War-cry. Slogan is properly slug-horne, from the Irish *sluagh*, an army, and *corn*, a horn. Several of these animating calls consisted simply of a repetition of the name of the chief, as, "a Home, a Home!" "a Douglas, a Douglas!" "Gordon, Gordon, bydand!" The Setons had "Set on," a pun upon the name. Others were formed of an expressive sentence. The Hepburns had "Bide me fair!" the Stewarts of Lennox, "Avant, Dernel!" the Grants, "Stand fast, Craigellachie!" [a wooded hillock near Aviemore, in Strathspey, the country of the Grants]; the town of Jedburgh, "Jethart's here!" the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds, "A dh' ain deoin co 'heireadh e!" or as Sir Walter Scott spells it in *Waverley*, "Ganyen Coheriga," which means, "In spite of whoever may say to the contrary." Other slogans consisted of the name of the place where the clans, or the adherents of the chief, were rendezvoused on occasions of danger. Thus, Scott of Buccleuch had "Bellenden!" a place near the head of Borthwick water, in the midst of the extensive possessions of that powerful family. The Cranstouns had "Henwoodie," a place on Oxnam water; Mercer of Aldie, "The Grit Pule;" the Forbesees, "Lonachin," a hilly ridge in Strathdon; the Farquharsons, "Cairn-na-cuen," *i.e.*, the Hill of Remembrance, a mountain in Braemar; the Macphersons, "Craig-dhu," a high, black, conspicuous rock in Badenoch; the chief of Glengary, "Craggan-an-flithich," the rock of the raven; the

Mackenzies, "Tullich-ard," a hill in Kintail, which yet forms the crest of the Seaforth branch of the family; Macfarlane, "Loch Sloy," a small lake between Loch Lomond and Loch Long; Buchanan, "Clare Innis," an island in Loch Lomond; Macgregor, "O' arl choille," the wooded height; the rendezvous, it will be observed, being generally a conspicuous place in the territories of the family. The slogan of Dumfries is "Loreburn," a vacant space near the town, where the inhabitants were marshalled on occasions of danger—for the first time, we believe, in 1715, when an attack was anticipated from the rebel Lord Kenmure. The word is still inscribed on the provost's baton of office. The town of Hawick had for its war-cry the words "Terri buss and terri oain," which we have never heard explained, though they are still inscribed on the banner which the inhabitants carry at their annual festival of the riding of the marches.—*Robert Chambers.*

"JOCK" DALGLEISH.

A man named John Dalgleish was at one time the "dempster" or hangman of Edinburgh. He it was who acted at the execution of Wilson, the smuggler, in 1736, and who is alluded to so frequently in the tale of the "Heart of Midlothian." Dalgleish, it was said, was looked upon, before his taking up this office, as a person in creditable circumstances. He is memorable for one pithy saying. Some one asking him how he contrived, in whipping a criminal, to adjust the weight of his arm—

"Oh," said he, "I lay on the lash according to my conscience."

Either "Jock," or some later official, was remarked to be a regular *hearer* at the Tolbooth Church. As no other person would sit in the same seat, he always had a pew to himself. He regularly attended the communion; but here

the exclusiveness of his fellow-creatures also marked itself, and the clergyman was obliged to serve a separate table for the hangman, after the rest of the congregation had retired from the church.

Lines on Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate.

Sir James Stewart was very unpopular with the Jacobite party, who vented their spleen against him in lampoons. — He was indebted for the sobriety of Jamie Wylie. He held the office of Lord Advocate, with the exception of one year, from 1692 until his death in 1713. The beautiful estate of Woodtrees (commonly pronounced Gutters), and now called Moredun, in the parish of Liberton, belonged to him. In the Scottish Pasquils will be found the following pithy lines upon Sir James, from a MS. of old Robert Mylne:—

Sir James Stewart thou't hing
In a string;
Sir James Stewart, knave
And rogue thou art,
For thou ne'er had a true heart
To God or King;
Sir James Stewart thou't hing
In a string.
—*Court of Session Garland.*

NONFIRES OR BAILFIRES.

The recognition of the pagan divinity Baal or Bel, the Sun, is discovered through innumerable etymological sources. In the records of Scottish history, down to the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, multiplied prohibitions were issued from the fountains of ecclesiastical ordinances, against kindling *Bailfires*, of which the origin cannot be mistaken. The festival of this divinity was commemorated in Scotland until the

latest date. Should it have been ever truly interrupted, the citizens of the metropolis seem willing to promote its revival in recollection, by ascending a neighbouring hill, Arthur's Seat, in troops, on the first of May, to witness the glorious spectacle of sunrise from the sea.—*Dalyell.*

MANAGING A WITNESS.

In one case in which Jeffrey and Cockburn, when advocates, were engaged, a question arose as to the sanity of one of the parties concerned.

"Is the defendant, in your opinion, perfectly sane?" said Jeffrey, interrogating one of the witnesses, a plain, stupid-looking countryman.

The witness gazed in bewilderment at the questioner, but gave no answer. Jeffrey repeated it, altering the words—

"Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?" Still in vain. "I ask you," said Jeffrey, "do you consider the man perfectly rational?" No answer yet.

"Let me tackle him," said Cockburn.

Then, assuming his broadest Scottish tone, and turning to the obdurate witness, he began—

"Hae ye your mull wi' ye?"

"Ou, ay," said the awkward Cimon, stretching out his snuff-horn.

"Noo, hoo lang hae ye kent John Sampson?" said Cockburn, taking a pinch.

"Ever since he was that height," was the ready reply, the witness indicating with his hand the alleged altitude.

"An' d'ye think noo, atween you an' me," said the advocate, in his most insinuating Scottish manner, "that there's onything in the creatur?"

"I wudna lippen him wi' a bull-calf," was the instant and brilliant rejoinder.

The end was attained, amid the convulsions of the court.

LOOKING AFTER HIMSELF.

A canny man, who had accepted the office of elder because some wag had made him believe that the remuneration was sixpence each Sunday and a boll of meal on new year's day, officially carried round the ladle each Sunday after service. When the year expired he claimed the meal, but was told that he had been hoaxed.

"It may be sae wi' the meal," he replied, coolly, "but I took care o' the saxpence mysel'."

THE PYET, OR MAGPIE.

There is an old rhyme in regard to the pyet as indicating good or ill luck. It is as follows, and refers to them being seen:—

"Ane is ane, twa is grief,
Three's a wedding, four's death."

HEN-BROTH.

This strange and now long-forgotten *plat*, which has been sacrificed to the *Julienne* and *Mulligatawny* of modern days, was denominated "hen-broth," and was nothing more nor less than a simple decoction of two or three *hou-towdies* (*Anglice*, fowls), thickened with black beans, and seasoned with black pepper.—*Dr Strang*.

PARENTAL MANAGEMENT.

Every master was revered by his family, honoured by his tenants, and awful to his domestics. His hours of eating, sleeping, and amusement were carefully attended to by all his family and by all his guests. Even his hours of devotion were marked, that nothing might interrupt them. He kept his

own seat by the fire or at table, with his hat on his head; and often particular dishes were served up for himself that nobody else shared of. Their children approached them with awe,* and never spoke with any degree of freedom before them. The consequence of this was, that, except at meals, they were never together, though the reverence they had for their parents taught them obedience, modesty, temperance.—*Caldwell Papers*.

A HARD LAW.

Last week a Highland lad was taken up, and committed to the guard, for wearing trouse, contrare to a late Act of Parliament.—*Glasgow Courant*, May 1749.

THE ADDER'S OATH.

I hae made a vow—
And I'll keep it true,
That I'll never slang man
Through gude sheep's woo'.

So it may well keep it, for it cannot break it. The adder cannot pour its venom into a wound made by its fangs, through anything woollen; the wool brushes away the virus: there is some invention in this *aith*, ascribed to the viper. It is in vain to take the oath of a man, for instance, who is base, poisonous, and of a reptile nature, for he will break all oaths, and sting as before; but when he is sworn from harming anything that is not in his power to harm, whether the oath be off or on, then all's well.—*Mactaggart*.

A SCOTTISH SERGEANT.

Sergeant Weir, of the Scots Greys, was pay-sergeant of his troop, and, as

such, might have been excused serving in action, and, perhaps, he should not have been forward; but, on such a day as the battle of Waterloo, he requested to be allowed to charge with the regiment. In one of the charges he fell, mortally wounded, and was left on the field. Corporal Scott, of the same regiment, who lost a leg, asserts, that when the field was searched for the wounded and slain, the body of Sergeant Weir was found with his name written on his forehead by his own hand dipped in his own blood. This, his comrade said, he was supposed to have done that his body might be found and identified, and that it might not be imagined that he had disappeared with the money of his troop.

THE "CLAP" AND BELL CRIERS OF DALKEITH.

Betty Dick, an old woman, formerly officiated as town-crier of Dalkeith. She was born in 1693, and lived to a good old age. In her calling she used what was called a "clap," but which was simply a large wooden trencher and a spoon, with which, previous to beginning her oration, she continued to make a noise, until a sufficient auditory had assembled. As she thus went the round of the town, repeating the announcement at stated distances, the younger portion of her hearers, with whom she was a general favourite, seldom failed to greet her, at the close of each speech, with loud acclamations. The charge for this important piece of public service was extremely moderate, being only *one penny*!

The principal announcements which Betty was called upon to make were the arrival of fresh fish from Fisherrow, and proclaiming articles lost or stolen; but she was employed regularly every evening in the winter time in advertis-

ing another commodity of equal consideration, and no doubt many a one felt his chops water as she was heard to bawl out—

"Tripe, piping hot, ready for supper the night, at eight o'clock, at Jeanie M'Millan's, head of the North Wynd—gang hame, bairns, and tell your folk about it."

She was succeeded in office by Peggy Haswell, in whose time the "clap" was disused, and a hand-bell introduced instead. She lived long to enjoy the honours and emoluments of the situation.

At her death the bell passed into the hands of Jeanie Garvald, more popularly known by the name of "Garvald Gundy," from a delicious sweetmeat she manufactured to "gust the gabs" of the young Dalkeithites, by whom it was held in high estimation. She continued in office for several years, and was in turn succeeded by a little woman commonly distinguished by the somewhat appropriate appellation of "Bell Greasy." She died a number of years ago—the last of the race of Dalkeith "clap" and hand-bell ringers. The drum, having been deemed by the magistrates as infinitely more dignified, was then adopted, and still continues in use. The change, however, is much regretted by the inhabitants, as the charge for calling was formerly only a *penny*, whereas the drum costs at least eightpence for performing the same labour.—*Kay*.

JOHN PRENTICE'S WISH.

John Prentice, the grave-digger of Carnwath, had a pleasant equivouque, which he frequently used on hearing of the death of any person.

"Hech-how, man!" he would say, "is poor —— dead? Dear me, I would rather it had been any ither twa!"

HIGHLAND REVENGE.

One Christmas, the chief of the Macnabs had sent his servant to Crieff for provisions, but, on his return, he was waylaid, and robbed of all his purchases. He went home, therefore, empty handed, and told his tale to the laird. Macnab had twelve sons, all men of great strength, but one in particular exceedingly athletic, who was called for a byname, *Iain mion Mac an Appa*, or "Smooth John Macnab." In the evening, these men were gloomily meditating some signal revenge on their old enemies, when their father entered, and said in Gaelic, "The night is the night, if the lads were but lads!" Each man instantly started to his feet, and belted on his dirk, his claymore and his pistols. Led by their brother John, they set out, taking a fishing-boat on their shoulders from Loch Tay, carrying it over the mountains and glens till they reached Loch Earn, where they launched it, and passed over to the island. All was silent in the habitation of Neish. Having all the boats at the island secured, they had gone to sleep without fear of surprise. Smooth John, with his foot dashed open the door of Neish's house, and the party, rushing in, attacked the unfortunate family, every one of whom was put to the sword, with the exception of one man and a boy, who concealed themselves under a bed. Carrying off the heads of the Neishes, and any plunder they could secure, the youths presented themselves to their father, while the piper struck up the pibroch of victory.

TOUCHING A TENDER POINT.

A farmer having buried his wife, waited upon the grave-digger who had performed the necessary duties, to pay him his fees. Being of a niggardly disposition, he endeavoured to get the

knight of the spade to abate his charges. The patience of the latter becoming exhausted, he grasped his shovel impulsively, and, with an angry look, exclaimed—

'Doon wi' another shillin', or—up she comes!'

The threat had the desired effect.

SCOTTISH SUMPTUARY LAWS.

By an act of parliament in Scotland, passed in the year 1429, none were permitted to wear silks, or costly furs, but Knights and Lords of 200 merks yearly rent. But, by another act, of 1457, the same dress was permitted to aldermen, bailies, and other good worthy men within burgh; and by a third act, it was granted to gentlemen of £100 yearly rent.—*R. O. Jenway.*

A PLAIN-SPOKEN CLIENT.

A countryman applied to a solicitor for advice in a certain matter. On being asked if he had stated the exact facts of the case, he replied, with more truth than discretion—

"Oh ay, sir, I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put the lees till't yersel'."

BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

The Kirriemuir bell-man was employed to deliver information to the public on a fair day, which he did as follows:—

"Notice! All persons driving their cattle through the lands of Logic, to or from the market, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." To this he immediately added, on his own authority, by way of a sedative to the natives, "Ye needna mind a' this, lads, it's only a haver o' the grieve's."

DRINKING KELLIE.

"A horn was twisted so as to go round the arm. This being filled with liquor, was to be applied to the lips, and drunk off at one draught. If, in withdrawing the arm, any liquor was left, it discovered itself by rattling in the windings of the horn. Then the company called out *corneigh*, i.e., *the horn cries*; and the delinquent was compelled to drink *keltie*, that is, to fill up his cup again, and drink it out, according to the laws of the Kelt, for so ought the word Celt to be pronounced. We have from hence a clear proof that they were jolly toppers."—*Sir J. Foulis*.

To "drink" or "clear keltie aff," has long been a proverb in Scotland, signifying, that previous to filling a bumper for a toast the glass was quite empty. "Fill a brimmer—this is my excellent friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie's health—I kend him and his father these twenty years. Are ye a' *cleared keltie off*? Fill anither. Here's to his sune being provost!"—*Rob Roy*.

WITCHES IN DUNFERMLINE.

1643, April 16.—That day, compeir Grissell Morcis, being accusit of sundrie poyntes of witchcraft spoken and done be her, whose confessions at this tyme and in the tyme yt she was in ward (prison), with the declaration and deposition of sindrie witnesses are in scrolles, and the said Grissell was brunt as a witch ye 17th of May following.

July 16.—That day, the magistrates of the burgh cravit help of those of the Landwarte for watching of the woemen detainit in ward for witchcraft, because the burgh is not able to continueud therein, the criminalls of that kynd, being so many, and so frequentlie taine, and the burgh being so oft chargit and troublit with taking and watching of them.—*Kirk Session Records*.

THE BLUE BLANKET.

King James III. conferred upon the craftsman of Edinburgh the famous banner, long the rallying point of the burgher ward, in every civil commotion, or muster for war, which is still preserved by the incorporated trades,* and known by the popular title of *The Blue Blanket*. The history of this famous banner has been written by Alexander Pennycook, an enthusiastic guild brother of the last century, who begins the record—"When the Omnipotent Architect had built the glorious firmament of this world!" and, after recording for the consolation of his brother craftsmen, that "Adam's eldest son was educate a plowman, and his brother a grazier," with many other flattering instances of "God's distinguishing honour put upon tradesmen," he tells that the order of the Blue Blanket was instituted by Pope Urban II., about 1200, and so is older than any order of knighthood in Europe. According to this author, vast numbers of Scottish mechanics having followed to the Holy War, took with them a banner bearing the inscription—

*"In bona voluntate tua edificenter muri
Jerusalem,"*

which they styled the banner of the Holy Ghost, though, from its colour, familiarly called "*The Blue Blanket*;" and this, on their return, they dedicated to St Eloi's altar in St Giles' Church. Whatever foundation there may be for this remoter origin, it is undoubted that James III. at this time, in requital of the eminent services of the burghers, confirmed them in many privileges, and bestowed on them this ensign, with their heraldic bearings embroidered by the Queen's own hands. It has ever since been kept in the charge of the kirk-master or deacon-convenor of the crafts for the time being; every burgher,

ⁿ the Trades' Maiden Hospital, Edinburgh.

not only of the capital, but of Scotland, being held bound to rally at the summons when it is unfurled.—*Wilson's Memorials.*

such effect, as the apprentice afterwards candidly avowed, that in future he resolved not to be above his business.—*Court of Session Garland.*

ABOVE HIS BUSINESS.

An Edinburgh gentleman, afterwards well known in the legal profession, who subsequently settled in London, and became an M.P., had been bound apprentice to a respectable writer to the Signet of the old school, who was no great admirer of modern puppyism. The youth was deemed, or rather deemed himself, a very fine sort of person, and the idea of carrying papers was revolting to his feelings. One evening the master rang the bell, and the apprentice was desired to take a very small parcel of papers to a professional gentleman, whose residence was not far distant. The packet was received in silence—not a word was said. A minute had hardly elapsed when the master saw a porter run hastily across the street, apparently to the office. This induced some suspicion of his errand, which was verified by shortly seeing the young man issue forth from the office followed by the porter. Seizing his hat the master followed, and, overtaking the latter, relieved him of his burden. He then followed in the rear of his apprentice, who, of course, thought it beneath his dignity to look round. At last the place of destination was reached—the door-bell was rung with violence. "Here, fellow," quoth the youth, "give me the parcel," slipping sixpence into his hand, but without condescending to look at him.

"Here it is for you!" exclaimed the supposed porter. The voice struck the young gentleman, and his astonishment and confusion may be imagined when he beheld his master. In place of scolding him, the old gentleman contented himself with using the very powerful weapon of ridicule, and with

SERVANTS' HOLIDAYS.

Servants frequently bargained for liberty to attend a certain number of markets. One fellow was asked by his master how he had returned so soon from one of these. The reply was—"I have drunk my pint, and made my play; and what mair had I to do?"—*Stat. Account.*

COMPULSIVE HOSPITALITY.

The lairds of Newtyle, in Forfarshire, used to keep cannon pointed to the road near by their old castle, so as to compel the wayfarers to come in and be regaled. It is also worth telling, that the lairds of Hangingshaw, in Selkirkshire, kept a large goblet, known far and wide as "The Hangingshaw Ladle," which they administered full of reaming ale to every person, of whatever degree, whether willing or unwilling, who entered the house. A circumstance still more in point is related, regarding a former proprietor of Crichton Castle, in Edinburghshire. A stout baron, with a goodly retinue, having presumed to pass this person's gates, without the usual homage of stopping to take refreshment, the Laird of Crichton mounted horse, with all his merry men, and overtaking the recreant traveller, brought him back, and threw him, with all his attendants, into the massmore of the castle. Afterwards, taking fear to himself for the result of such a strange exploit, he liberated the baron, and, planting him at table, endeavoured to restore him to good humour, by formally waiting upon him personally.

RUSTIC FOOD LONG AGO.

In a farmer's house all the butcher meat used was commonly part of a fatted animal in winter. Some economists killed and salted such of the stock as could not survive the winter. Entertainments to the neighbours were very rare. Ale, except with a few, or on certain occasions, was to be found in the tavern only. Cheese was very bad. Cream, too long kept, and purified by drawing off the thin part, or wig, as it was called, for drink, was converted into butter by the operation of the hand. And the ordinary diet of farmer and servant may be described by the questions—1. Have you got your *porridge*, or breakfast? 2. Have you got your *sotens*, or dinner? 3. Have you got your *brose*, or supper?—*Stat. Account.*

THE HANGMAN'S CRAIG.

An Edinburgh hangman, who flourished about the time of Charles II., was a reduced gentleman, the last of a respectable family who had possessed an estate in the neighbourhood of Melrose. He had been a profligate in early life, squandered the whole of his patrimony, and at length, for the sake of subsistence, was compelled to accept the wretched office, which in those days must have been unusually obnoxious to popular odium, on account of the frequent executions of innocent and religious men. Notwithstanding his extreme degradation, this unhappy reprobate could not altogether forget his original station, and his former tastes and habits. He would occasionally resume the garb of a gentleman, and mingle in the parties of citizens who played at golf in the evenings on Bruntsfield Links. Being at length recognised, he was chased from the ground with shouts of execration and loathing, which affected him so much that he retired to the solitude

of the King's Park, and was next day found dead at the bottom of a precipice, over which he appeared to have thrown himself in his despair. This rock was afterwards called the *Hangman's Craig*.

A GOOD REBUKE.

Rob Kerss was a favourite with anglers of all classes—with peer and peasant alike; and preserved his self-respect, and asserted his independent and original character, under all circumstances. It is related that the Earl of Home, probably the best salmon-fisher of his day, was on one occasion angling from Rob's boat on the upper part of the Makerstoun Water; and, as the day was favourable, he hooked and landed several fish in succession. As each salmon was knocked on the head, his lordship refreshed himself from his flask with much self-congratulation, and returned it to his pocket without offering it to the venerable fisherman. Rob gloomily bore this unwonted treatment for some time; but at last seeing no prospect of amendment, he deliberately pulled the boat to the shore, put up the oars, padlocked it, and walked off in the direction of his hut. The Earl, amazed, called to him to come back, as his day's sport was not nearly over; but Rob replied—

"Na, na; them that drink by themselves can fish by themselves;" and he left the peer to digest his mortification as best he might.

BYGONE MANNERS.

In the reign of David II. a French historian informs us, that in Scotland a man could scarcely be found whose behaviour was in any manner of way polished, or who was even possessed of any sentiments of honour; that, like savages, they shunned the acquaintance

of strangers; that they envied the honour and prosperity of others; at the same time they were excessively jealous of losing the graces they themselves possessed. Edinburgh, although at that time the first city of Scotland, could not accommodate the French gentlemen, so that many of them were obliged to seek lodging in different towns. The houses in the metropolis, it was complained, were uncomfortable, the beds hard, and the walls bare. In short, so wretched was the accommodation in every respect, that it was with the utmost difficulty the French commander could persuade his officers to remain in such a miserable country. In their common dealings with the Scots, the latter were found avaricious and treacherous beyond measure. — *Kincaid.*

pistol, ordered the gentleman under the table. He dared not disobey, but did as he was ordered, on which the pistol was laid on the table, and the Earl sat down to dinner. He put several dogs also under the table, and every now and then threw down a bone amongst them. The gentleman lay in terror all the while. He was never known to boast of his invitation to dine with Lord Kintore.

The Earl always carried loaded fire-arms with him, and, while passing the stackyard of John Fraser, innkeeper, Kintore, he observed a breeding sow stretched at her ease beside a haystack, fired and killed her. On being asked for payment, he said, "He would have paid her twice over before he would have lost such a fine shot."

SHORT AND SWEET.

"Ye're unco short the day, Saunders, surely," said an undersized student to a Glasgow bookseller, one morning, when the latter was in an irritable mood.

"Od, man," was the retort, "ye may haud your tongue: ye're no sae lang yersel'."

AN ECCENTRIC EARL.

While a Mr Ross was parish school-master of Kintore, there was an eccentric Earl of that ilk. In passing the school, he asked the schoolmaster out, and getting him to enter his carriage, drove off with him bareheaded all the way to Aberdeen, leaving the scholars to their own guidance.

The Earl happened to be acquainted with a very pompous Aberdonian, and invited him to dine with him. The gentleman went off, much elated at such an honour. On entering the room, he found the dinner all ready. The Earl rose, locked the door, and lifting a loaded

"WHAT'S THE LAWIN', LASS?"

The following dialogue occurred in a little country inn, not so far from Edinburgh, and not so long ago, as the internal evidence might lead one to suppose. The interlocutors are an English tourist and a smart young woman, who acted as waitress, chambermaid, boots, and everybody else, being the man and the maid of the inn at the same time:—

Tourist. Come here, if you please.

Jenny. I was just coming ben to you, sir.

Tourist. Well, now, mistress.

Jenny. I'm no the mistress; I'm only the lass, and I'm no married.

Tourist. Very well, then, miss.

Jenny. I'm no a miss; I'm only a man's dochter.

Tourist. A man's daughter!

Jenny. Hoot ay, sir; didna ye see a farm as ye came up yestreen, just three parks aff?

Tourist. It is very possible; I do not remember.

Jenny. Weel, onyway, it's my father's.

Tourist. Indeed!

Jenny. Ay, it's a fact.

Tourist. Well, that fact being settled, let us proceed to business. Will you let me see your bill?

Jenny. Our Bill. Ou, ay, Wully we ca' him, but I ken wha you mean—he's no in e'en now.

Tourist. Wully! what I want is my account,—a paper stating what I have had, and how much I have to pay.

Jenny. Did ony woman ever hear the like o' that—ye mean the lawin', man! But, we keep nae accounts here; na, na, we hae ower muckle to dae.

Tourist. And how do you know what to charge?

Jenny. Ou, we just put the things down on the slate, and tell the customers the tottle by word o' mouth.

Tourist. Just so. Well, will you give me the lawin', as I am going?

Jenny. Oh sir, ye're jokin' noo! It's you maun gie me the lawin'—the lawin's the sillier.

Tourist. Oh, indeed, I beg your pardon; how much is it?

Jenny. That's just what I was coming ben to tell you, sir. If ye had ask'd me first, or waited till I tell't ye, I wadna hae keepit ye a minute. We're no blate at askin' the lawin', although some folk are unco slow at payin' o't. It's just four-and-six.

Tourist. That is very moderate; there is five shillings.

Jenny. Thank you, sir; I hope we hae a sixpence in the house, for I wadna like to gie bawbees to a gentleman.

Tourist. No, no; the sixpence is for yourself.

Jenny. Oh, sir, it's ower muckle.

Tourist. What, do you object to take it?

Jenny. Na, na, sir; I wouldna put that affront upon ye. But I'll gie ye a bit o' advice for't. When ye're gaun awa frae an inn in a hurry, dinna be fashin' yersel' wi' mistresses, and misses, and bills; but just say, "What's the lawin', lass?"

A HIGHLAND TRANSACTION.

The Laird of M'Nab, of whom there are many jokes current, went into a jeweller's shop in Edinburgh to order a ring, similar to one worn by a friend of his, which had taken his fancy, and which was set either with the hair of Prince Charles Edward, or some other member of the Stuart family; this circumstance, of course, constituting the chief value of the ring.

"But how soon," said the jeweller, whom he was binding down to a day for the completion of the work, "will you send me the hair?"

"The hair, sir!" replied M'Nab, fiercely; "I must expect, sir, you must give me the hair to the pargain!"

VOLUNTEER COURAGE.

In an Edinburgh newspaper, dated July 9, 1796, appeared the following paragraph:—

"An indictment has been preferred before the Sheriff against a *braeclach maker*, for a violent assault on three of the *Royal Edinburgh Volunteers*."

A PARADOX.

On Henry Erskine being told that Knox, who had long derived his livelihood by keeping the door of the Parliament House, had been killed by a shot from a small cannon on the king's birth-day, he observed, that "it was remarkable that a man should live by the civil, and die by the canon law."

DEMPSTER AND LOCKSMAN.

Of old the hangman of Edinburgh used to be called, more delicately, the dempster, on account of his being employed to pronounce sentence in court

upon condemned criminals. He was also called the locksmith, in consideration of a privilege he enjoyed of taking a *lock* or handful of meal from every sack brought into the city market.

BLIND SANDY MARTIN.

Sandy Martin, the famous blind Harris tailor, lost his sight in early youth by small-pox; yet so wonderfully did he possess the sense of touch, that the loss of vision seemed to cause him but little inconvenience. Of all the tailors in the island, none were in greater repute than Sandy, and deservedly too, for in reality he was surpassed by none. Although stone-blind, he placed his customer before him, measured him quite scientifically, cut his cloth with rigid economy, sewed it firmly, smoothed it neatly, and, in short, finished his job to the entire satisfaction of his employer. But what was more surprising still, suppose that the cloth which he was to work upon was tartan, let it be however so fine and uncommon, he had the faculty of tracing out the stripes, squares, and angles of the fabric, by mere delicacy of touch. It is well known that tailors who have the sight of both eyes, experience at times no ordinary difficulty in cutting and finishing a Highland tartan coat, so as to make the different squares in the cloth to coalesce diagonally at the back, and to meet angularly with mathematical correctness. But in doing this blind Sandy Martin never failed, and was never known to have committed a mistake. Not satisfied with the trade of tailor, he had a second string to his bow, and acted as shoemaker also. He cut, shaped, sewed, and finished a pair of shoes as firmly and neatly as most men; and his jobs, when finished, showed no indications that the performer never saw what he so exquisitely handled. In one word, he failed but

seldom in any work which he took in hand. There was not a man in Harris who could more expeditiously repair a torn herring net than poor blind Sandy. However tattered the net might be, and however scattered the broken meshes, Sandy soon discovered the existence and extent of the damage, and quickly repaired it. This poor man unquestionably furnished a striking proof of the extent to which one sense may be improved by the deprivation of another; for, undoubtedly, the want of the sense of sight in this individual was the cause of the perfection to which he carried that of touch.—*Martin.*

A SCOTCH DIRECTION.

Having occasion the morning after my arrival in Edinburgh to inquire for a person with whom I had some concerns, I was amazed at the length and gibberish of a direction given me where to find him.

I was told that I must go down the street, and on the north side, over against such a place, turn down such a *wynde*; and, on the west side of the *wynde*, inquire for such a *launde*, where the gentleman *stay'd*, at the *third stair*, that is, three storeys high.—*Burt.*

SIR DAVID WILKIE'S OPINION OF EDINBURGH.

"What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, I now find congregated in this one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and of Saltzburg; here are the romantic sites of Orvietto and Tivoli; and here is all the magnificence of the admired bays of Genoa and Naples; here, indeed, to the poetic fancy, may be found realised the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis."—*Speech at Public Dinner, 1829.*

GLASGOW.

The word Glasgow, in Gaelic, signifies a *grey smith*. It has hence been inferred that a person of this description, eminent in his profession, had taken up his residence in the place, and that, in compliment to him, it had received this name. Others suppose that, as the word also signifies a *dark glen*, it alludes to the glen at the east end of the church, where the cell of St Kentigern stood.—*Cleland*.

A FATAL NEW YEAR.

A custom "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," had long prevailed in Edinburgh, of ushering in the new year with boisterous merriment in the street. This led, on the public clocks in the High Street announcing the advent of the year 1812, to riots of a most serious description. A band of young men attacked all whom they met, committed many robberies, and murdered a policeman. Three of the culprits were executed on a gibbet erected in the High Street, 22d April 1812.—*Anderson*.

A SEVERE REBUKE.

Lord Rutherford had entered into conversation with a shepherd on the Pentland Hills, and was complaining bitterly of the weather, which prevented him enjoying his visit to the country; when he said unguardedly, "What a d—d mist!" and expressed his wonder how, or for what purpose, an east wind was created. The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned sharp round upon him, and said—

"What ails ye at the mist, sir? it wats the sod, it slockens the yowes;" and adding, with much solemnity,

"it's God's wull," he turned away with lofty indignation. Lord Rutherford used to repeat this with much candour, as a fine specimen of rebuke from a sincere and simple mind.

AN "ORRA" MERCHANT.

On the north side of Old Niddry's Wynd, now Niddry Street, in Edinburgh, there formerly stood a shop kept by an eccentric personage, who exhibited a sign bearing this singular inscription—

ORRA THINGS BOUGHT AND SOLD,
which signified that he dealt in odd articles, such as a single shoe-buckle, one of a pair of skates, a tea-pot wanting a lid, or perhaps, as often, a lid *minus* a tea-pot; in short, any unpaired article which is not to be got in the shops where only new things were sold, and which, nevertheless, are now and then as indispensably wanted by householders as anything else. This trafficker in curiosities also, at one time, besides his stationary establishment in Niddry's Wynd, kept a moveable shop, in the shape of a tide-waiter's counting-room, which usually stood at the head of the wynd, containing his own person, and an assortment of "orra" things piled up around him, and having a half-door, over which he communed with his customers. It is odd, but the creature made money; for he was perhaps the greatest match-maker in Europe.—*R. Chambers*.

ARCHIE ARMSTRONG.

Archie Armstrong was born in the parish of Langholm. After having long distinguished himself as a most dexterous sheep-stealer, and when Eskdale at last became too hot for him, on account of his nefarious practices, he had the

honour of being appointed *jester* to James I. of England, which office he held for several years; but becoming obnoxious to Archbishop Laud, and other great men then about court, who had often smarted under the severity of his poignant wit, he was at last dismissed; and what afterwards became of him history saith not.—*Stat. Account.*

TOURNAMENTS IN EDINBURGH.

During the reign of James IV., Edinburgh became celebrated throughout Europe as the scene of knightly feats of arms. "In this country," says Arnot, 'tournaments are of great antiquity; they were held in Edinburgh in the reign of William the Lion, and in those of many of the succeeding princes. The valley or low ground lying between the wester road to Leith, and the road at Lochend, was bestowed by James II. on the community of Edinburgh, for the special purpose of holding tournaments and other martial sports.'

Here, most probably, the wappin-shaws which were of such constant recurrence at a later period, as well as such martial parades as were summoned by civic authority, were held, unless in cases of actual preparation for war, when the Boroughmuir seems to have been invariably the appointed place of rendezvous. The favourite scene of royal tournaments, however, was a spot of ground near the King's Stables, just below the Castle wall. Here James IV., in particular, often assembled his lords and his barons, by proclamation, for jousting; offering such meeds of honour as a spear headed with gold, and the like favours, presented to the victor by the king's own hand; so that "the fame of his justing and turney spread throw all Europe, quhill caused many errand knyghtis cum out of vther pairtes to Scotland to seik justing, becaus they hard of the kinglie fame of

the Prince of Scotland. Bot few or none of thame passed away vnmached, and oftymes overthrowne."

One notable encounter is specially recorded, which took place between Sir John Cockbewis, a Dutch knight, and Sir Patrick Hamilton. "Being assembled togidder on great horsis vnder the Casle wall, in the barrace," the Scottish knight's horse having failed him in the first onset, they encountered on foot, continuing the contest for a full hour, till the Dutchman being struck to the ground, the king cast his bat over the castle wall as a signal to stay the combat, while the heralds and trumpeters proclaimed Sir Patrick the victor.—*Wilson's Memorials.*

A PEEVISH OLD SCOTSWOMAN.

The following lively representation of a peevish old Scotswoman in humble life, who takes a pleasure in grumbling at all that is done for her, occurs in "Self-Devotion," a novel, published anonymously about 1835.

"Well, Elspet," said Katherine in a cheerful tone, "how's the cough to-day? I could not come to see you yesterday, but I hope you got the nice mixture I sent you over by Jeannie?"

"Ou, I ne'er expeckit ye to come," said the old dame in reply, when her guests had seated themselves on two stools beside her: "I'm an auld withered stock noo, no able to serve onybody mysel', so I canna expeck service frae ither folk. I'se warrant ye'll hae braver friends to look after than puir Elspet." And she eyed Marion sourly, as if she suspected her of intruding on her own privileges.

"Well, but you got the mixture; and it brought you a good night's rest, did it not?" pursued Katherine, without noticing the insinuation.

"Rest!" was the indignant reply; "weel I wot, it was a windlestrae's

rest on a windy nicht then. I ne'er had sic a nicht sin' ever I took it; I just hostit and hostit even on, and never devauled. 'Na, na, it's nane o' yere drugs that's to cure a host like mine—naething'll e'er cure it but the spade an' the shool. Gin ye had sent me a drap oot o' the grand bottle ye promised to Peggy neist-by there, I micht hae pitten it into my bowl o' gruel, and been mair the better o't. But I dinna ken sae well how to fleech ye as she does, or I micht hae gotten it too."

"You're tired of the raspberry vinegar, then?" said Katherine; "why, Elspet, you had only to send Ivan to the manse, and you should have had your glass of sherry in five minutes, you stupid body."

"Na, Miss Randolph," answered Elspet, in a tone of triumph, "na, na. I'm no just come the length o' a beggar yet; though I dinna refuse the bits and brats ye send me at your pleasure. I'm sodget-bred, Miss Katherine, but I'm major-minded, an' I'll ne'er ask onybody for what I may jalouse they're no willing to gie me."

"Now, Elspet, hold your tongue," replied Katherine, with invincible good-humour; "you know very well that you would apply to me with all your heart if you had a desire for anything I could give you, if it were only for the sake of gratifying me; and you shall have the wine for to-night's gruel whenever I go home. How does the new toy I sent you yesterday please you? You are looking quite handsome in it, I think."

"Ou, it's no that ill," answered Elspet reluctantly, and as if at a loss for something to grumble at. "But wow! how the blue comes aff on my clean matches!"—and she pushed back the hood of coloured flannel as she spoke. "It'll haud me ay daicherin' an' washin' them, and ruin me for sape forbye."

"Never mind that, Elspet, it will only give you an excuse for putting on

a clean one every day, and that's what delights you," answered Katherine. "Has papa been seeing you lately?"

"Ou ay, honest man," replied the honest dame, with a wonderful accession of respect in her tone; "he was here this morning, and gied me a lang discourse on the cheerfulness o' Christian hope. Hech me! hoo folk will cumber themselves wi' the many things o' this sinfu' unsubstantial world: gin a body had as little world's gear as I hae, there wad be the less to fash them."

HENRY PRENTICE, THE POTATO CULTIVATOR.

This man was at one time a pedlar, at another time a market-gardener, and at all times a very eccentric character. He introduced the field culture of the potato into the Lothians in 1746, seven years after it had been first tried in the parish of Kilsyth by Mr Graham, of Tamraver; but it was in consequence of seeing the root in Ireland or in Lancashire, in the course of his wandering profession, that Prentice thought of making the attempt. As the field was advancing to ripeness, Lord Minto, eminent for his patriotic benevolence, asked him how it was getting on; to which Prentice answered—

"Very well, my lord; but I do not know how I shall get them carried to town for sale."

"I'll give you a cart and horse," said Lord Minto, and he was as good as his word; but Prentice, after disposing of his produce, sold the cart and horse for his own behoof, alleging that his lordship had given them to him as a present. Having scraped together the sum of a hundred and forty pounds, he sank it with the managers of the Canongate Charity Workhouse, in 1784, for a weekly subsistence of seven shillings, which he enjoyed in a humble lodging in the Abbey. During his latter

years, he was in the practice of going every Wednesday to the Cross of Edinburgh, to converse with the farmers, who were very kind to him. Nine years before his death he purchased for himself a coffin at two guineas, taking the joiner bound, by a written obligation, to screw him down with his own hands gratis; and this dismal memorial of mortality, which was inscribed only with the year of his birth (1703), he suspended from the ceiling of his apartment, like a bird-cage. He also bargained with the managers of the Charity Workhouse for a grave in the Canon-gate Churchyard, to which they were bound to convey him in a hearse with four mourning coaches; and there he accordingly erected an anticipatory monument, bearing the words—

HENRY PRENTICE,

Died.

Be not curious to know how I lived,
But rather how yourself should die.

But this churchyard being frequently open, the monument in time was much damaged by boys, and Prentice thought proper to remove it to the secluded old cemetery at Restalrig, where, at his death, January 25, 1788, he was interred in the manner contracted for.

A LOCKERBIE LICK.

The sanguinary conflict which took place upon the sandy holm at the debouchment of the river Dryfe into the Annan, near Lockerbie, in Dumfriesshire, presents us with an instance of the length to which the feuds of families were at one time carried in Scotland.

On the 7th of December 1593, the Lord Maxwell, warden of the western marches of England and Scotland, having, in conjunction with the then Lairds of Drumlanrig and Closeburn, collected two thousand men in arms,

marched into Annandale to besiege the laird of Johnston's house of Lochwood, a place of great strength, and through deadly spite to extirpate him and all of his name. Accordingly, early on the morning, the Laird Maxwell came to Lockerbie, expecting to find the Johnstons, vassals of the Lochwood family, at home; but being disappointed, burnt the house of Nether Place, the residence of the Laird of Lockerbie's brother, and afterwards returned to his party at Dryfesands. It so happened that Annandale Johnston soon appeared with only forty horses, with which he engaged eighty of the enemy; put them to flight, pursuing a certain length, and then, through design, suddenly retreating, were followed by the whole body of the enemy, with Lord Maxwell at their head, till they came to the Torwood, on the south-east side of the Dryfe. Here they were suddenly joined by four hundred Annandalians, who sprung out and surprised the enemy. After a short but bloody struggle, in which they were joined by a few Scots from Eskdale, under the Laird of Buccleugh, they put the forces of Lord Maxwell into complete confusion, and completed their victory by putting upwards of seven hundred of them to the sword. Among these whom they put to death was Lord Maxwell himself, whom they killed under very cruel circumstances. He was struck from his horse in the flight, and inhumanly slain, after the hand which he stretched out for quarter had been severed from his body. His routed troops fled to the Gotterbie Ford of the Annan, where many were drowned in their attempts to cross the river. A great number that escaped were dreadfully slashed in the face by the sharp weapons of the Annandalians in the heat of the conflict; and hence a stroke in the face in this part of the country, till the present day, obtains the name of "*a Lockerbie lick*."—*Robert Chambers.*

"THE SPIGOT'S OOT."

Lord Airlie remarked to one of his tenants that it was a very wet season.

"Indeed, my lord," replied the man, "I think the spigot's oot a' thegither."

ABERDONIAN BRAVERY.

No civic community in Scotland has been so distinguished in history for their bravery in battle, and their resistance to foreign aggression, as the people of Aberdeen. They assisted Bruce in 1308, and having aided in vanquishing the English betwixt Old Meldrum and Inverury, they returned and put the garrison of Edward to the sword. They subsequently opposed, with great vigour, the landing of English troops at Dunnotar, and were defeated only after severe fighting and slaughter. At the famous battle of Harlaw, which was a sort of pitched fight betwixt the Highlanders and Lowlanders, and took place in 1411, the citizens are known to have fought so bravely as to turn the fate of the day against Donald of the Isles and his kilted host. In 1530 the Aberdonians repelled the attack of the clan Forbes with their usual intrepidity, and saved the town from being plundered. Seven years afterwards they sent a large complement of men southwards to oppose the invasion of the English under the Duke of Somerset; and they nearly all perished on the well-fought field of Pinkie. The brave Aberdonians had also their share in the disastrous troubles of Charles I.'s reign. For the eminent services performed by the citizens during the wars of the Independence, they received many privileges from Robert Bruce. In commemoration of a deed of extraordinary daring—namely, the destruction of the whole English troops that garrisoned the town in one night—they received, as a motto to their arms, the phrase "Bon Accord," which was

the watchword on the occasion, and which is still used in common speech by the Aberdonians as a familiar name of the town.

"FROM THE HEART TO THE HEART."

Burns was present once when a little boy was asked which of the poet's works he liked best. The boy's mind evidently clung with delight to the recollection of "The Twa Dogs;" but he exclaimed, "I like 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' far best, though it made me greet when my father bade me read it to my mother."

The poet, with a sudden start, looked into the boy's face intently, and patting him on the cheek, said, the tear glistening in his eye, "Well, my callant, it made me greet too, more than once, when I was writing it at father's fire-side."

THE DECLINE OF THE CLEIKUM INN.

Meg's Inn became less and less frequented. What carried the evil to the uttermost was, that a fanciful lady of rank in the neighbourhood chanced to recover of some imaginary complaint by the use of a mineral well about a mile and a half from the village; a fashionable doctor was found to write an analysis of the healing waters, with a list of sundry cures; a speculative builder took land in feu, and erected lodging-houses, shops, and even streets. At length a tontine subscription was obtained to erect an inn, which, for the more grace, was called a hotel; and so the desertion of Meg Dods' became general.

She had still, however, her friends and well-wishers, many of whom thought, that as she was a lone woman, and known to be well to pass in the world, she would act wisely to retire

from public life, and take down a sign which had no longer fascination for guests. But Meg's spirit scorned submission direct or implied. "Her father's door," she said, "should be open to the road till her father's bairn should be streekit, and carried out at it with her feet foremost. It was not for the profit; there was little profit at it—profit?—there was a dead loss; but she wad not be dung by any of them. They maun hae a hottie, maun they? and an honest public canna serve them! They may hottie that likes, but they shall see that Lucky Dods can hottie on as lang as the best of them—ay, though they had made a Tamteen of it, and linkit a' their breaths of lives whilk are in their nostrils on end of ilk other like a string of wild geese, and the langest liver bruick a' (which was sinful presumption), she would match ilk ane of them as lang as her ain breath held out." Fortunate it was for Meg, since she had formed this doughty resolution, that although her inn had decayed in custom, her land had risen in value in a degree which more than compensated the balance on the wrong side of her books, and, joined to her usual providence and economy, enabled her to act up to her lofty purpose.—*St Ronan's Wd.*

EARLY POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

A post was first regularly sent between Edinburgh and London in 1635, and the carrier was only allowed three days to perform his journey. In 1662, a post-office was established between Scotland and Ireland, and Robert Mein, post-master-general for Scotland, received £200 for the purpose of building a packet boat. In 1669, a post was appointed twice a-week between Edinburgh and Aberdeen; and between Edinburgh and Inverness, once a-week. However, the post-office was not established by Par-

liamentary authority until the year 1695, when posts were appointed all over the kingdom. At that time the mode of travelling was different from what it is now (1787). The person who set out from any place did not deliver the mail to another at the end of every stage, but proceeded straight on to the place where the letters were directed; nor did the improvement of delivering the letters at every stage take place till the year 1750.—*Kincaid.*

A COMPARATIVE IMPROVEMENT.

Principal Lee of Edinburgh University was frequently complaining of his health, and seemed to take a pleasure in expatiating on his ailments. He was met one morning by Professor Robertson, who expressed a hope that he was well.

"Far from well," said the principal. "I've had no sleep for a fortnight."

"Then, principal," replied the professor, "you're getting better; when we last met you had not slept for six weeks!"—*Dr Rogers.*

A PROLIX SIGN-BOARD.

A sign-board, with the following inscription *verb. et lit.* upon it, stood over a shop-door in the West Bow of Edinburgh, not many years ago:—"John Main, Stationer. Bibles, Testaments, Psalms, Hymns, Prayer-Books, Catechisms, Proverbs, Books new and old in various branches of Literature. Money or exchange for old Books. Paper, Pens and Ink; Wax and Wafers; Black lead, hair, and hair pencils; Coloured Books, Memorandum Books, Religious Tracts. Books neatly Bound on moderate terms."

A GREAT CRIME.

I have a distinct recollection (says Charles Young in his diary), one Sunday, when I was living at Cults, and when a stranger was officiating for Dr Gillespie (who had been summoned to Edinburgh on business), observing that he had not proceeded five minutes with his "discourse," before there was a general commotion and stampede. The exodus at last became so serious, that, conceiving something to be wrong, probably a fire in the manse, I caught the infection, and eagerly inquired of the first person I encountered in the churchyard what was the matter, and was told with an expression of sovereign scorn and disgust—

"Losh keep ye, young man! Hae ye een, and see not? Hae ye ears, and hear not? *The man reads!*"

A DOUBLE RESULT.

George Outram, whose amusing Scotch lyrics were lately collected, threw off the following epigram on hearing a lady praise a certain Rev. Doctor's eyes:—

'I cannot praise the Doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
He always shuts them when he prays,
And when he preaches he shuts mine."

NEIL GOW.

Neil Gow, the famed composer and performer on the violin, possessed a great share of mother-wit and readiness of retort, and was never the least put about in any company. Neil having borrowed some money from Mr Murray of Abercainry, the latter took a bet that he would for once put Neil to the blush; and just when a large party had assembled, and Neil had been placed at

the head of his orchestra, he addressed the leader—

"I say, Neil, are ye not going to pay me that five pounds you owe me?"

Neil very calmly exclaimed, "Eh! eh! eh! if ye had held your tongue, I would ha'e been the last to speak o't."

A VIGILANT EXCISEMAN.

When Robert Burns was a "gauger" in Dumfries, information had been lodged at the excise office against a woman who kept a small public-house in Thornhill. Next day—fair day—was fixed for the officers to visit it; the house was crowded; Burns came suddenly to the back door, and said to the landlady—

"Kate, woman, are ye mad?—the supervisor and me will be on ye in half-an-hour," and disappeared. There was not much liquor seized when the visitation was made.

THE DEPUTATION.

I think it was about the *Anno Dom.* 1791, when I was sae uncommonly fashed wi' Robin Tamson, and some ither heritors, anent being what they ca'd a blackneb; and frae less tae mair, they cam' the length o' quarrellin' wi' my sermons. Robin (Mrs Balwhidder and me used to ca' him The Contumacious) got some o' them eggit up to mak' a deputation to me about the sermons; sae aff they set for the manse ae morning, and a bonny like squad they were—Tamas Thorl's brither, wi' the skaley e'e, was the best lookin' among them. I had got an inklin' o' the thing, and was on the look-out at the door-stap. When they cam' forret, I was determined to snap them gey an' short; sae, says I, quite bauld, "Weel, what d'ye want?"

I saw this cooled their courage a wee,

being quite unexpectit; so they answered very quietly, that "they wantit a converse aboot the sermons." On hearing this, I asked them to stap ben the house. "Now," quo' I, "what's wrang wi' the sermons?"

"Ou!" says James Thorl, "the sermons are no that ill, but we think you preach up oor ain richteousness ower muckle."

"Your ain richteousness! the feint a muckle o' that hae I seen since I cam' among you," said I, quite jocose. "Hoot, toots, minister," quo' they, "we mean that you should gie us mair on faith, and no sae muckle on warks."

Says I, "Faith! man James, the deevils believe."

Robin Tamson here thoct he had me fairly on the hip, for, says he, "Ay, sir, but they trummel, ye ken."

By this time my birr was up, sae I spak oot, "They trummel, do they? then it shows they hae far less impudence than you."

It was as gude as a stage play to see the way they lookit. As the sayin' is, "the ane hadna a stane to cast at the ither."—*Hutchison*.

"A LITTLE LEARNING."

Ye may just as weel tell me that a little siller's a dangerous thing. Sae doubtless it is, in a puir hard-working chiel's pouch, in a change-house, on a Saturday nicht—but no sae dangerous either as mair o't. A guinea's mair dangerous than a shilling, gin you reason in that gate. It's just perfect sophistry a'thegither. In like manner, you might say a little licht's a dangerous thing, and therefore shut up the only bit wunnock in a puir man's house, because the room was ower sma' for a venetian! Havers! havers! God's blessings are aye God's blessings, though they come in sma's and dribblets.—*Noctes Ambros*.

LOT'S WIFE.

The Rev. Mr Munro of Westray, one day preaching on the flight of Lot from Sodom, said: "The honest man and his family were ordered out of the town, and charged not to look back; but the auld carline, Lot's wife, looked ower her shoulther, for which she was smote into a lump of sawt." And he added, with great unction, "O ye people of Westray, if ye had had her, mony a day since ye wad hae putten her in the parritch-pat!"

ONE ADVANTAGE OF PORK.

"I'm aye gled when we hae a sow to kill," said a humble Scottish minister, who was possessed of a large family, and a correspondingly small income; "for, ye see, there's a hantle o' miscellaneous eating aboot a swine."

HIGHLAND HONOURS.

"At most of the festive meetings now held in the North," says a correspondent, "certain toasts are drunk with 'Highland honours;' and as it may not be generally known how this style of 'giving the time' was introduced, I may mention that it was given for the first time (and it astonished the party) at one of the early meetings of the Celtic Society, by the late accomplished Ronald Macdonald of Staffa, then sheriff of Stirlingshire, who was an enthusiastic Highlander. It was on the occasion of drinking to Sir Walter Scott, who, on returning thanks, said—

'There is not 'twixt this and Jaffa,
A warmer heart than is in Staffa.'

Staffa was the son of Macdonald of Boisdale, a family now extinct as proprietors, but who, at one time, held a high place among the clan."

"FA WAS YON?"

A Mr Taylor, merchant, Blackburn, was in the church of Kinnellar one Sunday forenoon, when the minister happened to allude to 2d Cor. xii. 2. A wife sitting beside him gave him a nudge with her elbow. On the way home she said, "Merchant, you that kens a'body, fa was yon the minister was speakin' about the day?"

THE MEASURE OF ART.

"What's the price o' this painting?" inquired a purse proud, poor-minded patron of art in his way, of a needy artist. "Twenty guineas is the lowest I can take for it, sir," was the reply. "I am afraid," said the man of money and muslin, "it's ower dear for me; I'm buying far bigger pictures for less siller!"

A JUDGE BREAKING THE LAWS.

A late Lord Justice-Clerk, when out in pursuit of game one day, was passing through a turnip field, when he was rudely hailed by the farmer to "come oot o' that!" His lordship, not liking to be addressed in this disrespectful manner, asked the angry man if he knew to whom he was speaking? "No, I dinna," was the answer.

"Well, I'm the Lord Justice-Clerk."

"I dinna care wha's clerk ye are; but ye'se come oot among my neeps."

A BETTER TRADE.

Lord Seafield, who was accused by his brother of accepting a bribe to vote for the union betwixt England and Scot-

land, endeavoured to retort upon him by calling him a cattle-dealer.

"Ay, weel," replied his brother, "better sell nowte than sell nations."

A REAL COCKNEY.

A young English nobleman, visiting at Gordon Castle, had boasted that during his six weeks' shooting in the north he had acquired so much Scotch that it was impossible to puzzle him. The beautiful Duchess of Gordon took up his challenge, and defied him to interpret the sentence—

"Come, pree my mou', my canty callant."

It was with intense chagrin that he afterwards learned what a chance he had lost by his ignorance.

A BROAD HINT.

It is related of a noble Scottish lady of the olden time, who lived in a remote part of the Highlands, and was noted for her profuse liberality, that she was sometimes overburdened with habitual "sorners." When any one of them out-stayed his welcome, she would take occasion to say to him at the morning meal, with an arch look at the rest of the company, "Mak a guid breakfast, Mr —, while ye're about it; ye dinna ken whaur ye'll get your dinner." The hint was usually taken, and the "sornor" departed.

A DIFFICULT JOB.

A tradesman employed to execute a very difficult piece of carved work, being asked how he was getting on, answered, "I'm just struishlin' awa', like a writer trying to be honest!"

A THEOLOGICAL DISPUTANT REBUKED.

"Let us alane o' your glaiberin about religion, ye rascal," said a father to his son, who was fond of arguing upon doctrinal points. "I wish ye wad think mair, pray mair, and haver less about it. D'ye think that religion's naething but a pease-kail for chicken-cocks to cackle about?"

BREAKING A REBELLIOUS LEAGUE.

William, eighth Earl of Douglas, in 1451, having been invited by King James the Second to Stirling Castle, and splendidly entertained, the monarch, after supper, took him aside into a secret chamber, and there proceeded to remonstrate with him concerning a rebellious league he had entered into with the Earls of Crawford and Ross. The haughty Douglas positively refused to break the confederacy; when the king drew a short sword and stabbed him, exclaiming—"If you will not break this league, I shall."—*R. Chambers.*

TIBBIE SHIELS.

A cosy bield, sirs, this o' Tibbie's—just like a bit wren's nest. A wren's nest's round and thuekit wi' moss—sae is Tibbie's; a wren's nest has a wee bit canny hole in the side o't for the birdies to hap in and out o', aiblins wi' a hangin' leaf to hide and fend by way o' door—and sae has Tibbie's; a wren's nest's aye dry on the inside, though drappin' on the out wi' dew or rain—and sae is Tibbie's; a wren's nest's for ordinar biggit in a retired spat, yet within hearin' o' the hum o' men, as weel's o' water, be it linn or Jake—and sae is Tibbie's; a wren's nest's no easy fund, yet when you happen to keek on't, you wunner hoo ye never saw the happy house afore—and sae is't wi' Tibbie's; therefore,

sirs, for sic reasons, and a thousand mair, I observed, "a cosy bield this o' Tibbie's—just like a bit wren's nest."—*Noctes Ambros.*

A SCOTTISH PARISH LONG AGO.

The following graphic account of the condition of a Scottish parish—Tongland, in Kirkcudbright—is taken from Sir John Sinclair's valuable *Statistical Account of Scotland*, published in 1793. It there appears as an "authentic sketch of the statistical state of this parish about 60 or 70 years ago;" i.e., 1720 or 1730.

At the above period there was not a hat to be seen in the whole congregation upon a Sunday. They wore Kilmarnock bonnets or caps of different colours. In church they kept on their bonnets and caps during the lecture and sermon, and took them off only during the prayer, the singing of psalms, and the pronouncing the blessing. Few or none of the common people could read, and the precentor read the Scriptures to them in church before the minister made his appearance. They had no buckles in their shoes, but tied them with small leather thongs; had no metal buttons on their clothes, but large clumsy buttons of wood moulds, covered over with the same cloth as the coat. The men wore kelt coats, made of a mixture of black and white wool, as it came off the sheep, in its natural state. Neither men nor women, in general, wore any shirts, and when they did, they were made of coarse wool; in general, they changed their plaiding shirts twice in the year, at Whitsunday and Martinmas. It was long before linen shirts came into use among the vulgar. They wore no shoes in summer nor winter, but in the time of severe frost and snow. Their children got no shoes till they were able to go to the kirk. The women wore coarse plaiding or druggat gowns, made of the

coarsest wool, and spun in the coarsest manner. The tenant's wives wore toys of linen of the coarsest kind, upon their heads, when they went to church, fair, or market. At home, in their own houses, they wore toys of coarse plaiding. The young girls wore linen mutches, with a few plaits in them above their foreheads, when they went abroad to the church, or to fairs or market. At home they went bareheaded, with their hair snooded back on the crown of their head, with a woollen string in the form of a garter. Their houses were the most miserable hovels, built of stone and turf, without mortar, and stopped with fog or straw, to keep the wind from blowing in upon them. They had a window on each side of the house, which they opened or shut as the wind blew, to give them light. These windows they stopped with straw or fern. In such houses, when they kindled a fire, they lived in a constant cloud of smoke, enough to suffocate them, had they not been habituated to it from infancy. They had many of them no standing beds, but slept on heath or straw, covered with the coarsest blankets, upon the floor. They kept their cattle in the same house with themselves, tied to stakes in one end of the house. There was no division to separate the cattle from themselves. Their furniture consisted of stools, pots, wooden cogs, and bickers. At their meals, they ate and supped altogether out of one dish. They lived in a coarse and dirty manner, and ate of the meanest and coarsest food. In general, their food consisted of brose, pottage, oat-meal flummery, and greens boiled in water and a little salt. The dishes out of which they were fed were seldom washed after meals, and, of course, were often thick with dirt. Each person in the family had a short haisted spoon made of horn, which they called a *munn*, with which they supped, and carried it in their pocket, or hung it by their side. They

had no knives and forks, but lifted the butcher meat they ate with their fingers. They ate little meat at that time excepting the off-falls of their flocks, which died either by poverty or disease. At Martinmas they killed an old ewe or two, as their winter provision, and used the sheep that died of the braxy in the latter end of autumn. . . . At that time, and for long after, there was not a cart in the parish. They led home their corn and hay in cars, and in trusses on the backs of their horses, and their peats in creels and sacks. The women carried out dung in creels on their backs, and the men filled their creels at the dunghill, and lifted it upon their shoulders. . . . At that time there were no saddles nor bridles, and they rode to church and market upon brechams and pillions placed on the horses, and halters on the horses' heads made of hair. They shod their horses' fore feet, but put no shoes upon their hind feet. . . . They had no candles to give them light in the winter time. When the good man of the house made family worship, they lighted a russy, to enable him to read the psalm and the portion of Scripture before he prayed. The men had no razors, but clipped their beards every Saturday night with scissors, to appear more decent upon the Sunday. The lower class in general were tainted strongly with superstitious sentiments and opinions. . . . They used many charms and incantations to preserve themselves, their cattle, and houses, from the malevolence of witches, wizards, and evil spirits. . . . They believed in benevolent spirits, which they termed *brownies*, who went about in the night-time, and performed for them some parts of their domestic labour, such as threshing and winnowing their corn, spinning and churning. . . . Both men and women were robust and healthy, and subject to few diseases. They were strangers to every complaint of a nerv-

ous nature. This arose from the hardy manner in which they were brought up from their infancy, and being accustomed to watch their cattle without doors in the night during the whole summer and harvest season.

A GOOD WALKER.

Sep. 1789.—Died lately at Dually, near Dunkeld, aged 89, Mr John Stewart. This gentleman was so remarkable for agility and strength, that a bet having been laid a few years ago, that he would walk from Dunkeld to London (450 miles) in five days, he accomplished the journey in four days and six hours.—*Scots Mag.*

"MOST WELCOME!"

For a short time after the Disruption, an unkindly feeling existed between the ministers of the Established Church and their protesting brethren. Several "free" parishioners of Blackford, Perthshire, waited on Mr Clark, the established minister, and preferred the request that they might have the services of a non-Erastian sexton.

"Will you allow us, sir," said one of the deputation, "to dig our own graves?"

"Certainly, gentlemen," said Mr Clark, "you are most welcome; and the sooner the better!"

WASTE LAND.

When some one said to Burns that the farm of Ellisland consisted of good ground, the poet exclaimed, "Good ground! and so it is, save what is stones. It is not land, sir; it is the riddlings of the creation!"

AN OBJECTION REMOVED.

A countryman having applied to Mr Carrick of the Union Bank of Glasgow to discount a bill which had three months and seventeen days to run, the banker, after carefully looking at both sides of it, as was his invariable custom, said that "it was not usual to take bills of a longer date than three months;" upon which the applicant, scratching his head and looking slyly at Mr Carrick, said, "That may be your usual way, sir, but ye ken the days are unco short at this time o' the year!" The bill was discounted.

AN APT QUOTATION.

On the evening of the day of the battle of Sheriffmuir, when the action was over, a Scots officer in Argyle's army observed to his Grace, that he was afraid the rebels would give out to the world that *they* had obtained the victory.

"Weel, weel," said his Grace, "in the words of the old song, if they think it be nae weel bobbit, we'll bob it again!"

ELDER AND HEARER.

Lady Betty Cunningham and Bailie Anderson resided in Glasgow about fifty years ago. The Bailie happened to be an elder and Lady Betty a hearer in St Enoch's church. One of her Ladyship's old servants had fallen into decayed circumstances, and applied to the Bailie for parochial relief. Mr Anderson being of opinion that Lady Betty should relieve her servants herself, declined to accede to her request. When this was told to the lady she retaliated by going to church on the following Sunday with the firm determination of putting nothing in the plate: and the

Baillie happening to be officiating at the church-door, she made the most profound curtsy to him, and sailed majestically up the centre of the church. The worthy magistrate was at first struck so much by this excess of manners, that he was at a loss to understand it. However, in a few moments, he recovered himself, and instantly resolved to be even with her ladyship. He accordingly entered the church, and addressed her, but in so loud a tone, that the whole congregation heard him. "Gie us," said he, "less o' your manners, my leddy, and mair o' your siller."

A FISHERMEN'S FIGHT.

On Wednesday, March 19, 1788, a sharp contest took place at the back of the Black Rocks, near Leith harbour, between a boat's crew belonging to Newhaven and another boat belonging to Prestonpans, occasioned by the latter's dragging oysters on the ground alleged to belong to the former. After a severe conflict for about half an hour, with their oars, boat-hooks, etc., the Newhaven men brought in the Prestonpans boat to Newhaven, after much hurt being received on both sides. This is the second Prestonpan's boat taken from them this season, in the same manner, by the Newhaven fishermen.—*Scots Mag.*

ANDREW FAIRSERVICE ON GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

"Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' yere whigmaleeries and curliewurlies and opensteek hems' about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaist a douncome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd down the kirks of St Andrews and Perth, and thereawa', to cleanse them o' Papery, and idolatry,

and image-worship, and surplises, and sic like rags o' the muckle hure that sitteth on seven hills, as if ane wasna braid enough for her hirdef end. Sae the commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish nick-nackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physick, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train-bands wi' took o' drum. By good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o' Guild that year (and a gude mason he was himsell, made him the keener to keep up the auld bigging); and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as others, had done elsewhere. It wasna for love o' P'aperie—na, na!—nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow—sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of sants (sorrow be on them) out o' their neuks. And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendiner burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaime'd aff her, and a'body was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform wad just hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair Christian-like kirks; for I hae been sae lang in England, that naething will driven out o' my head, that the dog-kennel at Osbaldistone Hall is better than mony a house o' God in Scotland."—*Rob Roy.*

A MEETING OF CRIPPLES.

Sept. 9, 1820.—The Lamiters of Edinburgh and its vicinity are respect-

fully informed that a festival will be celebrated by the Ready-to-halt Fraternity, at M'Lean's Hotel, Princes Street, on Thursday next, the 14th of September. All such Cripples and Lamblers as wish to consociate and dine together will please give in their names at the Hotel before the 14th instant. *No Procession.* W. T., *Secretary.*—*Cal. Mercury.*

A TROUBLESOME WOMAN.

1684, 22d October.—That day, compeirit Janet Robertson; she wellowing in her former filthines and prophanatie; it is ordajnt that she shall be cartit and scourgit through the town and markit with ane hot iron, and so banished furth of the parochie: And it is intimat out of the pulpit, discharging all in the parochie to receive Janet Robertson in your houses under y^e penaltie of x^{liba}, and the highest censure of the Kirk for her manifold fornicat^{nes}, lownries, and miscarriages, and if she returns, is to be handed to the magistrates.—*Dunfermline Kirk Session Records.*

CANDID, AT LEAST.

The Rev. James M'Queen, one of the ministers of Skye, used to relate that a man of the name of M'Pherson, from the braes of Lochaber, came to him for the baptism of one of his children. As he was a stranger, the minister inquired his name, connections, and what parish he had come from; and, in particular, if he had brought a testimonial of his character?

"Huich? A testimoniel? Fat pe she?"

"Why, it is just a written account of the character you have borne, and testified by the minister and elders of the parish."

"Oach, no, Mr M'Queen; she didna brought her."

"But you ought to have done so. What was the reason you did not bring it with you?"

"Because hersell was thoughting she would be as petter without it."

ARCHIE CAMPBELL AND THE DOCTOR.

Archie Campbell was a famous city officer in Edinburgh at the end of last century, and many curious stories are told of him.

He kept a clerk, and a queer, misshapen, little body John Dalrymple the clerk was. He had often to accompany his employer in the discharge of his multifarious duties; and it was not a little laughable to observe the dignity of the city officer, as he walked through the streets with his amanuensis following at a proper distance in the rear. If the latter happened to approach rather near, the angry frown of his master—"I say, sir, keep a respectable distance!"—speedily reminded him of his inadvertence.

A rather laughable anecdote is told of Archie and Mr Black, surgeon of the police establishment, who had a shop at the time referred to in the High Street. Among other tax receipts put into Archie's hands to recover payment, there happened to be two against Mr Black. As usual, the city officer set out, accompanied by his clerk, whom he instructed to go up and inquire if the surgeon "had any answer to the twa papers left on a former occasion; for if he had not, he would come and carry off his *cakinany* (ippecacuanha) *pottles*!" Having no particular favour for such customers, and being at the time engaged in adjusting a new patent electrifying machine, with a battery of twelve jars, the doctor desired the messenger to return in the course of ten minutes, when he would endeavour to

be prepared for him. Archie, in the meanwhile, amused himself by walking up and down at no great distance. True to his time, the clerk returned; and just as he began to shake the handle of the door—which was fastened by a chain, and to which had been affixed a wire from the machine—off went the battery; and the first landing of the unfortunate attendant was on the pavement. As he lay sprawling and gasping, Archie, assisted by Mr Shade, seedsman (in the front of whose shop the affair occurred), came forward, and lifting up the clerk, began to abuse him for being “trunk like a peast at that time o’ day.” Dalrymple soon recovered, and endeavoured to give some account of the curious sensation he felt; but Archie still persisted in maintaining that he was the worse of liquor. Rightly calculating on another visit, the doctor again charged the machine; and he had scarcely done so, when Archie himself was at the door.

“Come in Mr Campbell,” cried the doctor; and just as Archie applied his hand to the handle, the unexpected shock of the electric battery sent him also headlong down the steps, rolling on the pavement, where he lay for a few minutes quite insensible. Mr Shade and the clerk speedily came to his assistance; and as he began to recover from his stupor, the seedsman—who spoke with a horrid nasal twang—could not resist the opportunity of cracking a jest at his expense. “You sometimes accuse me of liking a glass, Archie, but I think the doctor has given you a tumbler!”

“No, sir,” cried Archie, as soon as he had recovered his speech, “he shot me through the shoulder with a horse pistol. I heard the report, by ——. Laddie, Dalrymple, do you see any plood? I take you both witness to it.”

The occurrence soon became known in the Council Chamber. Next day

one of the clerks, with affected seriousness, requested Archie to call on Mr Black about some trifling matter.

“You and the doctor may paith go to the tevil; do you want me to be murdered, sir?” said he, as he walked off. Never having heard of an electric battery at the Rannoch College, Archie was hard to convince that he had been assailed by anything else than a horse pistol; and he could never again be persuaded to enter the premises of the doctor.—*Kay*.

A BLUNT SEA CAPTAIN.

In the war which broke out in 1755, Captain, afterwards Admiral Campbell, was generally Admiral Hawke’s captain, and was sent by that gallant commander with the news of his victory over the French fleet in November 1759. On this occasion, it is said that Lord Anson, as they were going in his coach to carry the news to the king, said, “Captain Campbell, the king will knight you if you think proper.”

“Troth, my lord,” said the captain, who retained his Scots dialect as long as he lived, “I know of no use that will be to me.”

“But your lady may like it,” replied his lordship.

“Well then,” rejoined the captain, “his majesty may knight her, if he pleases.”—*Scots Mag.*

NEWSPAPERS IN SCOTLAND.

Soon after the establishment of the post office in Scotland, in 1635, the increase of general curiosity producing a proportionable inquiry after public transactions, gave occasion to the setting up of a newspaper. The first of this kind was the *Mercurius Scotticus*, published in 1651; but next year it was given up, and a London newspaper

was reprinted at Leith. In 1653, this was succeeded by another, named *Mercurius Politicus*, printed likewise at Leith, but, in 1655, reprinted at Edinburgh. In 1661, a new paper, entitled *Mercurius Caledonius*, made its appearance, but lasted only three months.

Another then took place, called the *Kingdom's Intelligencer*, which continued seven years. Several others of this stamp were afterwards published; but it was not till the year 1699 that an *Edinburgh Gazette* was issued by authority. In 1709, the Town Council granted a license to one Mr David Fearn, an advocate, to print a paper called the *Scots Postman*, and discharging all others to print on his days; but the following year, the celebrated Daniel de Foe obtained leave to publish the *Edinburgh Courant*, which, as it had an existence before that time, seems thus to have been older than the *Postman*.—*Kincaid*.

and his brother Gilbert were going to the parish church of Tarbolton, they got into company with an old man, a Moravian, travelling to Ayr. It was at the time when the dispute between the Old and New Light Burghers was making a great noise in the country; and Burns and the old man, entering into conversation, differed in their opinions about it, the old man defending the principles of the Old Light, and Burns those of the New Light. The disputants at length grew very warm in the debate, and Burns, finding that with all his eloquence he could make nothing of his antagonist, became a little acrimonious, and tauntingly exclaimed—

"Oh, I suppose I have met with the apostle Paul this morning!"

"No," replied the old Moravian, coolly, "you have not met the apostle Paul, but I think I have met one of those wild beasts which he says he fought with at Ephesus!"

HIGHLAND PENALTIES.

The following is a proclamation said to have been once issued at Kenmore:—"A ane time ho yes f and a twa time ho yes! and a tree time ho yes! To a' them wha hae gotten the spoke (English), no persons, at no time after nor pefore, will pu peats nor howk heather on my Lord Preatalappin's moss, or my lordship to pe surely will prought them pefore her to be peheatet and syne hangt; and gin she'll come back, till pe waur done till her nor a' tat."

BURNS AND THE MORAVIAN.

One Sunday morning, some time before Burns commenced author, when he

HUGO ARNOT AND THE FISHWIFE.

Hugo Arnot's tenuity of person, as a subject of satirical remark, was not entirely confined to the learned. One day as he was standing in Creech the bookseller's shop, an old woman—a fishwife from Fisherrow—came in to purchase a Bible. To quiz the old lady a little, Hugo said he wondered she could trouble her head reading such a nonsensical, old-fashioned book as that. Horror-struck at his blasphemous remark, the old woman eyed Hugo in silence a few moments, measuring him from head to foot with inexpressible amazement. At length she exclaimed, "God hae mercy on us! Wha wad hae thoct that ony human-like cratur wad ever hae spoken that way? But *you*," she added, with an expression of the most perfect contempt—"a perfect *atomy*!"—*Kay*.

DR JOHNSTON AND HIS HEARERS.

Dr Johnston, minister of the old church in the fishing village of Newhaven, was very much respected by his congregation. He considered them, in an especial manner, under his charge, and accordingly treated them on all occasions with the most marked attention. This urbanity and condescension produced on their part a feeling of the deepest veneration for their beloved minister. This esteem was occasionally characteristically illustrated by the exclamation of the women who, when selling fish to a higgling customer, attempted to destroy all hopes of abatement in price by saying—

"Na, na, woman, I wadna gie them to the doctor himsel' for that siller!"

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL CRITICISED.

Dr Robertson, before being appointed minister of the cathedral in Glasgow, was located in the village of Mains. After his removal, Walter Nicoll, the beadle of the latter place, paid him a visit, and attended worship in the cathedral. With its noble columns, lofty arches, and elegant stained windows, it is one of the most imposing and stately places of worship in Scotland.

"This is a much finer church than the Mains, Walter," said Dr Robertson, after service, to his visitor.

"I'm no sae sure o' that, doctor," was the rejoinder.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the doctor; "surely you have no fault to find with our noble cathedral?"

After a pause, as if Walter did not want to hurt the feelings of his reverend friend more than was necessary, Walter replied, "Weel, sir, nae great faut; but she's useless big—she's got nae laft, and she's sair fashed wi' a' thae muckle pillars aboot her!"

A COCKNEY IN SCOTCH WEATHER.

The English are severe on our cleemat; and our cleemat, when it catches a Cockney in't, is still severer on them—lauchin a' the while at the cretur's astonishment, when a blash o' sleet suddenly blin's his face, or a hail-dance peppers him—a wee bit malicious whurl-wund havin' first reversed his umbrella, and then, whuppin' out o' his haun, carried it to the back o' beyond—to be picked up as a curiosity frae Lunnon by some shepherd in anither glen.—*Noctes Ambros.*

LAST WORDS OF JAMES V.

The exclamation of James the Fifth, when, on his death-bed, he heard the news of his queen being delivered of a female child (afterwards Mary Queen of Scots), was long remembered by his people. He turned his face to the wall, and was heard to mutter, "It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass—devil go with it!" These, his last words, referred to the circumstance of his family having acquired the crown by marriage.

A REASONING VOLUNTEER.

When the corps of the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers was formed in 1793, Dr Gregory entered warmly into the spirit of the design, and was among the first to enrol himself in the ranks. He never, however, attained eminence in his military capacity. The well-known Sergeant Gould used to say, "He might be a good physician, but he was a very awkward soldier."

At drill, he was either very absent or very inquisitive, and put so many questions, that Gould, out of temper, often said, "— it, sir, you are here to obey orders, sir, and not to ask reasons:

there is nothing in the king's orders about reasons!"

Aware of his deficiency, the doctor was not only punctual in attending all regimental field-days, but frequently had the sergeant-major at his own house to give him instructions. On one of these occasions, the sergeant, out of all patience with the awkwardness and inquisitiveness of his learned pupil, exclaimed, in a rage, "Hold your tongue, sir; I would rather drill ten clowns than one philosopher!"—*Kay*.

AN "ERRAND LADDIE" OF BURNS.

In May 1875 there died at Townhead, Dumfries, a well-known and singular character, John Brodie, at the patriarchal age of 96 years. For half a century Brodie was one of the social landmarks of Dumfries. When a lad he was in the habit of running messages for Burns, on the poet taking up his residence at Dumfries, after leaving Ellisland farm. John was fond of field sports and fishing, though he repudiated the charge of being a poacher, and he was noted for his keen repartee. He was an indefatigable collector of old relics, and boasted of being in possession of a brace of pistols which had belonged to Burns, as well as the sword used by him when in the Excise. Brodie kept a small shop, which contained a most extraordinary collection of articles, including, among other curiosities, a silver toothpick which had belonged to the celebrated Duchess of Queensberry. Time had not made much impression on his mental powers, but an accident to his foot some two years ago latterly confined him to his house. Until within a few weeks of his death, however, he might have been seen at his door sedulously inquiring what was the news from passers-by. Brodie was out of his bed the day before he died (which

was a Sunday), and falling into a slumber from which he never awoke, he passed calmly away.

A CLERICAL PUNSTER.

A minister in Orkney having been asked by the Rev. Mr Spark, minister of St Magnus, to conduct service in his church, and also to baptize his infant daughter, gave out for singing, before the baptismal service, a portion of the fifth paraphrase, beginning—

"As sparks in quick succession rise."

As Mr Spark's helpmate was a fruitful vine, and presented him with a pledge of her affection nearly every year, the titter among the congregation was unmistakable and irresistible. *Dr Rogers*.

ALLAN RAMSAY'S "GOOSE-PIE"

Allan Ramsay lived for some years in a fantastical house of an octagonal form, which he had built for himself on the Castlehill of Edinburgh, and which he considered a perfect paragon of beauty. This house he was induced, by his vanity, to show to Lord Elibank, who had both acuteness and wit; telling his lordship, at the same time, that his friends said it resembled a goose-pie. "Indeed, Allan," replied his lordship readily, "now that I see you in it, I think the term is very properly applied."

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.

Take a mouthfu' o' speerit, and keep whurlin' aboot in your mouth—dinna spit it out—but ower wit; then anither, and anither, and anither—and nae mair toothache in your stumps than in a tresh stab in my garden paling.—*Noctes Ambros.*

A JUDICIAL CLIMAX.

Lord Eskgrove, at the Glasgow Circuit Court, had to condemn two prisoners to death for breaking into the house of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, assaulting him, and robbing him of a large sum of money. He first, as was his constant practice, explained the nature of the various crimes—assault, robbery, and hamesucken—of which last he gave the etymology; and he then reminded them that they had attacked the house and the persons within it, and robbed them, and then came to this climax—“All this you did; and, God preserve us! joost when they were sitten down to their dinner!”

conjured them, by the ties of blood and their mutual safety, to return quietly home, pledging himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedency at their next meeting. They acquiesced, and departed in peace. In due time, to fulfil his engagement, John built a house, distinct by itself, of an octagonal form, with eight doors and windows; and having placed a table of oak, of the same shape, in the middle, when the next meeting took place, he desired each of his friends to enter at his own door, and sit at the head of the table. By this happy contrivance any dispute in regard to rank was prevented, and the former harmony and good humour of the party were restored.

ORIGIN OF JOHN O' GROAT'S HOUSE.

In the reign of James the Fourth of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm Gavin and John de Groat, natives of Holland, came to the county, carrying with them a letter in Latin from that monarch, recommending them to the protection and countenance of his loving subjects in Caithness. They purchased, or obtained by royal charter, the lands of Warse and Duncansbay, in the parish of Canisbay; and in process of time, by the increase of their families and the subdivision of the property, there came to be eight different proprietors of the name of Groat. An annual festive meeting having been established to commemorate the anniversary of their arrival in Caithness, a dispute arose on one of these occasions respecting the right of taking the door, the head of the table, &c., which increased to such a height as threatened to be attended with very disagreeable consequences, when John, who was now considerably advanced in years, happily interposed. He expatiated on the comforts which they had hitherto enjoyed in the land of their adoption, and

CUDDIE HEADRIGG'S REMONSTRANCE.

“Oh, my son,” said the too-enlightened Mause, “had ye but profited by the Gospel doctrines ye hae heard in the Glen of Bengonnar, frae the dear Richard Rumbleberry, that sweet youth who suffered martyrdom in the Grass-market afore Candlemas! Didna ye hear him say, that Erastianism was as bad as Prelacy, and that the Indulgence was as bad as Erastianism?”

“Heard ever onybody the like o' this!” interrupted Cuddie; “we'll be driven out o' house and ha' again afore we ken where to turn ourselfs. Weel, mither, I hae just ae word mair. An I hear ony mair o' your din—afore folk, that is, for I dinna mind your clavers mysel', they aye set me sleeping—but if I hear ony mair din afore folk, as I was saying, about Poundtexts and Rumbleberries, and doctrines and malignants, I'se e'en turn a single sodger mysel', or maybe a sergeant or a captain, if ye plague me the mair, and let Rumbleberry and you gang to the deil thegither. I ne'er gat ony gude by his doctrine, as ye ca't, but a sour fit o' the batts wi' sitting amang the wat moss-

hags for four hours at a yoking, and the tiddy cured me wi' some hickery-pickery; mair by token, an she had ken'd how I came by the disorder, she wadna hae been in sic a hurry to mend it."—*Old Mortality*.

STATUE OF KING WILLIAM.

The imposing statue of King William, "of glorious memory," which stands near the Cross of Glasgow, was presented to the city by Governor Macrae, of Madras, whose brother was an Ayrshire fiddler in utmost request at kirns and other merry-makings.

CASTING UP.

The art of making little arithmetical calculations. A mower once regretted to me that he had not learnt algebra at school, for then he could have "cast up jobs" on the "nail o' his thumb." Also, "castin' up" is a mean way of reproaching persons, by reminding them of some little guilty slip in "youth," or of some crime of their ancestors. Such conduct frequently leads to serious broils. A man on horseback came up with another rider like himself, while going to a Dumfries *Rude* fair once, and quoth the one who overtook—

"Whar come ye frae, gude man, gin ane might speer?"

"E'en out o' the parish o' Cowen," replied he.

"I was thinkin' sae," returned the first, "for, like a' your parish fowk, ye sit far back on the hinder part o' the beast."

"Aiblins;" quoth his companion, "an' whar come ye frae, is a fair question for ye now to answer."

"Oh, I am Mr K——, of R——," he replied.

"I just thought sae," quoth the Cowen man, "for I see the stedd o' the

gallows that hanged Henry Gregg on your back."

On *casting up* which they set at each other with loaded whips, and the forward Mr K—— was left sprawling on the road.—*MacLaggart*.

QUEEN MARY'S DRESSES.

Mary had a great variety of dresses, such as gowns, kirtles, skirts, sleeves, doublets, veils, fardingales, and cloaks. She had ten pairs of woven hose of gold, silver, and silk; three pairs of woven hose of worsted Guernsey; thirty-six pairs of velvet shoes, laid with gold and silver; and six pairs of gloves of worsted Guernsey. Her ordinary gowns were made of camblet, damis, and serge of Florence, bordered with black velvet. Her riding cloaks and skirts were usually of black serge of Florence, stiffened at the neck and other parts, and mounted with lace and ribbons. For some time after her return to Scotland, the clothes and equipments for herself and attendants were black.

THE SHEPHERD ON UMBRELLAS.

A daft-like walkin'-stick indeed is an umbrella! gie me a gude black-thorn, wi' a spike in't. As for carryin' an umbrella aneath ma oter—I hae a' my life preferred the airm o' a bit lassie cleekin mine—and whenever the day comes that I'm seen unfurlin' an umbrella, as I'm walkin' or sittin' by mysel, may that day be my last, for it'll be a proof that the pith's a' out o' me, and that I'm a puir fushionless body, ready for the kirkyard, and my corp no worth the trouble o' howkin up. Nae weather-fender for the shepherd but the plaid!—*Noctes Ambros*.

GLASSES AND LASSIES.

While Burns was at Moffat once with Clarke the composer, the poet called for a bumper of brandy. "Oh, not a bumper," said the musician, "I prefer two small glasses."

"Two glasses?" cried Burns; "why, you are like the lass in Kyle, who said she would rather be kissed twice bare-headed than once with her bonnet on."

EPITAPH ON PROVOST AIRD OF GLASGOW.

Obit circa, 1735.

Here lies Provost John Aird,
He was neither a great merchant nor a
great laird;
At biggin o' kirks he had richt gude
skill,
He was five times Lord Provost and
twice Dean o' Guild!

PYROTECHNICS.

Hugo Arnot was long afflicted with a nervous cough. He came into Creech the bookseller's shop one day, coughing and wheezing at a tremendous rate. Casting his eye on Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, who happened to be present, he observed to him, "If I do not soon get rid of this d—d cough, it will carry me off like a rocket." Mr Tytler replied, "Indeed, Hugo, my man, if you do not mend your manners, you will assuredly take quite a contrary direction!"

EASY SAILING.

Maggy Liston, a Newhaven fishwife, was going home one night, a little under the influence of an extra glass.

At the head of the Whale Brae, she was met by Doctor Johnston, the minis-

ter, who said to her jocularly, "What, what, Maggy! I think the road is ower narrow for you!"

"Hoot, sir," replied Maggy, alluding to her empty creel, "how can I gang steady without ballast!"

TAKING NOTES.

In Scotland, it was a practice among our forefathers, rich and poor, to assemble their households, each night, for family worship; and, in order to ensure attention to the service, each member was required to recite a verse, or a portion of a verse, at the conclusion of the chapter read. This was called "taking notes." A herdboy who had just entered on his duties at Nodderburn, and who had not been accustomed to the practice, was asked by the "gudeman," the first evening of his arrival—

"Weel, Jock, was ye i' the way o' takin' notes at Halkhead?" (the place whence he had come.)

"I never was offered nane, sir (was the reply); I only got ten shillin's" (meaning ten shillings for wages).

JOHN HAMILTON AND THE WAITER.

John Hamilton, a small laird, and rather eccentric character, in Lanarkshire, having some business to transact with the Duke of Hamilton at his palace, was asked by his grace to partake of luncheon. A liveried servant waited upon them, and was most assiduous in his attentions to the duke and his guest. At last the laird lost patience, and looking at the servant, said to him, impatiently—

"What are ye dance, dance, dancing about the room that gait for? can ye no draw in your chair and sit down—I'm sure there's plenty on the table for three!"

AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

On the return of the Earl of Eglinton from the American war, where he had been serving as colonel in his regiment, he was much annoyed by the interrogatories of his mother, whose maternal fondness could never be satisfied with the narration of the toils and perils to which he had been exposed. More than usually teased on one occasion, he good humouredly replied, "Deed, mother, to tell the truth, the greatest difficulty and annoyance I experienced was when, in endeavouring to clear a fence, I happened to leap into a close column of very long nettles!"—no enviable situation for a man with a kilt on.

ADVICE GRATIS.

The famous Dr John Brown, the commentator, experienced a full share of the world's vicissitudes. At Dunse, on one occasion, when his funds were low, he entered a shop to invest in the luxury of a halfpenny worth of cheese! The shopman declared his inability to accommodate him with so small a portion.

"Then what's the least you can sell?" inquired the doctor.

"A pennyworth," replied the dealer, and instantly set about weighing that quantity, which he speedily placed on the counter in anticipation of payment.

"Now," said the doctor, taking up the knife, "I will instruct you how to sell a halfpenny worth of cheese in future;" upon which he cut the modicum in two, and appropriating the half, paid down his copper, and departed.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

When Professor Gillespie was a boy at school, the teacher had a strange and unaccountable dread of thunder. Dur-

ing a thunderstorm he was utterly prostrate, and when a dark cloud passed across the sky, he began to look from the school windows in tremulous apprehension of coming danger. All the boys were familiar with this weakness, but young Gillespie was the first to turn it to practical account. When a holiday was wanted, he caused some idle herd to gyrate a big stick against the palings outside the school, in imitation of thunder. On hearing it, he and the other boys, previously informed, would raise their eyes and exclaim with alarm, "There's thunder!" "Did you see that flash?" "That's awfu!—the hale sky's in a bleeze!"

"Go home, boys, go home quickly," the paralysed dominie would say; "we are on the eve of a thunderstorm, and the rain will descend immediately."

THE VIRTUES OF GLENLIVET.

Gie me the real Glenleevit—such as Awnrose aye has in the house—and I weel believe that I could mak drinkable toddy out o' sea-wuter. The human mind never tires o' Glenleevit, ony mair than o' caule air. If a body could just find out the exac proportion o' quantity that ought to be drank every day, and keep to that, I verily trow that he micht leeve for ever, without dying at a', and that doctors and kirkyards would go out of fashion.—*Noctes Ambros.*

ADAM'S FALL.

A Newhaven fisherman, named Adam L—, having been reprov'd pretty severely by Doctor Johnston for his want of scriptural knowledge, was resolved to baulk the minister on his next catechetical visitation. On the appointed day, he accordingly kept out of sight for some time; but, getting top-heavy with some of his cronies, he was

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH ANECDOTE.

compelled, after several severe falls, in one of which he got his face greatly disfigured, to take refuge in his own house. The minister arrived, and was informed by Jenny, the wife, that her husband was absent at the fishing. The doctor then inquired if she had carefully perused the catechism he had left with her on his last visit, and being answered in the affirmative, proceeded to follow up his conversation with a question or two.

"Weel, Jenny," said he, "can ye tell me what was the cause of Adam's fall?"

By no means well versed in the history of the great progenitor of the human race, and her mind being exclusively occupied by her own Adam, Janet replied, with some warmth—

"Deed, sir, it was naething else but drink!" at the same time calling to her husband, "Adam, ye may as weel rise, for the doctor kens brawly what's the matter: some clashin' neighbours hae telt him a' about it!"

LORD PANMURE AND THE HIGHLANDER.

The Highland chairmen of Edinburgh, some seventy years ago, were proverbial for their insatiable love of money. The excessive greed of these worthies happening to become the subject of conversation among a few gentlemen on one occasion, Lord Panmure (then Mr Maule) took up a bet in favour of the character of our northern countrymen, respecting the possibility of satisfying them by liberal remuneration. The wager being accepted, Mr Maule threw himself into a sedan, and gave orders to be conveyed a short distance down the Canongate, for which, on alighting, he bestowed the handsome reward of *one guinea*, quite confident that by so doing he would be certain to give satisfaction. It was impossible for "Donald" altogether to suppress the smile which played upon

his countenance, as he ~~stared~~ ^{looked} "yellow Georgie" in his hand: "Aye, could her honour no shuist gie the ither sixpence to get a gill?" Mr Maule good humouredly supplied the "ither sixpence," in expectation of gaining his bet; but another demand, on the part of "Donald's" companion, for "three bawbees of odd shange to puy smuff," put him out of all temper, and thoroughly convinced him of the impossibility of satisfying a Highland chairman.—*Key.*

SWEARING AND DRUNKENNESS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In some respects there was far more coarseness in the formal age than in the free one. Two vices especially, which have been long banished from all respectable society, were very prevalent, if not universal, among the whole upper ranks—swearing and drunkenness. Nothing was more common than for gentlemen who had dined with ladies, and meant to rejoin them, to get drunk. To get drunk in a tavern, seemed to be considered as a natural, if not an intended, consequence of going to one. Swearing was thought the right and the mark of a gentleman; and, tried by this test, nobody who had not seen them, could now be made to believe how many gentlemen there were. Not that people were worse tempered then than now; they were only coarser in their manners, and had got into a bad style of admonition and dissent. And the evil provoked its own continuance; because nobody who was blamed cared for the censure, or understood that it was serious, unless it was clothed in execration; and any intensity even of kindness or of logic, that was not embodied in solemn commination, evaporated, and was supposed to have been meant to evaporate, in the very uttering. The naval chaplain justified his cursing the sailors, because it made

them listen to him; and Braxfield apologised to a lady whom he damned at whist for bad play, by declaring that he had mistaken her for his wife. This odious practice was applied with particular offensiveness by those in authority towards their inferiors. In the army it was universal by officers towards soldiers; and far more frequent than is now credible by masters towards servants.—*Lord Cockburn.*

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS PRIOR TO 1750.

The bride's favours were all sewed on her gown, from top to bottom, and round the neck and sleeves. The moment the ceremony was performed, the whole company ran to her and pulled off her favours; in an instant she was stripped of all of them. The next ceremony was the garter, which the bridegroom's man attempted to pull from her leg; but she dropt it throw her petticoat on the floor. This was a white and silver ribbon, which was cut in small morsels to every one in the company. The bride's mother came in then with a basket of favours belonging to the bridegroom; those of the bride's were the same, with the liveries of their families—hers pink and white, his blue and gold colour. All the company dined and supped together, and had a ball in the evening.—*Caldwell Papers.*

JOCK'S NEW WAISTCOAT.

On one occasion, when Mr Robertson of Kilmarnock was preaching in a country church, he observed a young man in front of the gallery rise up several times during the sermon, as if for the purpose of exhibiting his person or his "braw claes" to the congregation.

The minister looked at the clodhopper pointedly, but this had no effect, and

then he stopped the discourse, and said—

"Jock, my man, sit doon noo, for I'm sure there's no a lass in a' the kirk that hasna seen yere new plush waistcoat twa-three times!"

BAPTISMAL CUSTOMS PRIOR TO 1750.

On the fourth week after the lady's delivery she is sett on her bed on a low footstool; the bed covered with some neat piece of sewed work or white satin, with three pillows at her back covered with the same, she in full dress, with a lapped head-dress, and a fan in her hand. Having informed her acquaintance what day she is to see company, they all come and pay their respects to her, standing or walking a little throw the room (for there are no chairs). They drink a glass of wine and eat a bit of cake, and then give place to others. Towards the end of the week all the friends were asked to the cummer's feast. This was a supper, where every gentleman brought a pint of wine, to be drunk by him and his wife. The supper was a ham at the head, and a pirimid of fowl at the bottom. This dish consisted of four or five ducks at bottom, hens above, partridges at tope. There was an eating posset in the middle of the table, with dried fruits and sweetmeats at the sides. When they had finished their supper, the meat was removed, and in a moment everybody flew to the sweetmeats to pocket them; upon which a scramble ensued, chairs overturned, and everything on the table, warsalling and pulling at one another with the utmost noise. When all was quiet, they went to the stoups (for there were no bottles), of which the women had a good share; for, though it was a disgrace to be seen drunk, yet it was none to be a little intoxicate in good company. A few days after this the same company was asked to the chris-

tening, which was allwise in the church, all in high dress, a number of them young ladys, who were called Maiden Cummers. One of them presented the child to the father. After the ceremony, they dined and supped together, and the night often concluded with a ball.—*Caldwell Papers.*

THE PROPER DIVIDEND.

The Rev. Mr Robertson of Kilmarnock was addicted to plain speaking in the pulpit. On a particular Sunday, while tent-preaching, he got his eye upon two bankrupts who had some time before that cleared off their creditors respectively with two-and-sixpence and five shillings in the pound. With a stern expression of countenance, he looked first at the one defaulter and then at the other, and exclaimed: "It wasna half-a-crown in the pound that Christ paid!—nor five shillings in the pound; but the *whole* pound, as every man wishing to obtain an honest name *should* do."

SONS OR DAUGHTERS?

Some years ago a discussion arose in a company on the question: Whether it was better for a man to have sons or daughters? Each side was equally well defended, and it became difficult to arrive at a decision, when an old gentleman—Graham of Kinross—who had patiently listened to all the arguments, without expressing an opinion, was appealed to.

"What do you think o' the question, laird?" was asked of him.

"Weel," said he, slowly but surely, as he wiped his spectacles, "I hae had three lads and three lasses: I watna whilk o' them I lik'd best, as lang as they suckit their mother; but deil hae

my share o' the callants when they cam to suck their faither!"

A verdict in favour of the ladies was the unanimous result of this finding.

A CANDID PRAYER.

In *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence* (1693) we find the following:—"Mr Areskine prayed in the Tron Kirk last year, 'Lord, have mercy on all fools and idiots, and particularly on the magistrates of Edinburgh.'"

ALL WELL.

"Good morning, Saunders," said an old labourer to a friend he met on the road; "are ye a' weel?"

"Ou aye, thankye for speerin', we're a' weel; only the wife's dead!"

A HINT TO CHURCH WANDERERS.

Mr Robertson and Dr Makinlay were the popular favourites in Kilmarnock in their day; and when the latter happened to be from home, numbers of his hearers were in the habit of rushing to the chapel of the former. One Sunday this influx took place just as Mr Robertson had concluded the prayer. The rustling which their entrance occasioned attracted his attention, and, in his usual outspoken style, he exclaimed, "Sit roun'—sit roun', my frien's, and gie the fleein' army room, for their wee bit idol, ye ken, is no at hame the day!"

TASTES DIFFER.

"I wonder," said a bonnie lassie, "what our Jock sees in the lassies to mak him like them sae weel? For my part, I watna gie ae lad for a' the lassies that ever I saw."

A SHOPKEEPING DUET.

Mr D.

I say, Mr Scott,
Can you change me a note?

Mr S.

I'm no very sure, but I'll see.
Indeed, Mr Dewar,
It's out o' my power,
For my wife's awa' wi' the key.

A LONG STAY.

The following complacent remark upon Bannockburn was made to a splenetic Englishman, who had said to a Scottish clergyman that no man of taste could think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland—"Tastes differ. I'll tak ye to a place no' far frae Stirling whaur thretty thousand o' yer countrymen hae been for five hunder years, and they've nae thocht o' leavin' yet."

"LESLIE AMONG THE LEITHS."

One of the Leslies, a strong and active young man, chanced to be in a company with a number of the clan of Leith, the feudal enemies of his own. The place where they met being the hall of a powerful and neutral neighbour, Leslie was, like Shakspeare's Tybalt, in a similar situation—compelled to endure their presence. Still, he held the opinion of the angry Capulet, even in the midst of the entertainment—

"Now by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin."

Accordingly, when they stood up to dance, and he found himself compelled to touch the hands and approach the

persons of his detested enemies, the deadly feud broke forth. He unsheathed the dagger as he went down the dance; struck on the right and left; laid some dead and many wounded on the floor; threw up the window, leaped into the castle-court, and escaped in the general confusion. Such were the unsettled principles of the time, that the perfidy of the action was lost in its boldness; it was applauded by his kinsmen, who united themselves to defend what he had done; and the fact is commemorated in the well-known tune of triumph called *Leslie among the Leiths*.—*Sir W. Scott.*

A NOBLE ANSWER.

A former Mr Stirling of Keir had favoured the Stuart cause, and had, in fact, attended a muster of forces at the Brig of Turk in the year 1708. This symptom of a rising against the Government occasioned some uneasiness, and the authorities were very active in their endeavours to discover who were the leaders of the movement. Keir was suspected. The miller of Keir was brought forward as a witness, and swore positively that the laird was *not* present. Now, as it was well known that he was there, and that the miller knew it, a neighbour asked him privately, when he came out of the witness box, how he could on oath assert such a falsehood? The miller replied, quite undaunted, and with a feeling of confidence in the righteousness of his cause, approaching the sublime, "I would rather trust my soul to God's mercy, than trust Keir's head into their hands."

THE FATE OF BONAPARTE FORETOLD.

In the course of a sermon which he preached before the Associate Synod

at Glasgow, Mr Robertson of Kilmarnock introduced the probability of a French invasion as a punishment for national sin; and, while admitting the immoral character of the infliction, he assured his hearers that "Providence was not always nice in the choice of instruments for punishing the wickedness of men."

"Tak," he continued, "an example frae among yoursels. Your magistrates dinna ask certificates o' character for their public executioners. They generally select sic clamjamphric as hae rabbit shouthers wi' the gallows themselves." "And as for this Bonyparte," continued the preacher, "I've tell'd ye, my freens, what was the beginning o' that man, and I'll tell ye what will be the end o' him. He'll come doon like a pockfu' o' goats' horns at the Broomielaw!"

THE KING OF THE BORDER.

The Scotts of Tushielaw, in Ettrick, at one period a powerful section of the clan Scott, were, like all the race, reavers and freebooters. Their tower of Tushielaw, now in ruins, is celebrated alike in song, tradition, and story. The exploits of Adam Scott of Tushielaw, one of the most famous of their chiefs, and usually called "King of the thieves" and "King of the border," with the excesses of the other border barons, roused the wrath of James V., and in 1528, he "made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landwardmen, and freeholders, that they should compear at Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the king where he pleased, to danton the thieves of Tiviotdale, Annandale, Liddisdale, and other parts of that country, and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country as he pleased." In the course

of this excursion, guided by some of the borderers, the king penetrated into the inmost recesses of Eusdale and Teviotdale, and seizing Cockburn of Henderland, and Scott of Tushielaw, one morning before breakfast, summarily hung them in front of their own strongholds. The old ash tree on which Scott of Tushielaw was suspended, is said to be still standing among the ruins, and is still called the Gallows tree. It is asserted to bear along its branches numerous nicks and hollows, traced by ropes, in the ruthless execution of wretched captives, on whom the bold and reckless border marauder inflicted the fate which eventually became his own.

DEATH OF KNOX.

About five houres he sayeth to his wife, "Goe, read where I cast my first anker," and so, she read the 17th chapter of the Gospel according to Johne; and, after that, some sermons of Mr Calvin's upon the Ephesians. About halfe houre to tenne they went to the ordinar prayer, which being ended, Doctor Preston said unto him, "Sir, heard yee the prayers?" He answered, "I would to God that yee and all men heard them as I heard; I praise God for that heavenlie sound." Then Robert Campbell of Kinzeancleuche sitteth down before him on a stoole, and incontinent he sayeth, "Now it is come," for he had given a long sigh and sob. Then said Richard Bannatyne to him, "Now, Sir, the time ye have long called to God for, to witt, an end of your battell, is come, and seeing all natural powers faile, give us some signe that yee remember upon the comfortable promises which yee have oft showed unto us." He lifted up his one hand, and incontinent thereafter rendered his spirit about eleven houres at night.—*Calderwood.*

A DRY JOKE.

"I daresay, gudeman, ye hae drucken a house in your time," said a sober old wife to her husband, who was rather of a drouthy disposition.

"Weel, Jean, I'll no sae ye're wrang," was the reply; "but I'm thinking it's been a thack ane, lass, for I aye find the stoor o' the roof o't in my throat yet."

SEASONABLE PUNISHMENT.

One very cold Sunday, a minister, in order either to terrify or edify his congregation, likened the everlasting torments of the wicked to imprisonment in thick-ribbed ice. On being taxed with the heterodox nature of such a view, he replied very cannily, "D'ye think I would try to scour sinners this could weather by making them think about a het fire?"

THE SOLEMNITY OF MATRIMONY.

"Jeanie," said a staunch old Cameronian to his daughter, "it's a very solemn thing to be married." "I ken that weel, father," replied the sensible lassie; "but it's a great deal solemnner no to be."

WHAT IS LOVE?

"What is love, Nanny?" asked a minister of one of his parishioners, alluding, of course, to the word in its scriptural sense.

"Hoot fye, sir," answered the blate Nanny, blushing to the e'enholes, "dinna ask me sic a daft-like question. I'm sure ye ken as weel as me that love's just an unco fykinness in the mind; and what mair can onybody say about it?"

QUITE CORRECT.

"What is the meaning of *ex nihilo nihil fit*?" asked a Highlander of a village schoolmaster.

"Weel, Donald," answered the dominie, "I dinna mind the literal translation; but it just means that ye canna tak' the breeks aff a Highlandman."

REGIMENTS OF ONE NAME.

The following entry appeared among the deaths recorded in the *London Magazine*, May 1735:—

"At her seat, at *Campbell, North Britain*, the Dutchess dowager of *Argyll*, relict of *Archibald Campbell*, Duke of *Argyll*, who was deputed by the nobility of *Scotland* to offer that crown to their majesties *K. William* and *Q. Mary*; and afterwards for their service carried over a regiment to *Flanders*, the officers of which were all of one family, and the private men all named *Campbell*. Her grace was mother to the present Duke of *Argyll*, the Earl of *ILA* and the Countess of *Bute*."

As a parallel to the above remarkable case, it is on record that during the French revolutionary war, a regiment of volunteers was raised on the Borders, all of whom were Elliots, and who invariably marched to the old tune of—

"My name it is Little Jock Elliot,
And wha daur meddle wi' me!"

A GOOD EXCUSE.

A case was called in the Court of Session one day, when the agent for one of the parties asked for a delay in the trial, alleging as a reason that the wife of his client was dead.

"Ay, Mr ———," said the judge, "that's a grand excuse; I wish we had a' ane like it!"

A HAPPY ANSWER.

Two candidates for the pulpit of a church in the north of Scotland, named respectively Low and Adam, preached their trial sermons on the same day. Mr Low preached in the morning, and delivered an excellent and edifying discourse from the text, "Adam, where art thou?" In the afternoon, however, to his discomfiture, his opponent selected as the subject of his sermon the words, "Lo, here am I;" and the excellence of his matter, together with the cleverness of his retort, gained him the appointment.

THE RED STONE.

There is preserved at Ardvoirlich, Perthshire, a lump of pure white rock crystal, about the size and shape of an egg, bound with four bands of silver, of very antique workmanship, and known by the Gaelic name of *Clach Dearg*, the red stone, arising probably from a reddish tinge it seems to assume when held up to the light. The water in which the stone had been dipped was formerly ignorantly considered a sovereign remedy in all diseases of cattle.

A VALUABLE MANURE.

A certain laird was much addicted to the study of fertilizing properties of manures. On one occasion, he managed, with much labour and application of chemical skill, to distil what he considered its pure essence, which he put into a small phial. Showing it to one of his tenants, he said, "You see here, John, a precious extract, which I have obtained from ten tons of stable dung. Its fertilizing effects upon land will be as great as could have been produced by that which yielded it, and to apply it would cost no trouble whatever."

"My lord," replied the man with becoming gravity, "I wad like to see your lordship, with the *bottle* in ae hand and a *feather* in the ither, *crushing* ane o' our Highland hills wi't!"

"MOST LEARNED JUDGES."

The Court of Session was one day deliberating on a bill of suspension and interdict relative to certain caravans with wild beasts on the old Earthen Mound of Edinburgh; and in the course of the proceedings Lord Bannatyne fell asleep. The case was disposed of and the next one called, which related to a right of *lien* over certain goods. The learned lord, who continued dozing, having heard the word *lien* pronounced with a most emphatic Scottish accent by Lord Meadowbank, caused the following discussion:—

Meadowbank (log).—"I am very clear that there was a *lien* upon this property."

Bannatyne (dosing).—"Certainly; but it ought to be chained, because

Balmuto.—"My Lord, it's no a livin' *lion*—it's the Latin word *lien*."

Hermand.—"No, sir; the word is French."

Balmuto.—"I thought it was Latin—for it's in italics."

'OLD CLO.'

Christopher North had a great hatred at the "Old Clo'" men who infest the streets. Coming from his class one day, a shabby Irishman asked him in the usual confidential manner, "Any old clo', sir?"

"No;" replied the professor, imitating the whisper; "no, my dear fellow—have you?"

PROVOST AND MONKEY.

A number of Aberdeen merchants, including the provost, had chartered a vessel to make a voyage to the West Indies, the first venture of the kind that had been made from the "Granite City." On its return to Aberdeen harbour, all the speculators were naturally anxious to ascertain the result of the venture, and went down to welcome her, getting on board as soon as she was alongside the quay.

The captain received them at the gangway with the gruff hospitality of a seaman, and heartily welcomed his owners. But what pen can describe the wonders that met their admiring eyes! There was a cocoa nut, husk and all—a head of Indian corn enveloped in its blades—a negro—a shark's jaw, with its triple row of teeth—a land tortoise—a turtle—a plantain to cure wounds—a centipede in a doctor's phial—a dolphin's tail—and a flying fish preserved in rum. When they had satiated their eyes in admiring these tropical wonders, they were summoned to a dinner in the cabin, rich with all the delicacies of a foreign voyage. There were the Chili pickles that made the eyes to water—the pine apple, which had lost every flavour save that of the spirits in which it had been preserved—the barbecued pig, and the scapie of innumerable contents—with the terapia baked in the shell, and the "lobscouse" reeking from the coppers. In due time the rum and toddy began to circulate, and as the captain detailed the results and success of his voyage, and of the excellent prospects before him of future ones, the spirits of the owners began to rise in a corresponding degree, and self-congratulations became the order of the day. The provost in particular never felt himself so great a man before. He was now on board of a trader which had visited foreign parts, and of which he was undoubtedly the

principal owner. He had been the great means of introducing a new trade into his native city, and he was now in the full fruition of these gratifying reflections. He felt elated with a double portion of dignity, and was laying down the law with a relative portion of his usual solemnity, when he was most indecorously interrupted by a sudden and violent pulling at his pig-tail from behind. He looked round in wrath; but seeing his assailant was a sickly, weak-looking, dark-complexioned lad, who had skipped off the moment he was observed, and having compassion for his want of breeding, he rebuked him with mildness and dignity, and resumed the thread of his discourse. Scarcely had he done so, however, when the attack was resumed; this was too much to be borne—he forgot in a moment both his age and his place, and exclaimed in peevish fretfulness—

"Laddie, but gin you come that gait again, I'll put ye in the heart o' auld Aberdeen" (the jail).

"What's the matter wi' ye, provost?" said the captain.

"It is only that unchancy laddie o' yours," replied the provost, "has pu'd my tail as an' he wud tug it oot by the roots."

"What laddie, provost?" cried the captain.

"Why, that yin there wi' the rough mouth and the sair een."

"Laddie! bless you, provost, that's only a monkey we hae brocht wi' us."

"A monkey, ca' ye it?" said the astonished provost; "I thocht it was a sugar-maker's son frae the West Indies, come hame to our university for his education!"

A FIVE WITNESS.

Among other parties summoned before a select committee appointed by

the House of Commons to inquire into some corrupt election proceedings in Fife were the town-clerk of Kinghorn, and Lucky Skinner, a famous inn-keeper of the same town. We are unable to gratify our readers with a report of the evidence, or even an outline of the curious facts elicited in the course of the investigation; but it is well known that the wary hostess came off with flying colours. The information sought from Mrs Skinner of course related chiefly to the jollifications of the electors—as to what extent they had been entertained—and by whom the expenses had been paid. Sir James Mackintosh, who was on the committee, was the first to interrogate her. After the usual queries as to name and residence, he proceeded—

“You keep an inn in Kinghorn?”

“No, sir,” was the reply.

“A tavern?”

“No, sir.”

“What, then—a public-house, or place of entertainment, it must be?”

“Nane o’ the twa o’ them,” replied Lucky Skinner, chuckling at the idea of having taxed the ingenuity of her learned countryman; “for weel micht ye ken that in Scotland it’s the *man* and no the *woman* that *keeps* the house.”

Seeing how her humour went, Fox thought he would have better success; and being very anxious to ascertain the amount of the election dinner bills, he began in a roundabout way to quiz her on the subject:—

“Had Mr Skinner sometimes particularly good dinners in his house?”

“Not sometimes, but always, to those who could pay for them.”

“Had you a particular good dinner for the Dunfermline party?”

“Very good; an’ they needed it—for the gentlemen had come far to be out o’ the way o’ being pestered.”

“What might a dinner cost for a party at the inn kept by Mr Skinner?”

“Whiles mair and whiles less—just

according to circumstances,” was the cautious answer.

“Well, well; but can’t you tell what the entertainment cost on the occasion referred to?”

“Indeed, sir, it’s no the custom for gentlemen in our quarter to ask the *price* o’ a dinner, unless they mean to *pay* for’t!”

“Come, now, say what was the amount of the bill?”

“Indeed, sir, I wonder to hear a gentleman o’ your sense expect me to ken, or be able to tell sic a piece o’ my husband’s business—*Eh fy!*”

Fox gave up the examination, and Lucky Skinner retired, satisfied in her own mind that “they Parliament folks hadna made muckle o’ her at any rate!”

THE MARRIAGE OF MARY AND DARNLEY.

On the 28th of July 1565, Darnley was proclaimed King at the Market Cross of Edinburgh. The banns had already been published in the usual form in the Canongate Kirk, and on the following day, being Sunday, at six o’clock in the morning, he was married to the Queen, in the chapel of Holyrood House, by the Dean of Restalrig. During several days nothing was heard at the court but rejoicing and costly banquets, while the people were treated with public sports. The marriage, however, excited the strongest displeasure of the reformers. Knox, on learning of its proposal, regarded it with especial indignation, and in one of his boldest and most vehement harangues, in St Giles’s church, challenged the nobles and other leaders of the Congregation for betraying the cause of God by their inaction.

“I see,” said he, suddenly stretching out his arms, as if he would leap from the pulpit, and arrest the passing vision, “I see before me your beleaguered camp.

I hear the tramp of the horsemen as they charged you in the streets of Edinburgh ; and most of all, is that dark and doleful night now present to my eyes, in which all of you, my lords, in shame and fear, left this town—God forbid I should ever forget it !”—He concluded with solemn warning against the royal marriage, and the judgments it involved. Such was his vehemence, says Melvil, that “he was like to ding the pulpit in blads, and flee out of it !”

This freedom of speech gave general offence, and Knox was summoned before the Queen ; he came to court after dinner, and was brought into her court by Erskine of Dun, one of the superintendents of the kirk ; but the presence of royalty was no restraint ; she wept as she listened to his bold harangues ; and he left her at length, as she yielded anew to a passionate flood of tears. As he passed from the outer chamber, he paused in the midst of a gay circle of the ladies of the royal household, in their gorgeous apparel, and addressed them in a grave style of banter on the pity that the silly soul could not carry all these fine garnishings with it to heaven ! Queen Mary dried her tears, and took no further notice of this interview ; but Knox must have been regarded, amid the gay haunts of royalty at Holyrood, like the skull that checked the merriment of an old Egyptian feast.—*Wilson's Memorials.*

SCOTCH JUSTICE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The purity of the administration of justice in Scotland may be illustrated by the following anecdote, which is better authenticated than usually happens, inasmuch as Dr Abercromby, a gentleman of great respectability, heard it related by the Earl of Rochester, one of the parties concerned, to the Honourable Robert Boyle :—

“A Scotch gentleman having entreated the Earl of Rochester to speak to the Duke of Lauderdale upon the account of a business that seemed to be supported by a clear and undoubted right, his Lordship very obligingly promised to do his utmost endeavours to engage the Duke to stand his friend in a concern so just and so reasonable as his was ; and accordingly, having conferred with his Grace about the matter, the Duke made him this very odd return, that though he questioned not the right of the gentleman he recommended to him, yet he could not promise him an helping hand, and far less success in business, if he knew not first the man, whom perhaps his Lordship had some reason to conceal, because, said he to the Earl, ‘if your Lordship were as well acquainted with the customs of Scotland as I am, you had undoubtedly known this among others : show me the man, and I shall show you the law,’ giving him to understand that the law in Scotland could protect no man, if either his purse were empty or his adversaries great men, or supported by great ones.”—*Court of Session Garland.*

REASONS FOR ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

It was most unhappy for a woman, after bringing forth a child, to offer a visit, and for her neighbours to receive it, till she had been duly churched. How strongly did this enforce gratitude to the Supreme Being for a safe delivery !

On the day when such a woman was churched, every family favoured with a call were bound to set meat and drink before her ; and when they omitted to do so, they and theirs were to be loaded with her hunger. What was this but an obligation on all who had it in their power to do the needful to prevent a feeble woman from fainting from want ? It disturbed the ghost of the

dead, and was fatal to the living, if a tear was allowed to fall on a winding-sheet. What was the intention of this, but to prevent the effects of a wild or frantic sorrow? If a cat was permitted to leap over a corpse, it portended misfortune. The meaning of this was to prevent that carnivorous animal from coming near the body of the deceased, lest, when the watchers were asleep, it should endeavour to prey upon it.—*Stat. Account.*

A SHARP LAD.

An active-looking boy, aged about twelve years, was brought up before Provost Baker, at the Rutherglen Burgh Court, charged with breaking into gardens and stealing fruit therefrom. The charge having been substantiated, the magistrate, addressing the juvenile offender, said in his gravest manner—

"If you had a garden, and pilfering boys were to break into it and steal your property, in what way would you like to have them punished?"

"Aweel, sir," replied the prisoner, "I think I would let them awa' for the first time."

It is needless to add that the worthy provost was mollified, and that the little fellow was dismissed with an admonition.

AN UNKNOWN NAME.

A poor beggar woman, repulsed from door to door, as she solicited alms and quarters through a village in Annandale, asked, in her despair, if "there were no Christians in the place?"

The hearers, concluding that she was inquiring for some persons so surnamed, answered—

"Na, na, woman, there are nae Christians here; we are a' Johnstones and Jardines."

"MY LIFE OR MY MIDDEN."

When the municipal authorities of a certain Scotch town, anxious to improve its sanitary condition, were endeavouring to persuade the inhabitants to remove the heaps of ashes and refuse which lay before their doors, one old dame—indignant at this encroachment upon her rights—seized her broomstick, mounted guard upon her rubbish, and exclaimed in tragic tones to the councillors, "Na, na, gentlemen, ye may tak' my life, if ye will hae't; but ye shanna touch my midden!"

"LITTLE BOBBY CHALMERS."

Mr Chalmers, a solicitor, who lived in Adam's Buildings, Edinburgh, was a friend and correspondent of the famous Mrs Cockburn, *née* Alison Rutherford. He was of humbler origin than the good society in which he moved, but he was exceedingly popular in it, because his vanity furnished him with abundant capacity to serve as a butt, while his obliging disposition, in which indeed his vanity might be an element, made him an inexhaustible granter of favours. The following anecdote is told of him. Having paid a visit to London and gone to a masquerade, some wag of a countryman who happened to be present wrote in chalk letters on the back of the owner's coat, "Little Bobby Chalmers, from Edinburgh."

"Glad to see you, Mr Chalmers. How are all friends in Auld Reekie?" Bobby, unaware that he carried his visiting-card on his back, was flattered by the general recognition of him, which he attributed to his extraordinary merits, and to the fame that had travelled before him so far as London.—*Songstresses of Scotland.*

SEMPSTRESSES.

In the beginning of last century, highly-trained sempstresses in Scotland were in the habit of giving their skill and industry, together with the use of their fashionable patterns, for "sixpence a day and their meat." Even allowing for the different value of money, such wages were but small.

IN PRAISE OF KAIL.

"Will you hae a sowp kail, Mr Brown?" asked a lady of one of her guests, at a good substantial Scotch dinner.

"Ou ay, mem, thank ye. I aye like a pickle kail. If they're gude kail they're worth suppin'; and if they're no gude, it's a sign there's no muckle to come after."

THE KING OF KIPPEN.

John Buchanan of Auchmar and Arnprior, was termed "King of Kippen" upon the following account:—

King James V., a very sociable debonair prince, residing at Stirling, in Buchanan's time, carriers were very frequently passing along the common road, being near Arnprior's house, with necessaries for the use of the king's family; and he having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of these carriers to leave his load at his house, and he would pay him for it; which the carrier refused to do, telling him he was the king's carrier, and his load for his majesty's use; to which Arnprior seemed to have small regard, compelling the carrier in the end to leave his load, telling him, if king James was King of Scotland, he was King of Kippen, so that it was reasonable he should share with his neighbour king in some of these loads so frequently carried that

road. The carrier represented this usage, and telling the story, as Arnprior spoke it, to some of the king's servants, it came at length to his majesty's ears, who soon afterwards, with a few attendants, came to visit his neighbour king, who happened to be at dinner. King James having sent a servant to demand access, was denied the same by a tall fellow, with a battle-axe, who stood porter at the gate, telling there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not satisfying the king, he sent to demand access a second time; upon which he was desired by the porter to desist, otherwise he would find cause to repent his rudeness.

His majesty finding this method would not do, desired the porter to tell his master, that the *Goodman of Ballangeich** desired to speak with the King of Kippen. The porter telling Arnprior so much, he in all humble manner came and received the king, and having entertained him with much sumptuousness and jollity, became so agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take as much of any provision he found carrying that road as he had occasion for; and seeing he made the first visit, desired Arnprior in a few days to return him a second at Stirling, which he performed, and continued in very much favour with the king, always thereafter being termed King of Kippen while he lived.—*Stat. Account.*

ABDUCTION IN SCOTLAND.

There is still such a thing as Loch-invarism, or abduction, even in Scotland, but it takes the curious turn of the kidnapping a bridegroom by his brother. "It will be remembered," says a recent number of the *Stirling Journal*, "that

* Ballangeich is the name of the rock on which the Castle of Stirling stands.

about nine or ten months ago considerable excitement was created in the Bridge of Allan by the report that a bridegroom had been abducted on his marriage-day. The story went that a poor, but of course eminently handsome work-woman, about thirty years of age, had fascinated her employer, who was considerably her senior; but, as in other cases, 'the course of true love never did run smooth.' After the marriage-day had been fixed, the bridegroom was nowhere to be found. Search was made, and messengers sent in every direction, but for a time without success. It turned out that the elder and only brother of the bridegroom had, previous to his going a-missing, lodged a notarial protest with the session-clerk of the parish, interdicting his issuing the usual certificates of proclamation, on the ground that his brother, the bridegroom, was in 'an infirm and facile state of mind, and to such an extent as to affect his reason and judgment, whereby he is rendered unable to look after his affairs, and is liable to be imposed upon by designing parties; and further, is not in a fit condition of mind to enter into the state of marriage.' The bridegroom was, it seems, confined under legal process, but avoided it, got married, and brought an action for damages against his brother.

A PIG IN A POKE.

"Would you like a het crock in your bed this cauld nicht, mem?" said a good-natured chambermaid, in Dumfries, to an English lady, who had lately arrived in Scotland for the first time in her life.

"A what?" said the lady.

"A pig, mem. Shall I put a pig in your bed to keep you warm?"

"Leave the room, young woman! Your mistress shall hear of your insolence."

"Nae offence, I hope, mem. It was my mistress that bade me ask; and I'm sure she meant it in kindness."

The lady looked Grizzy in the face, and saw at a glance that no insult was intended; but she was quite at a loss how to account for the proposal. She was aware that Irish children sleep with pigs on the earthen floors of their cabins, but this was something far more astonishing. Her curiosity was now roused, and she said, in a milder tone—

"Is it common in this country, my girl, for ladies to have pigs in their beds?"

"And gentlemen hae them too, mem, when the weather's cauld."

"But you would not, surely, put the pig between the sheets?"

"If you please, mem, it will do you maist good there."

"Between the sheets! It would dirty them, girl. I could never sleep with a pig between the sheets."

"Never fear, mem! You'll sleep far mair comfortable. I'll steek the mouth o't tightly, and tie it up in a poke."

"Do you sleep with a pig *yourself* in cold weather?"

"No, mem. Pigs are only for gentle-folks that lie on feather beds; I sleep on *cauf*, with my neighbour lass."

"Calf! Do you sleep with a calf between you?" said the Cockney lady.

"No, mem; you're jokin' now," said Grizzy, with a broad grin; "we lie on the tap o't."

A CHRISTIAN WISH.

Ministers who read their sermons were formerly abhorred in Scotland. A young preacher delivered a trial discourse, after which one of his hearers, an old woman, said to her neighbour, "He canna be a reader, for he's blind." "I'm glad to hear't," replied the neighbour; "I wish they were a' blind!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT AS A VOLUNTEER.

Walter Scott was the soul of the Edinburgh troop of Midlothian Yeomanry Cavalry. It was not a duty with him, or a necessity, or a pastime, but an absolute passion, indulgence in which gratified his feudal taste for war, and his jovial sociableness. He drilled, and drank, and made songs, with a hearty, conscientious earnestness which inspired or shamed everybody within the attraction. I do not know if it is usual, but his troop used to practise, individually, with the sabre, at a turnip, which was stuck on the top of a staff, to represent a Frenchman, in front of the line. Every other trooper, when he set forward in his turn, was far less concerned about the success of his aim at the turnip, than about how he was to tumble. But Sir Walter pricked forward gallantly, saying to himself, "Cut them down, the villains, cut them down!" and made his blow, which, from his lameness, was often an awkward one, cordially muttering curses all the while at the detested enemy.—*Lord Cockburn.*

THE ORIGINAL OF MEG MUCKLEBACKIT.

It was during Scott's stay at the manse of Dunnottar that he saw Kate Moncur, a Caterline fishwife, and a superstitious mortal called John Thom. It is affirmed of the former—by those who knew her, and who have read *The Antiquary*—that she was the original of Meg Mucklebackit; and the latter, once a farmer of Fernyflat, died not many years ago in utter misery. This credulous being, whose ancestors had been farmers there from at least the year 1733, attributed the cause of his misfortunes to witches and fairies; and, believing himself to be an adept in the art of discovering those who cast ill,

either on man or beast, he was frequently sent for by the minister to entertain curious visitors. While Scott was there an express was sent for John to come and subdue "the ill" that had been "cassen" upon a cow at the manse. John, who was soon in attendance, procured some of the milk of the animal which was said to be afflicted, and put it upon the fire to boil, when, on its coming to a top, he made several zig-zag incisions upon the crust or surface of the milk. These he believed to be so many, and equally deep wounds, upon the bodily frame of the enchantress, and felt convinced that they would either cause the death, or lead to the discovery, of the person who had bewitched the cow!—*Jervise.*

A HIGHLANDER'S THREE WISHES.

A Highlander was once asked what he would wish to have, in case of some kind divinity purposing to give him the three things he liked best. For the first, he said, he should ask for "a Loch Lomond o' gude whisky!"

"And what for the second?" inquired his friend.

"A Ben Lomond o' gude sneeshin'," replied Donald.

"And what for the third?"

He hesitated a long time at this; but at last, after his face had assumed many contortive expressions of thought, he answered, "Oo, just *anither* Loch Lomond o' gude whisky!"

A DAY'S SHOOTING.

A keen politician, in the city of Glasgow, heard one day of the death of a party opponent, who, in a fit of mental aberration, had shot himself.

"Ay," said he, "gane awa' that way by himsel', has he? I wish that he had taen twa-three day's shooting among his friends before he went!"

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

A Scotch preacher once said, "You never saw a woman sewing without a needle? She would come but poor speed if she only sewed with the thread; so I think, when we're dealing wi' sinners, we maun aye put in the needle o' the law first; for the fact is, they're sleepin' sound, and they need to be wakened up wi' something sharp. But when we've got the needle o' the law fairly in, we may draw as lang a thread as we like o' Gospel consolation after't."

A LOFTY STYLE.

The Hon. Henry Erskine met an acquaintance who dealt in hard words and circumlocutions sentences. Perceiving that he was lame, Erskine asked the cause. "Why, my dear sir," answered the wordy lawyer, "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds, when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and have grazed the epidermis on my shin, attended with a slight extravasation of blood."

"You may thank your stars," replied Mr Erskine, "that your brother's *gate* was not as *lofty* as your own *style*, or you would have broken your neck."

A WORD TO CAUTIONERS.

A Highlander was tried for a capital offence, and had rather a narrow escape; but the jury found him "Not guilty." Whereupon the judge, in discharging, thought fit to admonish him.

"Prisoner, before you leave the bar, let me give you a piece of advice. You have got off this time, but if ever you come before me again, I'll be caution you'll be hanged."

"Thank you, my lord," answered Donald; "thank you for your good advice; and, as I'm no ungrateful, I beg to gi'e your lordship a piece of advice in return. Never be caution for onybody; for the cautioner has often to pay the debt!"

AN EXEMPLARY WIFE.

In the churchyard of Alves, Morayshire, the following inscription was to be seen on a tombstone, bearing the date of 1590:—

Here lies
ANDERSON OF PITTENSERE
maire of the earldom of Moray,
with his wife MARJORY,
whilk him never displicit.

Stat. Account.

"A WEE DRAPPIE O'T."

"Could ye no get a drappie till's this mornin'—jist a weetin'?" said a Kirriemuir weaver, who liked the dram-shop better than the workshop, to his better half.

"I'se do that," was the response; and, before he could rise from his seat, he had the contents of a pail newly filled from the spring "plashing" about his ears.

"Ye hae socht a weetin', and ye hae gotten't," was the wife's remark, as she returned the pail to its place.

PRESENTED AT COURT.

A laird of old family and no mean estate, previously to the day of the reception, had sent in his name for presentation. He arrived, to his own great discomfiture, late on the scene of action, and as he was passing through the antechamber, and saw many whom he knew coming out, he asked them to tell him "whether his being late was

of any material consequence ; what he had got to do, &c., as he had never been at court before," &c. "Oh!" said one who had passed through his own ordeal without let or hindrance, "there is no difficulty about the matter. It is very plain sailing. You have only got just to go in, make your bow—lower, by the by, than you would to any one else—and pass on, and pass out."

The old gentleman, constitutionally shy, and rendered doubly so in the present instance by the fear of having incurred the royal displeasure by the tardiness of his arrival, like Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, kept "aye boo-booing," and, with ghastly smirk, sidling and edging his way towards the door of exit ; when Lord Errol, observing his embarrassment, and pitying it, kindly shouted to him, under his voice, "Kiss hands ! kiss hands !" On which, to the delectation of the king, and the dismay of all around him, the poor startled man faced about, and then retreating backwards, kissed both his hands to the king, as if waiving a cordial recognition from a distance to an old and intimate friend."—*Young*.

EPITAPH ON MAREON GRAY IN HADDINGTON CHURCH.

If modesty commend a wife,
And providence a mother,
Grave chastity a widow's life,
We'll not find such another
In Haddingtoun as Mareon Gray,
Who here doth lie till the doomes-
day.
She deceased 29 December, 1655.
And of her age 60.

A POSTAL PREDICAMENT.

The clerks in the General Post Office
must have been a careless set of fellows.

The following is an extract from a letter sent to a Morayshire gentleman :—

EDINBURGH, 15th Aug. 1755.
• "There is no news, our Edinburgh mail being returned in a mistake for the London mail, and *vice versa*."—*Dunbar-Dunbar*.

AN ORIGINAL QUALIFICATION.

The following anecdote was told in a speech delivered by Dr Carruthers, of Inverness :—

We had an ingenious man in the north, in Caithness, some years since—ingenious in raising vessels that had been wrecked, and other engineering operations—but who had neglected his spelling book. Signing his name to a report one day, he added a large "S. I." What is the meaning of that ? asked one of his friends. "Oh," said he, "we may as well have our honours as not—S. I., Civil Engineer." There he had them !

HIGHLAND CUSTOMS LONG AGO.

When a young couple are married, for the first night the company keep possession of the dwelling-house or hut, and send the bridegroom and bride to a barn or out-house, giving them straw, heath, or fern, for a bed, with blankets for their covering ; and then they make merry, and dance to the piper all the night long.

Soon after the wedding-day, the new-married woman sets herself about spinning her winding-sheet, and a husband that should sell or pawn it is esteemed among all men one of the most profligate.

At a young Highlander's first setting-up for himself, if he be of any consideration, he goes about among his near

relations and friends; and from one he begs a cow, from another a sheep; a third gives him seed to sow his land; and so on, till he has procured for himself a tolerable stock for a beginner. This they call *thiggings*.

After the death of any one, not in the lowest circumstances, the friends and acquaintances of the deceased assemble to keep the near relations company the first night; and they dance, as if it were at a wedding, till the next morning, though all the time the corpse lies before them in the same room. If the deceased be a woman, the widower leads up the first dance; if a man, the widow.

The upper class hire women to moan and lament at the funeral of their nearest relations. These women cover their heads with a small piece of cloth, mostly green, and every now and then break out into a hideous howl and Ho-bo-bo-bo-boo, as I have often heard is done in some parts of Ireland.

This part of the ceremony is called a *coronach*, and, generally speaking, is the cause of much drunkenness, attended with its concomitants—mischievous rencontres and bloody broils; for all that have arms in their possession accoutre themselves with them upon these occasions.—*Burt*.

THE KRAMES.

But the delightful place was *The Krames*. It was a low, narrow arcade of booths, crammed in between the north side of St Giles' Cathedral and a thin range of buildings that stood parallel to the cathedral, the eastmost of which buildings, looking down the High Street, was the famous shop of William Creech, the bookseller. Shopless traffickers first began to nestle there about the year 1550 or 1560, and their successors stuck to the spot till 1817, when they were all swept away.

In my boyhood their little stands, each enclosed in a tiny room of its own, and during the day all open to the little footpath that ran between the two rows of them, and all glittering with attractions, contained everything fascinating to childhood, but chiefly toys. It was like one of the Arabian Nights' bazaars in Bagdad. Throughout the whole year it was an enchantment. Let any one fancy that it was about the New Year, when every child had got its handsel, and every farthing of every handsel was spent there. The Krames was the paradise of childhood.—*Lord Cockburn*.

A GRAND BALANCE.

A minister who, after a hard day's labour, was enjoying a "tea-dinner," kept incessantly praising the ham, and stating that "Mrs Dunlop at hame was as fond o' ham as he was," when the mistress kindly offered to send her the present of one.

"It's unco kin' o' ye, unco kin', but I'll no put ye tae the trouble o' sending it; I'll just tak' it hame on the horse afore me."

When he mounted to leave, the ham was put into a sack, but some difficulty was experienced in getting it to lie properly. His inventive genius soon cut the Gordian-knot, "I think, mistress, a *cheese* in the ither end wad mak' a grand balance." The hint was immediately acted on; and, like another John Gilpin, he moved away with his "balance true."

A FINE VIEW.

Two sharp youths from London, while enjoying themselves among the heather in Argyllshire, met with a decent-looking shepherd upon the top of a hill. They accosted him by re-

marking : "You have a fine view here, friend ; you will see a great way."

"Ou ay, ou ay, a ferry great way."

"Ah ! yôu 'will see America from here?"

"Farther than that," said Donald.

"Ah ! how that?"

"Ou, juist wait till the mists gang awa', an' you'll see the mune !"

A REMARKABLE PREDICTION.

John, second earl of Stathmore and fourth of Kinghorn (who died in 1712) had, by his countess Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, daughter of the second earl of Chesterfield, with two daughters, six sons, the eldest of whom, Patrick and Philip, both Lords Glamis, died young, unmarried, and the other four were earls in succession. Concerning this latter remarkable circumstance, the following traditionary story is related. An old man being in company of the earl, who had his four sons with him, his lordship, in conversation, said—

"Are not these four pretty boys?"

To which the old man replied,

"Yes, but they will be all earls, my lord, all earls."

The earl said, he would be sorry if he were sure that such would be the case.

The old man again affirmed that it would be so, and added,

"God help the poor when Thomas comes to be earl."

This was literally accomplished in the year 1740, when scarcity and dearth threatened famine in the land.—*Scottish Nation.*

"FIGHTING HIS BATTLES O'ER AGAIN."

Ross of Pitcalnie, representative of the ancient and noble family of Ross,

had, like Colquhoun Grant, been out in the Forty-five, and consequently lived on terms of intimate friendship with that gentleman. Pitcalnie, however, had devoted himself rather to the dissipation than to the acquisition of a fortune ; and while Mr Grant lived as a wealthy *writer*, he enjoyed little better than the character of a *broken laird*. This unfortunate Jacobite was one day in great distress for the want of forty pounds, which he could not prevail upon any of his friends to lend to him, all of them being aware of his questionable character as a debtor. At length he informed some of his companions that he believed he should get what he wanted from Colquhoun Grant ; and he instantly proposed to make the attempt. All who heard him laughed at the idea of his squeezing a subsidy from so close-fisted a man, and some even offered to lay bets against its possibility. Mr Ross accepted the bets, and lost no time in applying to his old brother-in-arms, whom he found immured in his chambers, half-a-dozen flights of steps up Gowanlock's land, in the Lawnmarket. The conversation commenced with the regular commonplaces, and for a long time Pitcalnie gave no hint that he was suing *in forma pauperis*. At length he slightly hinted the necessity under which he lay for a trifle of money, and made bold to ask if Mr Grant could help him in a professional way.

"What a pity, Pitcalnie," replied the writer, "you did not apply yesterday ! I lent all the loose money I had just this forenoon. It is, for the present, quite beyond redemption."

"Oh, no matter," said Pitcalnie, and continued the conversation, as if no such request had been preferred. By and by, after some more topics of an ordinary sort had been discussed, he at length introduced the old subject of the Forty-five, upon which both were alike well prepared to speak. A thousand de-

lightful recollections then rushed upon the minds of the two friends, and, in the rising tide of ancient feeling, "all distinction of borrower and lender was soon lost. Pitcalnie watched the time when Grant was fully mellowed by the conversation, to bring in a few compliments upon his (Grant's) own particular achievements. He expatiated upon the bravery which his friend had shown at Preston, where he was the first man to go up to the cannon; on which account he made out that the whole victory, so influential upon the Prince's affairs, was owing to no other than Colquhoun Grant, now writer to the Signet, Gow-anlock's land, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh. He also adverted to the boldness Mr Grant had displayed in chasing a band of recreant dragoons from the field of battle up to the very gates of Edinburgh Castle; and, farther, upon the dexterity which he subsequently displayed in making his escape from the town.

"Bide a wee," said Mr Grant, at this stage of the conversation, "till I gang ben the house." He immediately returned with the sum Pitcalnie wanted, which he said he now recollected having left over for some time in the "shottles" of his private desk. Pitcalnie took the money, continued the conversation for some time longer, and then took an opportunity of departing.

When he came back to his friends, every one eagerly asked, "What success?" "Why, there's the money," said he; "where are my bets?" "Incredible!" every one exclaimed; "how, in the name of wonder, did you get it out of him? Did ye cast glamour in his een?" Pitcalnie explained the plan he had taken with his friend; adding, with an expressive wink, "This forty's made out o' the battle of Preston; but stay a wee, lads; I've Falkirk i' my pouch yet;—by my faith, I wadna gie it for aught!"—*R. Chambers.*

DUNFERMLINE SCANDAL-MONGERS.

1646, 3d May. That day, Robert Shortus and Katherine Hutson, his wyff, being convict before the session of filthie slandering and abominable speeches against some lasses and virginis, viz., Janet Henderson, Katherine Cowan, Helen Nicoll, and Margaret Home, is ordainit, viz., the said Robert to mak his publick repentance therefore before the pulpit, and both he and his wyff to ask of the parties offendit, forgiveness before their awin doores in the street, publickly on their knees. And it is hereby actit and statute that if the said Robert shall be fund hereafter in the lyke fault, or in any other slander against his neighbours (he being of tymes found scandalous before), either in word or deed, that he shall be banished out of the parochie.—*Kirk-Session Records.*

A POETESS ON THE "TRAMP."

Jean Adam (1710-1765), the writer of the popular Scottish song "There's nae luck about the house," is said to have travelled to and from London on foot in order to obtain an interview with her idol, Samuel Richardson, author of "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," &c.

"A SAIR FECHT."

A farmer was at an agricultural dinner where the Duke of Buccleuch was in the chair, where a round of fighting men were being toasted—one giving Wellington, another Graham, a third Lord Hill, and so on. When it came to his turn to name another, he said—

"I'll gie ye Saunders Pirgrieve o' Auchtondean, for he's had a sair *fecht* wi' the world a' his life—an honest man, wi' a big family!"

WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE.

A clergyman, remarkable for the simplicity and force of his style, was one day discoursing on the text, "Unless ye repent, ye shall all perish." Anxious to impress upon his hearers the importance of the solemn truth conveyed in the passage, he made use of a very striking figure.

"Yes, my friends," he emphatically urged, "unless ye repent ye shall all likewise perish,"—placing one of his fingers on the wing of a large fly which alighted on his Bible, and having his right hand uplifted, "just as sure, my friends, as I'll ding the life out o' this blue flee."

Before the blow was struck the fly got off; upon which the minister, at the top of his voice, exclaimed—

"There's a chance for ye yet, my friends!"

WERSH, WERSH!

Kirsty and Jenny, two country lassies, were supping their "parritch" from the same bicker in the harvest-field one morning—

"Hech," said Kirsty to her neighbour, "Jenny, but thae's awfu' wersh parritch!"

"Deed are they," said Jenny, "they are that. D'ye ken what they put me in mind o'? Just o' a kiss frae a body that ye dinna like."

NOR' LOCH TROUTS.

A Nor' Loch trout was formerly a familiar term in Edinburgh for a roast of beef or a leg of mutton. There was a club of citizens who used to meet in a tavern in one of the closes between the High Street and the Nor' Loch. The invitation to join their company was generally thus:—"Will ye gang

and eat a Nor' Loch trout the day?" The reason of the designation is obvious. This was the only species of fish which the North Loch, on which the shambles were situated, could supply.

HOW TO HEAT A CHURCH.

A minister of West Anstruther applied to Sir Robert of that ilk, who was an extensive heritor in the parish, to assist in putting a stove in the church, which, he said, the congregation found very cold.

"Cauld, sir! cauld!" exclaimed Sir Robert; "then warm them with your doctrine, sir. John Knox never asked for a stove in his kirk."

JOHN STRACHAN, FLESH-CADDIE.

September 22, 1791. At Edinburgh, in his 105th year, John Strachan, flesh-caddy. He retained his senses till within a short time of his death, and seldom had a complaint of any kind. He recollected the time when no fleshier would venture to kill any beast, till all the different parts were bespoke, butcher-meat being then a very unsaleable article.—*Scots Mag.*

LITTLE ENOUGH, BOTH WAYS.

A Scotch farmer's wife called to her cow-herd: "Jock, come in to your parritch, or the flees 'ill a' droon in the milk;" to which the urchin roguishly replied—

"There's nae fear; they may wade through't."

His mistress, indignant at this aspersion on her liberality, exclaimed—

"What, ye loon, d'ye say ye dinna get enough?"

"Ou ay," said Jock, "there's aye enough for the parritch."

EPPIE RORIE.

A certain young preacher, who was very anxious to show off his profound learning, was in the habit of using "lang-nebbit" and cramp words in his sermons. On one occasion he was preaching on the existence of God; and making free use of the *à priori* argument, he repeated the italicised words so frequently that they seemed to form the burden of his discourse. After the sermon was over, a wag of a writer, accosting an old woman, whom he knew to be a great theological critic, asked her how she liked the discourse? "Likit the discoorse!" quoth she. "How could ony body like a discoorse whaur mair than half o't was ta'en up wi' Eppie Rorie? What had he to dae yowling sae muckle about her that's been dead and buried twa years come Yule; and a little-worth hizzie she was to mak sic a sang about!"

CIVIC LEGISLATION.

In the year 1559, the town-council of Glasgow enacted, that the best ale sold in the town should not exceed four pennies Scots for the Scots pint, which is one third of a penny sterling for two quarts; that the fourpenny loaf should weigh thirty-two ounces; that a stone of tallow should not be dearer than eight shillings; a peck of horse corn eight pennies; and a pound weight of candles sixpennies, or one halfpenny sterling.—*Cicland*.

ABDUCTING A VOTER.

April 1791. His Majesty has been pleased to grant a free pardon to John Lockerbie, Peter Forest, and James Thorburn, who, in February last, were sentenced by the High Court of Justi-

ciary to be whipped, but which sentence had been hitherto respite, for carrying away William Walls, a counsellor of Lochmaben, previous to the day fixed for electing a member of Parliament.—*Scots Mag.*

A NOTED MOSSTROOPER.

Walter Scott, commonly styled "Auld Wat of Harden," was a renowned freebooter, and used to ride with a numerous band of followers. The spoil which they carried off was concealed in a deep precipitous glen, on the boundary of which the old tower of Harden was situated, in the deep narrow vale of Borthwick water. When the last bullock was devoured a dish was placed on the table, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain nothing but a pair of clean spurs—a hint from the wife that it was time to set off for more cattle. On one occasion when he was returning from a foray, with "a bow of kye and a bassened bull," he passed a very large haystack; but having no means of carrying it away, he was fain to take leave of it with this apostrophe, which became proverbial, "By my conscience, had ye but four feet, ye should not stand lang there!" Wat of Harden took for his first wife, Mary Scott, celebrated as "the Flower of Yarrow." Two songs in her praise bear the names of "Mary Scott," and "The Rose of Yarrow." By their marriage contract, her father, Philip Scott of Dryhope, in Selkirkshire, bound himself to find Harden in horse and man's meat at his tower of Dryhope for a year and a day; and five barons pledged themselves that, at the end of that period, the son-in-law should remove. Harden also agreed to give Dryhope the profits of the first Michaelmas moon. A notary public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names.

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

Lord Cockburn, the proprietor of the estate of Bqnaly, at the foot of the Pentland hills, was sitting on the hillside with a shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he remarked to him, "John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill." "Ah, my lord," said the shepherd, "but if ye was a *sheep* ye would hae mair sense."

ROBBY BELL AND HIS CUDDIE.

Some years bygone, this formerly well-known and singular character was wont to travel in several of the southern counties of Scotland, accompanied by an old and faithful long-eared friend, who bore two enormous panniers, containing Robby's merchandise. This consisted of wooden, pewter, and horn-spoons, needles and thread, pins, two-penny penknives, superb glittering brass rings and brooches, old ballads; in short, the most motley and miscellaneous collection of articles ever offered to the vulgar gaze. These, made up into bundles, Robby used to call his *pingles*. As he and his ass were doucely jogging along, under the genial influence of a fine May morning, the drooping ears of the latter were suddenly and majestically erected at the sound of an astounding braying on the other side of the hedge. In proof that even asses are not devoid of companionable qualities, away brushed the mercantile one through a gap in the hedge, scattering panniers and pingles to the four winds of heaven. Robby, who, with bonnet on head, and hands contemplatively screwed behind his back, had been trudging in the rear, witnessed the behaviour of the brute, and its direful consequences, with feelings of mingled rage and despondency. But previous to trying to regather the unfortunate pingles, prudence suggested

the propriety of catching the delinquent. So unwearied and agile was the plaguy animal in his gambols, that an hour elapsed, and an acre of young wheat was completely trodden under foot, before he was clutched in the grasp of his justly incensed master. Crying with vexation, Robby next proceeded to collect his pingles, lying in heart-breaking confusion over the whole terrene surface; but he had scarcely commenced this agreeable task, when the lord of the manor appeared, and claimed the ass as a stray, or trespasser. Poor Robby, fairly at his wit's end, cried out in a fury—

"It sets ye weel to speak that way o' my *cuddie*, when it was your ain deevil o' a *cuddie's* menseless thrapple brocht him ower. If yours had keepit his confounded cleck to himsel', naether me nor mine wad hae seen you or your wheat, but been five mile farrer on our gate."

"Weel, Robby," said the laird, "a' this passion o' yours will no pay me for my acre o' wheat; but as I believe ye are an honest man, I'll let you gang wi' your bread-winner ('deil be in his feet!' muttered poor Robby), but no before you gie me your word to meet me at the Jeddart court, to answer this trespass, conform to law."

There was no remedy, and the unfortunate vender of pingles was obliged to promise he would do so. When the trying hour arrived, he made his appearance before "the Lords," at the Jedburgh circuit. Robby, it seems, had been in trouble before, and given more than one guinea to counsel without effect. He was now resolved to speak for himself. The prosecutor's charge for asinine delinquency was easily made, when Robby was called upon for his defence. He went on about the two asses in such an unintelligible rigmarole way, that the worthy judges were completely at fault.

"My good man," said Lord G., "I

am most willing to hear what you have to say, but really I do not understand you."

"No understand me!" bellowed the incensed Robby like a furnace; "weel, man, gin you will ha' it, suppose ye were ae ass, an' that man (pointing to Lord H.) another, an' ye were to *bray*, and he were to rin after ye, hoo the deil could I help it?" Then writhing himself a little aside in his vexation, he muttered, "A pair o' hairy, lang-lugged land-loupers *too*, by my faith!" Robby came off victorious.

JOHN BELL'S EPITAPH.

John Bell lived in Annandale, on the Scots side, and is buried in Reid kirkyard. He has a stone 200 years old on him, with this inscription upon it:—

I Jocky Bell o' Braikenbrow, lyes under
this stane,

Five of my awn sons laid it on my
wame;

I liv'd aw my dayes, but sturt or strife,
Was man o' my meat, and master o'
my wife.

If you done better in your time, than I
did in mine,

Take the stane aff my wame, and lay
it on o' thine.

A WELL-MATCHED PAIR.

Lord Hermand's love of children was warm-hearted and unaffected. He always treated them seriously, exactly as if they were grown up. Few old men's speeches are more amiable than his about his grandnephew, who happened to be his partner in a match at bowls. "No wonder that that little fellow and I are such friends; there are just seventy years between us." He was eighty, the boy ten!—*Lord Cockburn*.

TREE-CLOUT SHOON.

Till about a hundred years ago the heels of shoes were made of birch-wood in the south of Scotland. The heel thus put upon them was called the clout, and required to be frequently renewed, and this operation the wearers themselves performed. For this purpose a supply of birch was always kept in their houses. The shoes were called tree-clout shoon.—*Jamieson*.

LORD PRESIDENT HOPE.

I remember the President some years ago, at the special commission for the trials of the rioters of Bonnymuir—a job he did not seem to relish much. To the great consternation of the English functionaries, he began by desiring the prisoners to be allowed seats. Taking some refreshment, after the trial had lasted some hours, and observing the eyes of the prisoners following the morsels, he ordered them beef and bread; and still later in the day, noticing their flushed and anxious faces, he permitted them to retire two and two into the open air. This kindness quite overcame them, and, in passing me, one of them remarked (and I concur heartily in the feeling which dictated the observation), "My God, if they had been a' like that chap, we would not have been here the day."—*Court of Session Garland*.

SOLD AND "SOLD."

Two farmers, in the neighbourhood of Perth, were so fortunate as to have a large stock of hay on hand at a time when that article, from some cause, suddenly rose greatly in price. One of them, hitting the time when the market was at its height, realized so much money that he was able to set up a gig.

and otherwise to improve his style of living. The other, being a man of narrower and more avaricious character, retained his hay on hand, and only railed at the precipitation and extravagance of his neighbour. At length, when he thought it utterly impossible that the markets could rise any higher, he set out for Perth to sell his hay. Jock Kilgour, the man who had already sold out, happened that day to be driving home from Perth in his gig, or, as he called it, his "*charrit*," in company with his sonsy wife Leezie; when, whom should he meet but his neighbour plodding along on his old broken-down gray mare, *serio sed sero*, to market. The latter immediately began to rally Jock, in the most unmerciful manner, about his *bravery* and presumption in setting up an equipage, and even prophesied, with more jealousy than good breeding, that a vehicle of that kind could scarcely lead a farmer anywhere else than to poverty.

"Gang ye awa', my man," cried Jock, "an' tak a ride on your hay-soo; it's fa'n fourpence a stane the day!"

BURNS AND HIS OWN POETRY.

Speaking one day of his own poetry, Burns said—

"I have much to answer for: my success in rhyme has produced a shoal of ill-spawned monsters, who imagine, because they make words clink, that they are poets. It requires a will-o'-wisp to pass over the quicksands and quagmires of the Scottish dialect. I am Spunkie—they follow me, and sink."

A SHEEP'S-EYE VIEW.

A gentleman of Edinburgh, being in love with a lady at Portobello, a sea-bathing village three miles from the capital, used to take walks along with a friend to the top of Arthur's Seat, for

no other purpose than to get a distant peep at the residence of the dear object. This his friend called "Taking a *sheep's-eye view* of Portobello."

A BORDERER.

An English packman called at a farm-house in the Lothians in order to dispose of his wares. The goodwife was startled by his southern accent, and his high talk about York, London, and other large places.

"An' whaur come ye frae yersel'?" was the question of the guidwife.

"Ou! I am from the Border!"

"The Border. Oh! I thocht that; for we aye think the *selridge* is the wakest bit o' the wab!"

PROFIT AND LOSS.

"Well, John," said a minister to one of his hearers, "I hope you hold family worship regularly?"

"Ay, sir," answered John, "in the time o' year o't."

"In the time o' year o't! What do ye mean?"

"Ye ken, sir, we canna see in winter."

"But, John, you should buy candles."

"Ay, sir," replied John, "but, in that case, I'm afraid the cost might overgang the profit."

HIS FIRST VOYAGE.

A man from the far North, who had never seen either ship or sea in his life, had to cross from Kinghorn to Leith on a very stormy day. The vessel rolled greatly, and the poor frightened Highlander ran to the cords, and held them down with his whole vigour, to keep, as he thought, the boat from upsetting.

"For te sake of our lives, shentles,

come and hold town !” he cried ; “ or, if ye will not be helping me, I’ll let you all to the bottom in one moment. And you ploughman there,” he continued, turning to the man at the helm, “ cannot you keep the howe of the furr, and no gang ower the crown of the riggs awaw ? Heich ?”

The steersman laughed at him, and the Highlander becoming irritated, seized a handspike, and knocked him down.

“ Now, laugh you now, you Lowland rogue ?” said he ; “ and you weel deserve it all, for it was you made all the too-hoo, kittling the poatie’s tail with that pin !”

THE ARTIST AND THE PORTER.

Geikie was fond of sketching odd figures and remarkable features in the streets. An amusing story is told of a porter in the Grassmarket of a peculiar appearance in figure and physiognomy, who, aware of his desire to take his likeness, contrived to elude him on all occasions, when he saw him approaching. One crowded market day, however, Geikie, determined to attain his object, followed the doomed porter wherever he went, until, at last, when the market began to thin, the latter lost all patience, and threatened and abused the young artist with great fury, both of words and action. The first were lost on the poor deaf lad, and although there was no mistaking the meaning shake of the angry porter’s fist, he proceeded to the exercise of his pencil with the utmost enthusiasm, but was soon obliged to fly from the scene, pursued by the porter. He took refuge in an open stair. His pursuer halted in the street opposite, and placing his arms behind his back, waited there at his leisure to catch the young artist when he should emerge from his hiding-place. From a window in the

stair Geikie had a perfect view of his subject, and a few touches of his rapid pencil speedily transferred him to his sketch-book. When the porter’s patience was exhausted, he moved slowly away, and thus enabled the imprisoned artist to find his way home, unscathed, with his purpose accomplished. This individual makes a conspicuous figure among the characters to be found in Geikie’s etchings.

THE EARTH’S THEORY.

“ Dinna tell me,” said a sapient Forfarshire laird of the old school, “ dinna tell me that the earth’s shapit like an orange, an’ that it whirls round about ilka twenty-four ’oors. It’s a nonsense. Seidley Hills lie to the north, an’ the Tay to the south, at night when I gang to my bed ; i’ the mornin’ when I rise I find them the same ; an’ that’s gude proof that the earth disna turn round. I’ll tell you what it is—an’ I speak wi’ the authority o’ ane wha’s gi’en the subject a deal o’ thocht—the earth’s spread oot just like a muckle barley-scone, in which the Howe o’ Strathmore represents a knuckle mark.”

WHY THE FRENCH LOST.

During the long French war, as two old women in Stranraer were going to the kirk, the one said to the other—

“ Was it no a wonderfu’ thing that the Breetish were aye victorious ower the French in battle ?”

“ Not a bit,” said the other old wife ; “ dinna ye ken the Breetish aye say their prayers before gaun into battle ?”

“ But didna the French say their prayers as weel ?”

“ Hoot ! jabbering bodies, wha could understan’ them ?”

TRUTH TELLS BEST.

To an accident which befell daft Jamie Fleeman when following his avocation of cow-herd, is to be ascribed the origin of a proverb very current in Buchan: "The truth tells best." Fleeman had, in repelling the invasion of a cornfield by the cattle under his charge, recourse to the unwarrantable and unherd-like expedient of throwing stones. One of his missiles, in an evil moment, broke the leg of a thriving two-year-old. Towards sunset, when the hour of driving the cattle home had arrived, Jamie was lingering by a dyke-side, planning an excuse for the fractured limb of the unfortunate *stot*.

"I'll say," he soliloquised, "that he was loupin' a stank an' fell an' broke his leg. Na! that winna tell! I'll say that the brown stallion gied him a kick and did it. That winna tell either! I'll say that the park yett fell upon't. Na! that winna tell! I'll say—I'll say—what will I say? Od, I'll say that I fang a stane and did it! That'll tell!"

"Ay, ay, Jamie," cried the laird, who had been an unseen listener to this soliloquy; "ay, ay, Jamie, the truth aye tells best!"

A DRY JOB.

Some time ago, an elderly matron, no way famed for her liberality, employed the village mason to make some alterations on her kitchen fire-place. During the operation, John observed several times, "that it was a gey *stougie* job, and that he would not be the worse of something to *synd* it down." The hint was at length reluctantly taken and the bottle brought forward, along with a very small thistle glass, which was filled to a genteel and respectful distance from the brim, and handed to the mason. "Ye'll no be muckle the waur o' that, I'm thinkin', John," said

the lady with a would-be genial smile, when he finished his dram.

"Atweel no, mem," said John, "casting a contemptuous look on the dwarfish glass, "although it had been *vitriol*!"

A MUSICAL HINT.

A certain sheriff-substitute was one of the most facetious members of that order. He had a habit of *crooning*, or whistling in an undertone, some of the more popular Scottish airs while sitting on the bench. A youthful panel was, in his court, found guilty of an act of larceny. After pronouncing a sentence of imprisonment, the sheriff added—

"Take care you don't come here again, young man, or ——," he closed the sentence by humming the tune, "Ower the water to Charlie." This suggestive hint was no doubt readily understood.—*Dr Rogers*.

A HIGHLAND BARGAIN.

In a bargain between two Highlanders, each of them wets the ball of his thumb with his mouth, and then joining them together, it is esteemed a very binding act.—*Burt*.

A REASON WHY.

"How is it, John," said a minister to his man, "that you never go a message for me anywhere in the parish but you contrive to take too much spirits? People don't offer me spirits when I'm making visits in the parish."

"Weel, sir," said John, "I canna precisely explain it, unless on the supposition that I'm a wee bit mair popular wi' some o' the folks maybe than you are."

QUITE AT SEA.

A country woman who had never before been more than five miles from her home among the hills, happened on one rare occasion, to visit a seaport. Observing some of the large vessels with a small boat in tow, she said:—

"Eh ! but it's wonderfu' to see the works o' natur too ; the very ships to ha'e young anes !"

AN HONEST CATECHIST.

Robert Ross, minister of Tain, having a public examination one day, asked an old woman—

"Who made you?"

The old woman being a little deaf, and unwilling to have her ignorance exposed, answered in a whisper, loud enough to be overheard—

"I'll send you a stane o' cheese the morn, sir."

He replied aloud, "Very well answered, Jenny, my woman ; indeed, I wish all my parishioners would say so as readily."

A THRIVING CROP.

One trait in Jamie Fleeman's character was, that he watched every opportunity to annoy those whom he did not like, and often adopted means for this purpose as singular as they were sure. Factors were no favourites with Jamie ; and, indeed, he was strongly prejudiced against the whole fraternity.

One day a proprietor, at whose house Jamie was staying, was walking out with his factor, and showing him a field of hill-land which he had cultivated at considerable expense, but which had proved very unproductive. "I have," said the gentleman, "tried many things in this field, but have succeeded in none, and I know not what to put in it

that would thrive. I should be glad, Mr ———, to have your advice with regard to the matter."

As sometimes happens, the man of business was not very intelligent in any thing with regard to farming but the collection of the rents. Yet, unwilling to be thought ignorant, he put on an air of great consequence, and mused for a time, as if about to give a very sagacious and useful advice. In the meantime, Jamie, who was near, was overheard saying—

"Od, I could tell you what would thrive in't."

"Well, Fleeman," said the laird, "and what might that be?"

"Plant it wi' factors," said the fool ; "they thrive in every place ; but for all that," added he, "deil curse the crap if it be very profitable." Both the laird and the factor were covered with confusion.

HOW TO PLEASE THE LAIRD.

During the reign of the feudal system amongst the Highlanders, the Laird of Grant had condemned one of his followers to be hanged. When Donald came to the gallows, accompanied by Janet his faithful wife, he seemed very reluctant to mount the ladder, and stood a long time below the fatal tree, shrugging his shoulders. "Hoot awa, Donald," said Janet, clapping him on the back, "gang 'up noo, just like a man, and please the laird." Donald could not resist such a powerful motive to obedience, but gallantly sprang to meet the reward of his loyalty.

YOUNG LAIRDS.

The Laird of Logan, of humorous memory, whose property was originally very extensive, was in time necessitated to dispose of a great part of his patri-

monial inheritance. At a meeting of heritors, the propriety of rebuilding the wall of the churchyard being discussed, some of those gentlemen who had recently become portioners of his estate, were of opinion that a certain wall should be repaired, and matters put in more decent order; but the witty and wayward laird, finding that all his rhetoric against the measure was likely to be of no avail, dryly and suggestively replied, "It's weel seen, gentlemen, ye are but young lairds; or ye would ken that it's time enough to mend dykes when the tenants complain."

CAPTAIN M'TAVISH'S JOKE.

Donald M'Tavish, commander of the Mull boat, was a fair specimen of his shrewd and jovial brotherhood who, in common with all captains of river boats, are fond of a joke.

On one occasion, being annoyed by the ignorant and constant inquisitiveness of a Cockney tourist, he took his revenge very quietly. The young swell was anxious to know if any of the old Highland caterans, cattle-raiders, and lifters of black-mail, were still in existence.

"Na, sir," replied M'Tavish, with a wink aside, "the last o' the squad was transported for life some time since."

"Ay," interpolated the inquirer, anxiously, "Indeed! for what?"

"For picking the locks o' the Crinan Canal!"

A NEW OPINION OF ADAM.

There must have been some curious specimens of humour brought out at the ministerial examinations of the flock before the administration of the sacrament. Thus, with reference to human nature before the fall, a farm-servant was asked—

"What kind of a man was Adam?"

"Oh, just like ither folk."

The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for a further explanation.

"Weel," said the catechumen, "he was just like Joe Simpson, the horse couper."

"How so?" asked the minister.

"Weel, sir, just this way—nobody got onything by him, and mony lost."

AN HONEST WITNESS.

A minister in Aberdeenshire paid his devotions so often and so freely to the shrine of the jolly god, that the Presbytery could no longer overlook his proceedings, and summoned him before them to answer for his conduct. One of his elders, and a constant companion in his social hours, was cited as a witness against him.

"Well, John, did you ever see Mr C—— the worse for drink?"

"Weel a wat no; I've mony a time seen him to be the better o't, but I never saw him the waur o't."

"But did you ever see him drunk?"

"That's what I'll ne'er see; for lang or he's half-slocken'd, I'm aye blind fu'."

MAKING A BARGAIN.

"Have you ony letter for her nainsel' ta day?" asked an uncouth and newly-caught Highlander, as he entered a small post-office in the north.

"And who may her nainsel' be?" said the man of letters, shuffling over his little store of epistles, and imitating the phraseology of the querist.

"Ou ay, her name, you'll be askin' her name; weel, weel, since ye maun ken, its just Tonald M'Leod and nae mair," rejoined the Celt.

"M'Leod, M'Leod," repeated the

postmaster; "exactly so, here's a letter to Mr Donald M'Leod, son to Mr Hector M'Leod, gamekeeper to the laird of Clairnabrechan, and sixth cousin to the laird's ain wife," &c. &c. "Exactly so," added he, "all right; tenpence half-penny postage." At this request the Highlander shrugged up his shoulders, and, taking a monstrous pinch from a horn-mull which he grasped in his sinister paw, asked, "If he widna tak eightpence ha'penny for her and be deen we't!"

"Toot, toot," said the postmaster, "you're a fool, you're a fool; down with your money."

"Na faise, I ken better nor that," said the economical Donald, "I will just give you ninepence for her, and not a bodle more, and it's too much too." The postmaster was contumacious, and Donald equally so; so that, in all probability, the letter directed to the son of the gamekeeper of the Laird of Clairnabrechan was returned to head-quarters to be *interred* in the *dead* letter office.

FOLLOWING A FOOL'S ADVICE.

The Laird of Waterton, it is told, was held by Jamie Fleeman in especial aversion. One day, when the "feel" was lolling on a bank of the Ythan, basking himself in the sun, he was hailed from the other side of the water by the laird, who asked him where was the best ford. The malicious knave directed the laird to the deepest pool in the river, and, in attempting to cross it, he narrowly escaped drowning. When he arrived, sorely drenched, on the other side, he made up to Fleeman, and, in a voice hoarse with passion and cold water, accused the poor fool of a design to drown him. "Gosh be here, laird!" said he, "I've seen the geese and the dyeucks hunners o' times crossin' there; and I'm sure your horse has langer legs than the dyeucks or the geese either."

THE DEVIL'S CRADLE.

In a church not far north of Aberdeen, one of the members was in the habit of sleeping every Sabbath during the sermon. One day, however, the quietness and gravity of the church were fairly upset by the sleeper losing his equilibrium, and falling bump right on his head in the passage. The minister, who was an eccentric and quaint plain-spoken old man, stopped short in his sermon, and, addressing himself to the now wide-awake member, said, "John, ye've gotten mony a soun' sleep in the devil's cradle, but he has fairly coupit it on ye the day."

AN UNADMIRABLE WIFE.

An Aberdeenshire laird, who kept a very good poultry-yard, strangely enough could not command a fresh egg for his breakfast, and felt much aggrieved by the want. One day, however, he met his grieve's wife going towards the market, and, very suspiciously, with a nice basket. On passing and speaking a word, he discovered the basket was full of beautiful white eggs. Next time he talked with his grieve, he said to him—

"James, I like you very well, and I think you serve me faithfully, but I cannot say I admire your wife." To which the cool reply was—

"O deed, sir, I'm no surpris'd at that, for I dinna muckle admire her mysel'."

AN EVIL CUSTOM HAPPILY MET.

Shortly after the accession of James I., when Scotch gentlemen were beginning to feel at home in London, Lord Harewood gave a dinner party, to which were invited a large number of courtiers and officers, both civil and military. After the bottle had circulated freely,

and the spirits of the assembly had begun to rise, General S——, an English trooper of fame, and a reckless *bon vivant*, rose and said—

"Gentlemen, when I am in my cups, and the generous wine begins to warm my blood, I have an absurd custom of railing against the Scotch. Knowing my weakness, I hope no gentleman in the company will take it amiss." He sat down, and a Highland chief, Sir Robert Blackie of Blair Atholl, presenting a front like an old battle-worn tower, quietly rose in his place, and with the utmost simplicity and good-nature, remarked—

"Gentlemen, when I am in my cups, and the generous wine begins to warm my blood, if I hear a man rail against the Scotch, I have an absurd custom of kicking him at once out of the company. Knowing my weakness, I hope no gentleman will take it amiss." General S——did not on that occasion suffer himself to follow his usual custom.

SCOTTISH JUDGES FORTY YEARS AGO.

The Judges present were Boyle (the Justice-Clerk), and Lords Robertson, Bannatyne, and Craigie. After the usual wrangle at the Bar, the Court began to decide a commonplace cause. Glenlee, then about threescore and ten, had just commenced, when Clerk, who was counsel for one of the parties, rose, plainly to say something more, but in a way perfectly inoffensive, and though irregular not very unusual. Glenlee, contrary to his usual patience and good-breeding, instantly said—

"Na, Mr Clerk. I'm not to be interrupted. That's *really impertinent*."

Clerk was in a blaze in a moment. "Impertinent!! *I wish you would say that anywhere else.*"

Glenlee, famous once at the small sword, and a thorough gentleman, instead of shrinking behind his gown,

fired up too, and answered—"I'll say it *wherever you like!*"

The Bar, and the audience, and the Bench were dumbfounded. At last the head of the Court (Boyle) broke in, and declared that a gross impropriety had been committed, and that nothing could be done till Mr Clerk made an ample apology. Most people in the Court thought the apology ought rather to have been required from Glenlee. However, since it was imperatively ordered to be made by Clerk, I trembled for the result, for I expected him to repeat the defiance. But the instinct that never failed to come to his aid in every professional peril saved him. He kept his own, and gave the Lord worse than he had yet got.

"My Lord," said he, in a calm, firm, resolute style, "I'll make *no* apology!"

This produced another united order from all the Judges.

"Very well, my Lords," said Clerk, with a soft, sly sneer, "*since your Lordships will have it*, I'll make an apology!" But it shall be an apology *to the Court*. For I'll make no apology to *my Lord Glenlee!*"—(these last words with contemptuous burr.)

This made bad worse; and there was a more positive order for an instant apology "*to Lord Glenlee.*" Then came the triumph of Clerk's skill. Drawing himself up, full length, on his sound leg, and surveying them all, as a terrier does a rat that he means to worry at a bite, calmly and scornfully, and with a half-smiling leer at what he knew he was going to do, he said, steadily and coolly—

"Very well, my Lords, *since your Lordships insist upon't*, I now make an apology to Lord Glenlee, IN RESPECT OF YOUR LORDSHIPS' COMMANDS!!"

These last words were spoken with the utmost scorn—as much as to say, what the better are ye of that, my Lord?—*Lord Cockburn's Journal.*

A HEALTHY FAMILY.

John Gordon, who died near Turiff, Banffshire, some time ago, attained the remarkable age of a hundred and thirty-two years. All the travellers who chanced to call at the neighbouring inn of Turiff, were uniformly directed by the landlady, Mrs Wallace, to the cottage of the patriarch, where they would see, she used to say, the oldest man in Banffshire—"ay, or in the world." Among the visitors one day about the close of harvest, was a young Englishman, who, coming up to the door of the cottage, accosted a venerable-looking man employed in knitting hose, with—

"So, my old friend, can you see to knit at your advanced period of life? one hundred and thirty-two is truly a rare age!"

"Deil's i' the man, it will be my grandfather ye're seeking—I'm only seventy-three—ye'll find him round the corner o' the louse."

On turning round the corner, the stranger encountered a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks bore testimony to his having long passed the meridian of life, and whom the stranger at once concluded to be John Gordon himself.

"You seem* wonderfully fresh, my good sir, for so old a man. I doubt not but you have experienced many vicissitudes in the course of your very long life."

"What's your wull, sir?" inquired the person addressed, whose sense of hearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated.

"Oh, ye'll be wanting *my father*, I reckon—he's i' the yard there." The stranger now entered the garden, where he at last found the venerable old man busily employed in digging potatoes, and humming the ballad of the Battle of Harlaw. "I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I suc-

sively encountered your grandson and son, both of whom I mistook for you: indeed they seem as old as yourself. Your labour is rather hard for one at your advanced age."

"It is," replied John, "but I'm thankful that I'm able for't, as the *laddies*, puir things, are no verra stout now."

The united ages of the worthy trio amounted to upwards of *three hundred years!*

A PHYSICIAN'S APOLOGY.

A medical practitioner, not quite so celebrated as Galen, undertook to cure a person of deafness, with which he was sadly afflicted. One lotion after another had been prescribed, but still the patient was shut out from hearing from his fellow-man.

"I've just cam' ance mair to ye, doctor," said his wife, "to see if ye can gie John something better, for the last bottle ye gied him did him nae gude ava."

"Dear me," said the doctor, "did it no? I'm surprised at that; but it matters little, for there's naething gaun the noo worth the hearing."

THE USE OF A BELL-ROPE.

A clergyman who read sermons beautifully, but was a poor hand at extemporary preaching, on a Saturday before the communion made an effort in the latter line by attempting to give the substance of a sermon he had heard that day preached by a friend. After proceeding a few sentences, however, he fairly came to a standstill. After gaping for a considerable time, he at length stammered out, "The bell will begin to ring to-morrow at eleven o'clock;" and announced the concluding psalm.

A wag sitting beneath whispered to

his neighbours, "Od, if he hadna got haud o' the bell-raip, he wad hae fa'n, as sure's ocht."

AN UNFORTUNATE TAILOR.

In the days of that infernal persecution of the innocent and independent covenanters, tailors had the clothes of both males and females to make among the common folks. There were no mantuamakers concerned with the rural natives in these times, and the women had a fashion of having pieces of lead about different points of their dresses, to make these points gravitate, in what was then considered the *bon mode*; so the sons of the "thimble" were obliged to have always plenty of this metal about them, that they might go on with their trade, and supply their customers.

One of these tailors fell unfortunately into the hands of a party of Grier(son) o' Lagg's men, as he was going to one of his houses to work, and these blood-suckers finding lead in the pockets of the poor fellow, they instantly charged him that he was going to cast bullets with it.

In vain did the lad deny the charge, and still in vain did he implore them to mercy; then and there they bound a napkin to his eyes, and shot him through the heart. — *MacIaggart*.

A WORD TO WOULD-BE POETS.

Dr Jamieson, the Scottish lexicographer, was a little vain of his literary reputation, and, like many others who know not where their great strength lies, thought himself gifted with an intellectual ability to do everything. He published a poem entitled "Eternity." This poem, soon after publication, became the subject of conversa-

tional remark at a party where the doctor was present, and a lady was asked her opinion of it.

"It's a bonny poem," said she; "and it's weel named 'Eternity,' for it will ne'er be read in Time!"

THE TOWN PIPER OF FALKIRK.

"Once upon a time" the town piper of Falkirk was sentenced to be hanged for horse stealing. On the night before his execution he obtained as an indulgence the company of some of his brother pipers; and as the liquor was abundant, and their instruments in tune, the noise and fun grew "fast and furious." The execution was to be at eight o'clock in the morning. The poor piper, in the midst of his revelry, was recalled to a sense of his situation by the morning light dawning on the window. He suddenly silenced his pipe, and exclaimed—

"Oh, but that wearyfu' hangin' rings in my lug like a new tune."

A TRUE STORY, IF NOT OTHERWISE.

A Scotsman who had accidentally fallen over a six-storey window in Edinburgh, in his descent observed a friend looking out of a third-storey window and exclaimed contemptively, "Eh man, Sandy, sic a fa' as I'm gaun to hae!"

Three or four clothes poles sticking out from several windows, however, acted as buffers and broke his fall, and, to the surprise of every one, he was found on the ground below coolly rubbing the dust off his coat tails, and ruefully saying—

"Deil tak thae heigh hooses; od, a body's life's no safe gin they happen to mistak the window for the door!"

VERY GRAVE DIGGING.

Geordie Girdwood, the ancient grave-digger of the Greyfriars' churchyard, was a remarkable member of his fraternity. He was an uncommonly drunken-looking, withered, little old man, with sore eyes. It was said of him, by the common people of Edinburgh, that he had, in the course of his professional duties, turned over the churchyard seven times. He died at an advanced age. Like Blair's sexton, he had a great turn for wit; but, unfortunately, his conversation smelt woefully of the shop, and that smell was not the most pleasing possible. A friend one day made up to him as he was digging a grave, and found him contemplating a skull, which he had just unearthed, and was holding in his hand. Knowing that Geordie was quite as well acquainted with the faces of the dead as he was with the living population of the parish of Greyfriars, the intruder asked him "who that had been."

"Ah! man," quoth Geordie; "this was the great preacher, Dr ———, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. He was weel kenn'd to be a queer minister in his day. He could drink glass for glass wi' a big dinner party, till they were a' aneath the table but himsel'; and he would then gang into another room, call for the servants of the house, and give them a discourse, as well as if he had never tasted a drop. Ah, he's been lang dead and gane noo! Od, I believe, I've haen him sax times in my hands since I pat him first aneath the yirth! Deil care how mony mae times I may hae him to turn ower yet!"

EPITAPH ON SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON OF WHYTTLAW, LORD JUSTICE-CLERK.

Stand, passenger, and pass not by,
Till that ye know who here doth lye.
A Lord he was, some time ago deceast,
Abhorer of King, Prophet, and of Priest,

And of Archbishops, Bishops, and their
kynd;
Brawler of men who were not of his
mynd.
His means were still his God, his dog,
his child,
His wife the Dalilah who him beguiled;
His Scripture creed, and his new Gospel
light,
Were all confined into his claim of
right;
For which he's damned, and his body
rotten;
He's mocked by the age, and his prac-
tiques forgotten.

Court of Session Garland.

AN EXPERT ENGINEER.

1319. There was in the service of the Scots one John Crab, a Fleming, esteemed a most expert engineer. He constructed a moveable crane, whereby stones of a great weight might be raised on high, and then let fall upon the enemy.—*Dahymple.*

THE PULPIT AND THE AGE.

The notion that the pulpit is getting 'behind the age has long obtained considerable currency; and a young popular preacher, at Newmilns, one Sunday dauntlessly homologated the sentiment. One day afterwards, one of his hearers, a lady well advanced in years, while expressing her admiration of his sermon, thought she had observed one blemish in it, as every sun has its spots, and that was in his saying that the pulpit was behind the age.

"Indeed," said she, "he micht hae luttin the poopit alane for ae day, it micht he. And really naeboddy could wi' ony grace say the poopit was abint the age, for its nearly a split new ane, it is't, and, cover't wi' braw red claith, micht please the best gentry in the kintra, it micht it."

Upon being shown that the meaning was that ministers were not keeping up in learning with other classes, and not so far before their congregations as they should be, she replied—

"That may be no—that may be ay; but as the ministers in my young days wad say among themself's, in a kin' o' a joking way, they sood joost 'draw up t'er breeks;' tho' as wurrin the maist o' the young men noo are like as monie spinnles, it ir'ra, an' hae nae hainches to haud up breeks, it hinna they, an' maun tie them up wi' strings an' rhynies. But as oor young lad said—an' I see the drift o't tae—they sood, as he weel said, joost 'buckle up their sleeves' an' luk wark like, it sood they; for atweel, there plenty o' need for't baith here an' a' whaurs, it ir'ra."

THE PLAGUE IN SCOTLAND.

1361. The plague broke out again in Scotland, with redoubled violence, and continued its ravages through this year. It was computed, that one-third of the people perished in this great calamity; among them were many persons of distinction. The Earl of Angus died in his prison at Dumbarton, and some of the hostages died in England.

-Dalrymple.

SHORT TEXTS.

Ashrewd but homely Scottish matron, in speaking of preachers, said she "had nae great brew of the minister that had a lang screed of the Bible for a text; for she aye noticed that ae man's work was but little seen on a big job."

A SETTLER.

An English tourist met with a Scots lassie going barefoot towards Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to

know if all the people in this part go barefooted?"

"Part o' them do, and the rest mind their own business," was the rather sharp reply.

THE BURGH-MUIR.

In 1504 the Borough-Muir, to the south of Edinburgh, was so overgrown with wood that the Town Council allowed the inhabitants to extend their houses seven feet forward into the street to get the wood disposed of, and this accounts for the wooden fronts still presented by some of the old houses in the High Street and closes adjoining.—*Anderson.*

AN EXECUTION IN 1600.

June 16. Robert Weir broken on a cart wheel, with ane coultter of a plough in the hand of the hangman, for murdering of the Guidman of Warriston.

WORK AFTER DEATH.

In a village in Aberdeenshire, where it was believed that the ghost of the person last buried kept the gate of the churchyard till relieved by the next victim of death, a singular scene frequently occurred when two burials were to take place in one churchyard on the same day. Both parties staggered forward as fast as possible to consign their respective friend in the first place to the dust. If they met at the gate, the dead were thrown down, till the living decided by blows whose ghost should be condemned to porter it.—*Stat. Account.*

THE "TAIL" OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

"Ah!" said Evan Dhu, "if you Saxon Duinhe-wassel (English gentle-

men) saw but the chief with his tail on !”

“With his tail on ?” echoed Edward, in some surprise.

“Yes ; that is, with all his usual followers, when he visits those of the same rank. There is,” he continued, stopping and drawing himself proudly up, while he counted upon his fingers the several officers of his chief’s retinue — “there is his *hanchman*, or right-hand man ; then his *bàrd*, or poet ; then his *bladier*, or orator, to make harangues to the great folks he visits ; then his *gilly-more*, or armour-bearer, to carry his sword and target, and his gun ; then his *gilly-casfiuch*, who carries him on his back through the sikes and brooks ; then his *gilly-comstrian*, to lead his horse by the bridle in steep and difficult paths ; then his *gilly-trush-harnish*, to carry his knapsack ; and the piper and the piper’s man ; and it may be a dozen young lads beside, that have no business, but are just boys of the belt, to follow the laird, and do his honour’s bidding.”

“And does your chief regularly maintain all these men ?” demanded Waverley.

“All these ?” replied Evan ; “ay, and many a fair head beside, that would not ken where to lay itself, but for the mickle barn at Glennaquoich.” — *Waverley*.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

Sir James Carvet, a Popish priest, being taken up for reading Mass in the Cowgate, contrary to an Act of Parliament ; the Edinburghers arrayed him in his sacerdotal habiliments, and fixing a chalice in his hand, mounted him upon, and tied him to the Market Cross, where, for the first time, he was exposed for the space of an hour ; during which he was severely pelted by the populace with rotten eggs. Never-

theless, he was the day after tried for the said offence, and the penalty, which was capital, converted into his being re-exposed on the Market Cross ; where, instead of an hour, as at first, was sentenced to stand four, attended by the hangman ; and the mob being very great, was more severely handled than at first. — *Maitland*.

THE KING’S BISHOP.

1317. The English invaded Scotland by sea, and anchored off Inverkeithing in the Frith of Forth.

Five hundred men, under the command of the Earl of Fife and the Sheriff of that county, attempted to oppose their landing ; but intimidated by the numbers of the English, they made a precipitate retreat. William Sinclair, bishop of Dunkeld, happened to meet the fugitives : “Whither are you flying ?” said he to the commanders ; “you deserve to have your gilt spurs hacked off.” Then throwing aside his ecclesiastical vestment, he seized a spear, and cried —

“Who loves Scotland, follow me !” He led the Scots again to the charge, and impetuously attacked the enemy, who had not completed their landing. The English gave way, and were driven to their ships with considerable loss. When the king heard of the intrepidity of this prelate, he said, “Sinclair shall be my bishop.” Under the appellation of *the King’s Bishop*, Sinclair was long remembered by his countrymen. — *Darvymple*.

A SELF-RIGHTEOUS SECEDER.

A tailor, who was a member of the Secession Church at Dunbarrow, parish of Dunnichen, where he had long resided, having occasion to remove with his family to a place considerably dis-

tant, where he was little known, and where there were but few Seceders, was, some time after his removal, kindly waited on by his former minister, who inquired, among other things, how he was finding work in his new situation.

"On, 'deed, sir," said the tailor, gravely, "I canna be enough thankfu': I'm doin' verra weel for wark here. I sew to a' our ain folk, an' to some o' the civillest o' the profane."

SCOTLAND AT THE BEGINNING OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

Lady Minto, writing from Edinburgh, February 21, 1802, says, "This country has arrived at the true pitch of comfort and happiness. The people are full of information, are natural, unassuming, and social, but with a great mixture of occupation. People meet together to be pleased, cheerful, and easy; even the Scotch pride has its uses by putting the poor often on an equal footing with the rich. A Douglas or a Scott would consider himself on a par with persons of the highest title and rank; their education is equally good, their society the same, their spirit and love of their country possibly much greater. Almost every family can boast of heroes in some generation, which excites emulation; and nothing is so uncommon as to see idle men and listless manners. All is energy, and every one has some object in view to exercise his faculties and talents. I must say, at the present time, I think the race very superior to the English, who are too far gone in luxury and dissipation to be agreeable or happy. Morals here are certainly very good, and yet the manners are much more free, and one scarcely ever meets with affectation and airs. People meet like friends, and not with a cold bow and a distant curtsey."

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

In an old Lanarkshire kirk, long ago, the minister was accustomed, in connection with the "occasion" or communion, to enumerate in detail different classes of offenders. Lady Betty, an elderly spinster, sat erect in her family pew, and in the pew next to hers sat a certain old bachelor laird, with whom she was on intimate terms. When the minister made mention of "card players and gamblers," the laird used politely but wickedly to offer his snuff-box across to Lady Betty, hoping that "her ladyship was hearin'." Then, when the minister, in due course, came to "profane swearers," &c., Lady Betty quietly bent over, and, tapping the laird with her fan on the shoulder, said, "Ye're no sleepin', laird, I hope?"

AN INDIRECT CURE.

1308. The Earl of Buchan, with Moubray, an English commander, assembled a numerous body of troops, eager to efface a dishonour of the former year. Not far from Inverury, in Aberdeenshire, the armies met. Bruce requested that he might be lifted from his couch, and placed on horseback. Too feeble to support himself, he was held up on each side. He led on his companions, charged and discomfited the enemy, and pursued them for many miles with great slaughter. It is a traditionary report, that, by the agitation of his spirits on that day, he was restored to health. "The insults of those men," said he, "have wrought my cure."—*Dairymple*.

A SCOTTISH VICAR OF BRAY.

In Ruthwell churchyard is an inscription in memory of Mr Gawin Young, and Jean Stewart, his spouse. He was

ordained minister in 1617, when the church was presbyterian: soon after James VI. established a moderate sort of episcopacy. In 1638, the famous league and covenant took place: the bishops were deposed, and their power abolished: presbytery then flourished in the fulness of acrimony. Sectaries of all kinds invaded the church in Cromwell's time, all equally hating, persecuting, and being persecuted in their turns. In 1660, on the Restoration, episcopacy arrived at its plenitude of power, and presbyterianism was expelled; and that sect which in their prosperity showed no mercy now met with retributory vengeance. Mr Young maintained his post amidst all these changes, and, what is much to his honour, supported his character; was respected by all parties for his moderation and learning; lived a tranquil life; and died in peace, after enjoying his cure fifty-four years.

The epitaph on him, his wife, and family, merits preservation, if but to show the number of his children—

Far from our own, amidst our own
we ly;
Of our dear Bairns, thirty and one us
by.

ANAGRAM.

*Gavinus junius
Unius agni usui
Jean Steuart
a true saint
a true saint I live it, so I die it,
tho men saw no, my God did see it.*
Pennant.

ROBBERIES IN EDINBURGH.

1554. The frequent robberies and disorders committed in the streets of Edinburgh by night, occasioned the council to order lanterns or bowets to be hung out in the streets and closes, by such persons, and in such places as the magistrates should appoint, to con-

tinue burning for the space of four hours, viz., from five o'clock in the evening till nine; which was judged a proper time for people to repair to their respective habitations.—*Maitland.*

CHICKENS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Of all those ill-fated creatures that creep about a Highland inn, whose lives are short and precarious, there are none more precarious than those hordes of chickens of all sizes and denominations that are collected for the sustentation and consumption of hungry tourists. Unconscious of their fate, a dozen of these creatures will have their necks pulled, their bodies divested of their feathers, placed on a gridiron, and in less than one hour presented smoking as a *bon bouche* for the luxurious sons and daughters of the British plains.—*Stewart Grant.*

KING JAMES' "JOCKTELEG."

The word "jockteleg," which is still Scotch for a clasp-knife, was of unknown etymology till a knife was found with the inscription "Jacques de Liege," who was a famous cutler, and supplied Scotland with clasp knives. It is said of James VI. that, to puzzle his courtiers in England, he one day said to his stable boy, "Callan, hae, there's thretty pennies; gae wa and buy me a jockteleg; an' gin ye bide, I'll gang to the kipples o' the house, and tak a caber and reesle your riggin wi't."

A HIGHLAND EPITAPH.

There is something singularly beautiful and affecting in the following epitaph, which an old newspaper represents as translated from one in the parish church of Glenorchy, in Argyleshire:—

"Lo, she lies here in the dust, and her memory fills me with grief; silent is the tongue of Melody, and the hand of Elegance is now at rest. No more shall the poor give thee his blessing, nor shall the naked be warmed with the fleece of thy flock; the tear shalt thou not wipe away from the eye of the wretched. Where now, O feeble, is thy wonted help? No more, my Fair, shall we meet thee in the social hall; no more shall we sit at thy hospitable board. Gone for ever is the sound of mirth; the kind, the candid, the meek, is now no more. Who can express our grief! Flow, ye tears of woe!"

EDINBURGH IN 1612.

1612. Edinburgh, the special and head burgh in Scotland, chief justice seat of the realme, strongly builded with stone. The most part of the houses are five, six, or seven stories high, wherein is a goodly universitie, flourishing in all sciences for instruction of the youth, fortified on the west with a most strong castle, builded upon a high rocke, kept by the king's capitaines, which castle commands the said burgh, called of old the Maiden Castle, founded by Cruthneus Camelon, the first king of Picts, before the birth of our Saviour, 330 yeres, circuit upon the east, south, and west with a stone wall, and upon the north strengthened with a loch.—*Monimenta.*

BLACK-MAIL.

"And what is black-mail?"

"A sort of protection-money that low-country gentlemen and heritors, near the Highlands, pay to some land chief, that he may neither do them harm himself, nor suffer it to be done to them by others; and then, if your cattle are stolen, you have only to

send him word, and he will recover them; or, it may be, he will drive away cows from some distant place, where he has a quarrel, and give them to you to make up your loss.—*Waverley.*

LINLITHGOW CASTLE.

In the county of Linlithgow there is an eminence called Binnie Crag, which rises to the height of about four hundred and fifty feet. In 1307, during the wars of independence under Robert the Bruce, a peasant named Binny, styled the William Tell of Scotland, by a successful stratagem, obtained possession of the Castle of Linlithgow, which was held by an English garrison under Peter Lubard. This daring exploit is thus related by Tytler in his History of Scotland: "Binny, who was known to the garrison, and had been employed in leading hay into the fort, communicated his design to a party of Scottish soldiers, whom he stationed in ambush near the gate. In his large wain he contrived to conceal eight armed men, covered with a load of hay; a servant drove the oxen, and Binny himself walked carelessly at his side. When the portcullis was raised, and the wain stood in the middle of the gateway, interposing a complete barrier to its descent, the driver cut the ropes which harnessed the oxen; upon which signal the armed men suddenly leapt from the cart, the soldiers in ambush rushed in, and so complete was the surprise that with little resistance the garrison were put to the sword, and the place taken." According to tradition, six of the armed men concealed in the wain were Binny's sons. Bruce rewarded the brave peasant with a grant of the lands of Easter Binning, and his descendants long survived, bearing in their coat of arms a hay wain, with the motto, "*virtute doloque.*"

SCOTS MONEY IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

The money in circulation in Scotland in the 12th century appears to have been of silver only. Indeed, down to the reign of Robert the Second, the gold coinage of England, then current in Scotland, seems to have been the only gold money in use. Of the early silver money of Scotland, the most ancient specimens yet found are the pennies of Alexander the First, which are now extremely rare. They are described as being of the same firmness, weight, and form as the contemporary English coins of the same denomination, and down to the time of Robert the First, the money of Scotland was precisely of the same value and standard as that of England.

SCOTCH "WUT."

An English gentleman recently arrived at a hotel in the North of Scotland late in the afternoon, and asked the waitress to get him something to eat.

"What will you have, sir?"

"Roast goose and peas, if you have it."

"Goose! then you maun gang on the spit yoursel', sir," said the smiling attendant, as she left the apartment.

A CURLING LORD.

During the curling season the landowners, yeomanry, and athletic males of the country side meet on "the roaring rink." A former Earl of Eglinton was an enthusiastic curler, and when the ice was keen was seldom absent from the meetings of his club on the Kilwinning curling-pond. Con, a farmer and innkeeper, was director of the earl's party. When his lordship's curling-stone was moving in the right direc-

tion, Con would exclaim, besom over-head—

"Come on, Eglinton, my boy; I like ye, come on."

If the stone made a decided hit, he would add, "Man, lord, that's grand."

When the stone missed, he would, unable to restrain himself, call out, "Dag on't, Eglinton, ye've spoilt a'."

A ROYAL COMPLIMENT.

Sir Gideon Murray, ancestor of Lord Elibank, held the office of treasurer-depute of Scotland under King James the Sixth, with whom he was a great favourite. Once, when upon a visit to the king at London, happening to drop his glove in the bed-chamber, and no other person being present, James, though old and stiff, stooped and lifted it up, saying, "My predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, thought she did a favour to any man who was speaking with her, when she let her glove fall, that he might take it up and give it to her again; but, sir, you may say that a king lifted up your glove."—*R. Chambers.*

A NEST-EGG.

An old maid, who kept house in a thriving weaving village, was much pestered by the young knights of the shuttle constantly entrapping her serving-women into the willing noose of matrimony. This, for various reasons, was not to be tolerated. She accordingly hired a woman sufficiently ripe in years, and of a complexion that the weather would not spoil. On going with her, the first day after the term, to "make her markets," they were met by a group of strapping young weavers, who were anxious to get a peep at the "laddy's new lass." One of them, looking more eagerly into the face of the favoured handmaid than the rest,

and then at her mistress, could not help involuntarily exclaiming, "Hech, mistress, ye've gotten a nest-egg noo!"

FIRES IN SCOTLAND.

1244. About this time Haddington, Rokesburgh, Lanerk, Stirling, Perth, Forfar, Montrose, and Aberdeen, were consumed by accidental fire.—*Dalrymple*.

A PLAIN SPOKEN MINISTER.

The minister of a rural parish having, in a season of protracted drought, neglected, as his hearers thought, to pray for rain, was waited upon by a deputation to remonstrate with him on the omission.

"Weel a weel," he replied, after hearing what they had to say, "I'll pray for't to please ye; but the feint a drap ye'll get till the change o' the moon!"

GRETN A GREEN MARRIAGES.

At a little distance from the bridge over the Sark, stop at the little village of Gretna, the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits; here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job to a dram of whisky; but the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postilions from Carlisle, who are in the pay of one or other of the above worthies; but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. If the pursuit of friends proves very hot, and there is not time for the ceremony, the frightened pair are advised to slip into bed; are shown to the pursuers, who, imagin-

ing that they are irrecoverably united, generally retire and leave them.

This place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place, a sort of landmark for fugitive lovers. As I had a great desire to see the high-priest, by stratagem I succeeded; he appeared in the form of a fisherman—a stout fellow, in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chops a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast: we questioned him about his price; which, after eyeing us attentively, he left to our honour. The Church of Scotland do what they can to prevent these clandestine matches, but in vain, for these infamous couplers despise the fulmination of the kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict.—*Pennant*.

A BOLD ANSWER.

The brave Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh, having rescued Kinmonth Willie, the celebrated reiver, from his place of confinement at Carlisle, was summoned by Elizabeth, to answer for his misdeed at her court. On being introduced to the presence of her majesty, she upbraided him with great bitterness, and concluded by saying, that she wondered how he dared to do what he had done. "Madam," said the high-spirited borderer, turning away from her with contempt, "what is there that a man dare not do?"

PUNISHMENT OF A SUICIDE.

1600. Feby. 20. Thomas Dobbie drowned himself in the Quarry Holes, besyde the Abbey; and upon the morn he was harilt through the town backward, and thereafter haagit on the gallows.

BURNS : A CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

The following brief but discriminative criticism on the poems of Burns appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, October 1786, immediately after the "Edinburgh," or second, edition of the work was published :—

The author is indeed a striking example of native genius bursting through the obscurities of poverty and the obstructions of laborious life. He is said to be a common ploughman ; and when we consider him in this light, we cannot help regretting that wayward fate had not placed him in a more favoured situation. Those who view with the severity of lettered criticism, and judge by the fastidious rules of art, will discover that he has not the Doric simplicity of Ramsay, nor the brilliant imagination of Ferguson ; but to those who admire the exertions of untutored fancy, and are blind to many faults for the sake of numberless beauties, his poems will afford singular gratification. His observations on human characters are acute and sagacious, and his descriptions are lively and just. Of rustic pleasantries he has a rich fund ; and some of his softer scenes are touched with inimitable delicacy. He seems to be a boon companion, and often startles us with a dash of libertinism which will keep some readers at a distance. Some of his subjects are serious, but those of the humorous kind are the best.

BOTH RIGHT.

A worthy old Ayrshire farmer had the portraits of himself and his wife painted. When that of the husband, in an elegant frame, was hung over the fireplace, the gudewife remarked in a sly manner—

"I think, gudeman, noo that ye've gotten your picture hung up there, we should just put in below't, for a motto like, 'Aye richt !'"

"Deed may ye, my woman," replied her husband in an equally pawkie tone ; "and when ye get yours hung up ower the sofa there, we'll just put ap anither motto on't, and say, 'Never wrang !'"

THE BRANK.

The magistrates of Langholm are very attentive to the suppression of all excessive exertions of that unruly member the tongue ; the *Brank*, an instrument of punishment, is always in readiness, and I was favoured with a sight : it is a sort of headpiece, that opens and incloses the head of the impatient, while an iron, sharp as a chisel, enters the mouth, and subdues the more dreadful weapon within. This had been used a month before ; and as it cut the poor female till blood gushed from each side of her mouth, it would be well that the judges in this case would, before they exert their power again, consider not only the humanity, but the legality of it.

The learned Doctor Plot has favoured the world with a minute description and a figure of the instrument, and tells us he looks on it "as much to be preferred to the *ducking stool*, which not only endangers the health of the party, but also gives the tongue liberty 'twixt every dip ; to neither of which this is at all liable."—*Pennant*.

"SHOOTING AMONG THE DOOS."

This expression is used in Scotland as an equivalent to the English phrase "drawing the long bow."

It is told, in the county of Angus, that, in a former age, when the use of a Scottish proverb, or of the Scots language, was not deemed vulgar by a native of the northern part of the island, a newly-married lady, who was a stranger in that district, had heard her

husband mention to one of his friends that such a gentleman, who was invited to dinner, was thought to *shoot among the doos*. She immediately became alarmed; and scarcely had the gentleman taken his seat at the dinner-table, when she said to him with great eagerness—

"Oh! sir, I have a great favour to ask of you. My husband says you shoot among the doos: now, as I am very fond of my pigeons, I beg ye winna meddle with them!"—*Jamieson*.

PARACLETE AND PARAKYTE.

A certain pedantic young preacher, fresh from college, and eager to display his talents, was one day descanting on the *Paraclete*, which word he made use of so often that an old woman remarked, at the close of the service, "I ha'e heard a vast lot o' queer discourses in my time, but the like o' that never. It's a black burning shame that ony man should be allowed to profane the Lord's house on the Sabbath-day wi' sic rigmarole havers about a parakyte—that's the name, ye ken, o' the braw fool that Captain Goldie brought hame till his mother frae some o' the outlandish places that he sails tae. I would advise that birkie to ha'e dune wi' the pu'pit; it would ser' him better to be learning macaws and cockytoos to clatter nonsense like himsel', than attemptin' to preach the Word to decent Christians."

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF DOUGLAS.

According to popular tradition, the first of this great family came to distinction on account of his achievements in one of Bruce's battles. When the conflict had ceased, Bruce enquired after the hero whose feats he had such particular occasion to admire; and, in doing so, described him (in Gaelic) as the *du*

glas—that is, "the dark-grey man." This supplied him with a name.

READING AND READING.

Dr Chalmers used to "read" his sermons. One day, while dining with a friend, the conversation happened to turn on the intense dislike of the common people in Scotland to the reading of sermons, or "the paper," as it was called. One of the company remarked, that if ministers who read would do it with more spirit, the popular prejudice would ere long disappear, adding that she knew of a country wife who, in spite of her great general abhorrence of the *paper*, was much attached to the preaching of a reading minister, and who, on this strange inconsistency being remarked upon, replied, in her own defence, "Ay, very true; but then he has *piih* wi' his paper."

"That reminds me," said Dr Chalmers, "of an old anecdote of myself. A friend of mine expressing his surprise to a country woman in Fife, that she who so hated reading should yet be so fond of Mr Chalmers, she replied, with a serious shake of the head, 'Nae doubt; but it's *fell readin' thon!*'"

THE SCOTS DIALECT.

In the *Scots Magazine* for November 1743, the following appears as "A specimen of the dialect spoke in some country places of Scotland":—

All brethren and sisters, I let you to witt that there is a two-year-auld lad littleane tnat, that ist' ere'en.

It's a scabbit i' the how-hole o' the neck o'd, and a canler kafe-blade and brunt butter at it, that ist'er. It has a meickle mann blue pouch hingin at the carr side o'd, fou o' mullers and chucky-stanes, and a spindle and a whirle, and it's daddy's ain jockteleg in't. It's a'

black aneath the nails wi' houkin' o' yird, that is't. . . . It has its daddy's cravatt ty'd about the craig o'd, and hingin down the back o'd. The back o' the hand o'd's a' brunt; it got it i' t' smiddy ae day.

Wha' e'er can find this said two-year-auld lad littleane, may repair to *M——o J——n's*, town-smith in *C——n*, and he shall hae for reward quall bear sconns, and a ride o' our ain auld beast to bear him hame, and nae mair words about it, that will'er no.

TAM FLECK.

Tam Fleck was a "slichty chield" belonging to Peebles, and was the envied possessor of a copy of the works of Josephus, the Jewish historian. Not particularly steady at his legitimate occupation, Tam struck out a new line of employment for himself by going about the houses of the cottars and small weavers of the town in the evenings with his Josephus, which he read to his hearers as the current news of the day. It was his practice not to read more than two or three pages at a time, which he interlarded with very original and sagacious remarks of his own by way of foot-notes; and in this way he contrived to sustain the interest of the narrative to an extraordinary degree. Retailing the matter with great equability in different households, Tam kept all at the same point of information, and wound them up with a corresponding anxiety as to the issue of some moving event in Hebrew annals.

"Weel, Tam, what's the news the night?" one of his customers would say, as he appeared with his *Josephus* under his arm.

"Bad news, bad news," would be Tam's reply. "Titus has begun to besiege Jerusalem; it's gaun to be a terrible business," as he took his seat and proceeded to open his budget of

intelligence. The protracted and severe famine which was endured by the besieged Jews was a theme which kept several families in a state of agony for a week; and when Tam, in the course of his reading, came to the final conflict and destruction of the city by the Roman general, there was a perfect paroxysm of horror.—*W. Chambers.*

MRS BLOWER ON STAGE PLAYS.

Even the Doctor's eloquence could not press Mrs Blower into the scheme, although she was particularly wanted to represent Thisbie.

"Truth is," she replied, "I dinna greatly like stage plays. John Blower, honest man, as sailors are aye for some spree or another, wad tak me ance to see Mrs Siddons. I thought we should hae been crushed to death before we gat in—a' mythings riven aff my back, forbie the four lily-white shillings that it cost us—and then in came three frightsome carlines wi' besoms, and they wad bewitch a sailor's wife. I was lang enough there, and out I wad be, and out John Blower gat me, but wi' nae sma' fight and fend. My Lady Penelope Penfitter, and the great folk, may just tak it as they like; but in my mind, Dr Cacklehen, it's a mere blasphemy for folk to gar themselves look otherwise than their Maker made them; and then the changing the name which was given them at baptism is, I think, an awfu' fallin' away from our vows; and though Thisbie, which I take to be Greek for Tibbie, may be a very good name, yet Margaret was I christened, and Margaret will I die."—*St Iltan's Wdl.*

ISLANDS IN THE FORTH.

In the middle of Forth, upon a rock, is the fortresse and decayed castle of Inchgarvy. By east lies, in the same

water, St Colm's Inch, with a demolished abbey abundant with conies, and good pasturing for sheep. Next, in the mid Firth, lyes Inchkeith, with a demolished fortress, fertile of conies, and gud for pasturing of sheep. East from Inchkeith, within Forth, lyes a verie high and big rock, invironed with the sea, called the Basse, invincible, having upon the top a fresh spring, where the Solapie geese repayre much, and are very profitable to the owner of the said strength. Next the Basse, in mouth of Forth, lyes the Isle of May, a mile long, and three quarters of a mile in bredth. There was a religious house, with many fresh water springs, with a fresh loch, abundant with celes. This isle is a goodly refuge for saylers in time of tempest.—*Monnispennie.*

A HIGHLANDER PUZZLED.

A drover, fresh from the land of heather, and whose knowledge of the sea and its ebb and flow was confined to the grand idea of its magnitude, arrived one day at the Craig Pier, with a flock of sheep, intending to cross over to Fife. It being low water, and the boat already well laden, the captain told him that he must wait for an hour, as he was afraid he would not have water enough to float from the pier.

"Water enough!" quoth John Highlander, with the utmost amazement. "Och, man! if ye dinna hae water enough in the muckle sea, where will you'll get it?"

ELF-SHOTS.

"Elf-shots," or arrow-heads of flint, were formerly used in the Highlands as amulets.

"While she spoke, she was searching about her bed, and at length produced a small stone, shaped something like

a gun flint. 'Now,' proceeded she, 'ye'll just sew that within the lining of your stays, lady; or, with your leave, in the band of your petticoat; and there'll naeboddy *can* harm you.' These bolts are believed to be discharged by fairies with deadly intent. Nevertheless, when once in the possession of men they are accounted talismans against witchcraft, evil-eyes, and elvish attacks. They are especially used in curing all such diseases of cattle as may have been afflicted by the malice of unholy powers."—*Miss Ferrier.*

THE FEET-WASHING.

The eve of the wedding-day is termed the *feet-washing*,—when a party of the neighbours of the bride and bridegroom assemble at their respective houses. A tub of water is brought in, in which the feet of the party are placed, and a small piece of silver or copper money dropped into the water; but at this moment one of the company generally tosses in a handful of soot, by which the water is completely blackened. A most eager and ludicrous scramble now takes place among the lads and lasses, striving who shall get the piece of money, pushing, shoving, and splashing above the elbows; for the lucky finder is to be the first married of the company. A second and more cleanly ablution afterwards takes place.—*Edin. Mag.*

THE PIG A WEATHER PROPHECY.

Grumphie smells the weather,
And Grumphie sees the wun;
He kens when cluds will gather,
And smoor the blinking sun;
He to his den will gae:
Grumphie is a prophet, bad weather
we will hae.

A HIZZIE-FALLOW.

A hizzie-fallow, a wife-carle, or cot-quean, is a man who interferes with his wife's domestic duties, or who attends more to housewifery than becomes his sex.

"Are things no dear aneugh already, that ye maun be raising the very fish on us, by giving that randy, Lucky Mucklebackit, just what she likes to ask? An' ye will be a wife-carle and buy fish at your ain hands, ye suld never bid mickle mair than a quarter."—*The Antiquary*.

LAST SEDAN-CHAIR IN EDINBURGH.

Miss Jean Elliot, the gifted author of the version of the "Flowers of the Forest" beginning, "I've heard them liltin'," is said to have been the last lary in Edinburgh who, after the era of the fly, kept standing in her lobby a private sedan-chair, in which she was borne abroad by the last of the caddies when she wanted to take an airing or to make a call.

A SCOTCH ANSWER.

A clergyman, who owed his situation to his patron rather than to his abilities, in visiting his parishioners for the purpose of catechising them, asked one old stern Presbyterian—

"Who made Paul a preacher?"

"It wasna the Duke of Queensberry," replied the old man, with a grim smile.

"IT'S DONE, SIR."

A minister, who sacrificed rather freely to the jolly god, having made his libation one Sunday morning, proceeded to the discharge of his ministerial duties. The melody of the psalm, operating

with the inward potation, lulled him asleep, and the people had finished their praises ere he had finished his nap. The precensor finding it necessary to wake him, gently touched him, and whispered, "It's done, sir."

"Weel, weel, Kirsty," replied the minister, in an audible whisper, "just fill't again out o' the greybeard!"

ANOTHER MATTER.

When the French Cuirassiers pounced down upon the Twenty-First, at Dettingen, Sir Andrew Agnew, deeming it impossible to withstand their charge, ordered the regiment to fall back from the centre by right and left. The cuirassiers rushed madly into the lane they had formed, believing that the line had been broken. The Fusiliers then delivered a volley, and, charging with the bayonet, nearly annihilated the French cavalry. The King did not fail to perceive the movement and its result.

"Ah, Sir Andrew," said his Majesty, pleasantly, after the battle—"the *gens d'armes* got in among you to-day!"

"Ou ay, yer Majesty," answered the brave Scottish knight; "but they didna get out again!"

EDINBURGH VOLUNTEERS.

After the war broke out again in 1803, Edinburgh, like every other place, became a camp, and continued so till the peace in 1814. We were all soldiers one way or other. Professors wheeled in the college area; the side-arms and the uniform peeped from behind the gown at the bar, and even on the bench; and the parade and the review formed the staple of men's talk and thoughts. Hope, who had kept his lieutenant-colonelcy when he was Lord Advocate, adhered to it, and did all his duties after he became Lord Justice-

Clerk. This was thought unconstitutional by some ; but the spirit of the day applauded it. Brougham served the same gun in a company of artillery with Playfair. James Moncrieff, John Richardson, James Grahame (the *Sabbath*), Thomas Thomson, and Charles Bell, were all in one company of riflemen. Francis Horner walked about the streets with a musket, being a private in the Gentlemen Regiment. Dr Gregory was a soldier, and Thomas Brown the moralist, Jeffrey, and many another since famous in more intellectual warfare. I, a gallant captain, commanded ninety-two of my fellow-creatures from 1804 to 1814—the whole course of that war. Eighty private soldiers, two officers, four sergeants, four corporals, and a trumpeter, all trembled (or at least were bound to tremble) when I spoke.
—*Cockburn.*

ON JAMES CRAIG'S MONUMENT,
IN HADDINGTON CHURCHYARD.

Hout Atropos ! hard hearted hag,
To cut the sheugh of Jamie Craig ;
For had he liv'd a wheen mae years,
He had been o'er tough for your sheirs.
Now Jamie's dead, sac man we a',
And for his sake I'll say this sa,
In heien Jamie be thy saul !

A COWARDLY TRIUMPH.

After the final overthrow of the Highland army at Culloden, a species of triumph was exhibited in Edinburgh, in full accordance with the magnanimity of the duke, who claimed the entire credit of a victory achieved rather by the policy of Duncan Forbes of Culloden. Fourteen of the standards that had been taken from the insurgents were burned at the Market Cross with every mark of contempt. They were

ignominiously carried thither by chimney-sweepers,—the Prince's own standard being particularly distinguished by being borne by the common hangman ; and, as each was thrown into the fire, the heralds proclaimed the names of the commanders to whom they had belonged.—*Wilson's Memorials.*

SCOTCH WASHING.

I shall take notice of one thing more, which is commonly to be seen by the sides of the river, and that is, young women with their coats tucked up, stamping, in tubs, upon linen by way of washing ; and this not only in summer, but in the hardest frosty weather, when their legs and feet are almost literally as red as blood with the cold ; and often two of these wenches stamp in one tub, supporting themselves by their arms thrown over each other's shoulders.—*Burt.*

JUSTICE'S JUSTICE.

A boy was brought before a Glasgow magistrate, charged with stealing a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket. The indictment having been read, the bailie, addressing the boy, said :

"I hae nae doot ye did the deed, for I had a handkerchief ta'en out o' my ain pouch this vera week, so you maun gang to the jail for sixty days."

A friend of the boy's remarked that the case had not been proved against him.

"Oh then, in that case," replied the worthy bailie, "I'll just gie ye thirty days."

On being again informed that even this sentence was a strain upon the law, he finally disposed of the case by saying :

"Weel, my lad, the evidence is a wee bit jimp this time, so I'll let ye aff ; but see and no do't again !"

NO DECEPTION.

Dr Skene Ogilvy carried his contempt of the external appearances of religion to a length which some were disposed to regard as inconsistent with the gravity of the clerical character. In reference to this trait, he used to relate the following with glee:—Soon after his settlement at Skene, he overheard the beadle and the sexton of the parish discussing his merits as a preacher.

"I dinna think," said the sexton, "that our new man has the religion o' the auld."

"Weel," rejoined the beadle, "if he has nae the religion, he pretends to just as little."

A STRANGER IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

The "Daft Highland Laird," a noted character in Edinburgh at the latter end of last century, one day accosted the Hon. Henry Erskine as he was entering the Parliament House. Erskine inquired of the "laird" how he did.

"Oh, very well!" answered the laird; "but I'll tell ye what, Harry, tak in Justice wi' ye," pointing to one of the statues over the old porch of the House; "for she has stood lang i' the outside, and it would be a treat to see her inside, like other strangers!"

MANNERS.

William Martin was at one time a book auctioneer in Edinburgh. He was no great scholar, and occasionally made some humorous blunders during the exercise of his vocation. One night he had made a clumsy attempt to unravel the title of a French book. A young dandy, wishing to have a laugh at Martin's expense, asked him to read the title again, as he did not quite understand him.

"Oh!" said Martin, "it's something about manners, and that's what neither you nor me has ower muckle o'."

THOMAS TYRE'S EPITAPH,
IN WEST KILBRIDE CHURCHYARD.

Here lie the banes of Thomas Tyre,
Who lang had drudg'd through dub and mire,

In carrying bundles and sik lyke,
His task performing with small fyke.
To deal his snuff Tam aye was free,
And serv'd his friend for little fee.
His life obscure was nothing new,
Yet we must own his faults were few.
Although at Yule he sup'd a drap,
And in the kirk whiles took a nap;
True to his word in every case,
Tam scorn'd to cheat for lucre base.
Now he is gane to taste the fare,
Which none but honest men will share.

He died 2 January 1795, aged 72 and $\frac{1}{2}$.

SEEKING A SITUATION IN 1710.

To the much Honoured the
LADY THUNDERTON—These:

"RANES, HUNTLY, Jan. 30th, 1710.

"MADAM,—Robert Gordon has writ now twice to my father (as by your ladyship's desire as I suppose) concerning me, if I be willing and fit for your service. In his last he desires I should writ to your ladyship to show that I can sow white and coloured seam, dress headsuits, play on the Treble and Gambo, Viol, Virginelles, and Manicords, which I can do, but on no other. He desires to let know what fie I wold have, which is threttie pound and gown and coat, or then fourtie pound and shoes and linnens, which is for a year. If those terms please your ladyship, I am content to serve for half-a-year conform, to try if I please your ladyship.

I expect an answer with the first occasion ; and I am, Madam, your most humble servant,

JEAN CHEIN.

Dunbar-Dunbar.

TAR-MARKING FOR THE LADIES.

When the wearing of patches came first in fashion, an old Angus laird, who was making a visit to a neighbouring baronet, on observing that one of the young ladies had both ear-rings and patches, cried out in feigned surprise, and in obvious allusion to the means employed by store-farmers for preserving their sheep :

"Wow, wow ! Mrs Janet, your father's been michtilie fleyd for tyning you, that he's baith lug-markit ye and tar-markit ye !"

POST HASTE !

Feb. 1787. A mercer in Edinburgh lately received some valuable goods from London by the mail-coach in the short space of five days and sixteen hours from the time he commissioned them. The letter was sent off on Wednesday afternoon, and on the Tuesday following, at eight o'clock in the morning, the goods were delivered at his shop.—*Scots Mag.*

THE MACDONALD'S DISEASE.

There is a disease called *Glacach* by the Highlanders, which, as it affects the chest and lungs, is evidently of a consumptive nature. It is called "The Macdonald's disease," because there are particular tribes of Macdonalds who are believed to cure it with the charms of their touch, and the use of a certain set of words. There must be no fee given of any kind, as it completely

nullifies the effect of the charm. The faith of the peasantry in the efficacy of the touch of a Macdonald is very great.—*Stat. Account.*

PLATCHIES, OR PLAIN-SOLES.

There is a superstition in Roxburghshire that, if you are going on a journey on Monday morning, and meet a man who has *platches* or plain-soles, it is necessary that you should turn again, as it is an evil omen. The only way to prevent the bad effect of so fatal an occurrence is to return to your own abode, to enter it with the right foot foremost, and to eat and drink. Then you may safely resume your journey, the spell being dissolved.

A HINT TO THE CLERGY.

The General Assembly, 1575, in regulating the dress of ministers, say :—

"We think all kind of broidering unseemly, all begairies of velvet in gown, hose, or coat ; all superfluous or vain-cutting out, steeking with silks ; all kind of costly sowing-on of pasments, or sumptuous and large steeking with silks ; all kind of costly sowing or variant hewes in shirts ; all kind of light and variant hewes of clothing, as Red, Blue, Yellow, and such like, which declare the lightness of the mind."—*Calderwood.*

A BRAVE OLD LAIRD.

The day before the battle of Glenlivet, the Marquis of Huntly came to the house of Pitlurg of Cairnborrow, and applied to his wife, who was supposed to rule the roast, for her assistance. She said she had got short warning ; but that her old man, with her eight sons, with a jackman and a footman to each,

should attend him immediately. Huntly thanked her, and after some conversation desired Cairnborrow, who never spoke a word, to stay at home, telling him, that at his advanced years it was not proper to take him, especially as he had so many of his sons. The old man heard him out, and, shrugging up his shoulders, said—

“Na, na, my lord, I’ll blead the whelps mysel’; they’ll bite the better.”

This was the reply at once of a sportsman and a soldier, and the whole family went to battle with the laird at their head. They defeated Argyle, and returned to Cairnborrow.

“NO COMPLIMENTS.”

An aged divine had occasionally to avail himself of the assistance of probationers. One day a young man, very vain of his accomplishments as a preacher, officiated, and, on descending from the pulpit, was met by the old gentleman with extended hands.

Expecting high praise, he said—

“No compliments, I pray.”

“Na, na, na, my young friend,” said the minister; “now-a-days I’m glad o’ onybody!”

THE BOUNDS OF MODERATION.

A minister once preached a sermon against intemperance, a vice very prevalent in his parish, and from which, report says, he was not himself wholly exempt.

“Whatever ye do, brethren,” said he, “do it in moderation, and, aboon a’, be moderate in dram-drinking. When ye get up, indeed, ye may tak a dram, and anither just before breakfast, and perhaps anither after; but dinna be always dram-drinking. If ye are out in the morning, ye may just brace yoursel’ wi’ anither dram, and tak anither in the

forenoon, but dinna be always dram—dramming. Naeboddy can scruple for ane just afore dinner; and when the dessert is brought in, and after it’s ta’en awa’; and perhaps ane, or it may be twa, in the course of the afternoon, just to keep you frae drowsying and snoozling; but dinna be always drinking. Afore tea, and after tea, and between tea and supper, and before and after supper, is no more than right and gude; but let me caution ye, brethren, no to be always dram—dramming. Just when you’re gaun to bed, and when your ready to pop into’t, and perhaps when ye wake in the night, to tak a dram or twa is no more than a Christian may lawfully do; but, brethren, let me caution you not to drink more than I’ve mentioned, or maybe ye may pass the bounds o’ moderation.”

GREAT FIRE IN GLASGOW.

On the 17th July 1652, a dreadful fire took place, which had nearly ruined the city of Glasgow. The fire broke out in a narrow lane on the east side of the High Street, and, having destroyed a great number of houses in that neighbourhood, the flames were communicated to the Saltmarket, by which the houses on both sides were totally consumed; from this the conflagration extended to the Trongate, Gallowgate, and Bridgegate streets, destroying everything in its way. At length, after eighteen hours, the violence of the consuming element somewhat abated towards evening; but on the following morning it again broke out, and burned violently till noon. By this disastrous event nearly one-third of the city was destroyed. The citizens were obliged to betake themselves to huts in the fields, not less than one thousand families being deprived of their habitations, the loss, which was estimated at £100,000, was too great for the town

to bear; they were, therefore, under the necessity of applying to other towns for relief. To this cause, however afflicting, the city was subsequently indebted for the regular arrangement of the streets, and the erection of stone buildings, the houses being chiefly formed of timber previous to the fire.—*Cleland.*

SPINNING WITHOUT TOW.

As a verbose preacher was addressing the congregation on a communion occasion, one by one his ministerial brethren dropped out of the church into the vestry. As the last one who left put his head into the vestry, those who preceded him inquired if the prolix speaker had not yet finished his address.

"Weel," said he, "his tow's dune lang syne, but he's aye spinnin' yet."

A DIFFICULT UNDERTAKING.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of the Gorbals, Glasgow, Bailie Mitchell in the chair, it was resolved and unanimously agreed, that a new bridge be erected on the site of the present wooden one, at the foot of Portland Street, and that the bridge trustees be requested to repair and keep open the said wooden bridge till the new one be built!

HIGHLAND ANCESTRY.

A dispute arose between a Campbell and a M'Lean upon the never-ending subject of their ancestors. M'Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical knowledge than his an-

tagonist, and asked him if the clan M'Lean was before the flood?

"Flood? what flood?" said M'Lean.

"The flood that, you know, drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flocks," said Campbell.

"Pooh! you and your flood," said M'Lean, "my clan was afore ta flood."

"I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark."

"Noah's ark!" retorted M'Lean, in contempt; "who ever heard of a M'Lean tat had not a boat of his own!"

A PROUD DOMINIE.

While a youth, Dr Chalmers was for a time under the scholastic charge of Mr Daniel Ramsay. There was a dash of eccentricity in this same dominie. When the whole powers of the kingdom lay for a short time in the hands of the Duke of Wellington, he wrote to his Grace in the true schoolmaster spirit, but with almost as much wisdom as wit—that he could tell him how to do the most difficult thing he had in hand, namely, to cure the ills of Ireland; he should just take, he told him, "the taws in the tae hand, and the Testament in the tither." Engrossed as he was, the Duke sent an acknowledgment, signed by himself, and for some time it was difficult to say which of the two Daniel Ramsay was proudest of—having taught Dr Chalmers, and so laid, as he was always accustomed to boast, the foundation of his fame, or of having instructed the Duke of Wellington as to the best way of governing Ireland, and having got an answer from his Grace himself.

BREAKING BREAD.

When a bride is conducted home to the bridegroom's house, before she is allowed to enter it, or at the very

threshold, a cake is broken on her head, the fragments of which all the young people are eager to gather, it being used as *dreaming bread*. This being laid under the pillow of each person who gets a share of it, it is pretended that it has the virtue of producing pleasant dreams in regard to one's sweetheart.

"The bride now stopped short on the threshold, while the old man broke a triangular cake of short-bread over her head, the pieces of which he threw out among the young people. These scrambled for them with great violence and earnestness. 'Now,' continued she, 'ye maun lay this aneath your head', sir, when ye gang to your bed, and ye'll dream about the woman ye are to get for your wife.'"—*Edin. Mag.* 1817.

EPIGRAM ON WOMAN.

Take *man* from *woman*, all that she can
show
Of her own proper, is nought else but
wo.

*Sir Thomas Urquhart,
of Cromartie, circ. 1640.*

The time and place of Sir Thomas Urquhart's death have not been ascertained. There is a curious tradition that he died of an inordinate fit of laughter, on hearing of the restoration of Charles II.

THE COOLIN.

The Coolin is a sport, transmitted from very remote antiquity, which is still retained in the Hebrides and West Highlands of Scotland on the last night of the year.

"On the last night of the year, the men-servants are turned out of the house, and the females secure the doors. One of the men is decorated with a dried cow's hide, and is provided with

cakes of barley, or oat bread, and with cheese. He is called The Coolin, and is belaboured with staves, and chased round the house by his roaring companions. To represent noise and tumult seems the principal object in this stage of the ceremony. The door is next attacked, and stout resistance made from within; nor is admission granted till the assailant has shown that his savage nature is subdued by the influence of humanizing music. When he has repeated a few verses the door flies open. Others rush in, but are repelled, till all have proved, by the exercise of their musical and poetical talents, their fitness for civilized life. When the whole company are admitted a new ceremony begins. A piece of dried sheep-skin, with the wool still on it, is singed in the fire, smelt to, and waved three times round the head. It is again and again singed and waved, till every individual has three times held it to the fire, three times smelt to it, and nine times waved it round his head. The bread and cheese of the Coolin are next divided and eaten; and thus are the calamities of the expected year provided against."—*Mrs Johnstone.*

WHISKY IN HEAVEN.

A clergyman was administering consolation to a dying Highlander, when he was shocked by the patient asking him if there "was any whisky in heaven?" Half apologetically he added, "Ye ken, sir, it's no that I care for it, but it looks weel on the table."

THE CROOPIN' CORBIE.

The following anecdote is related of David Ferguson, one of the early reformers, minister at Dunfermline:—

"Having met at St Andrews, along with other ministers of the Church, to

protest against the inauguration of Patrick Adamson as archbishop of that see, one came in and told that there was a crow "crooping" on the church. 'That's a bad omen,' said he, shaking his head, 'for *inauguration* is from *avium garritu*; the raven is *ominimodo* a black bird, and it cries *corrupt, corrupt, corrupt*.'

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Lord Kames, returning from the north circuit to Perth, happened one night to sleep at Dunkeld. The next morning, walking towards the ferry, but apprehending he had missed his way, he asked a man whom he met to conduct him. The other answered with much cordiality—

"That I will do, with all my heart, my lord. Does not your lordship remember me? My name's John —; I have had the honour to be before your lordship for stealing sheep."

"Oh, John, I remember you well; and how is your wife? She had the honour to be before me, too, for receiving them, knowing them to be stolen."

"At your lordship's service. We were very lucky, we got off for want of evidence; and I am still going on in the butcher trade."

"Then," replied his lordship, "we may have the honour of meeting again."

In Galloway large craigs are met with having ancient writings on them. One on the farm of Knockleby has, cut deep on the upper side, "Lift me up and I'll tell you more." A number of people gathered to this craig, and succeeded in lifting it up, in hopes of being well rewarded; but, instead of finding any gold, they found written on it, "Lay me down as I was before."

"GO TO FRUCHIE."

Fruchie, a little village about a mile from Falkland Palace, was assigned as a place of temporary banishment and penance for courtiers who had incurred the royal displeasure; and hence, it is said, the common ejaculation when any one wishes to get rid of an obnoxious person, "Go to Fruchie," which is certainly a much more civil mandate than many maledictions enunciated in more modern days. — *Charles Mackie*.

A SETTLER SETTLED.

"I have come," said a farmer to a neighbour laird who was just dying: "I have come to settle about that bit of land."

"Settle't!" cried the old wrangler; "how will you settle't? Your father couldna settle't, and your grandfather couldna settle't, and the 'fifteen' couldna settle't, and how will you settle't?"

"Oh," said the rival claimant, "I'll let you have it altogether."

"But I'll no tak it," cried the stout old litigant, and turned his face resolutely to the wall.

PASSING ROUND THE CROOK.

In Logierait, when a child was baptized privately, it was, not long since, customary to put the child upon a clean basket, having a cloth previously spread over it, with bread and cheese put into the cloth, and thus to move the basket three times successively round the iron crook, which hangs over the fire, from the roof of the house, for the purpose of supporting the pots when water is boiled, or victuals are prepared. This might be anciently intended to counteract the malignant arts which witches and evil spirits were imagined to practise against new-born infants. — *Stat. Acc.*

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.

When Dr Chalmers was settled at Kilmany, he delivered a series of lectures on chemistry. Among other experiments, the powers of bleaching liquids were exhibited. At the close the following colloquy between two old wives was overheard :—

"Our minister," said the one, "is naething short o' a warlock; he was telling the folk hoo to clean claes, but without soap."

"Ay, woman," was the reply, "I wish he wad tell me hoo to mak parritch without meal."

AFRAID OF THE LADIES.

The natives of Barvas, in the Western Islands, retain an ancient custom of sending a man very early to cross Barvas River, every first day of May, to prevent any females crossing it first; for that, they say, would hinder the salmon from coming into the river all the year round.—*Martin*.

THE "PEST" OF ANCIENT TIMES.

From "Ane Breve Description of the Pest. Set forth be Maister Gilbert Skeyne, Doctoure in Medicine. Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Leprevik. Anno Do. 1568." Published for the ostensible purpose of informing the people how to avoid or cure the plague then recently introduced into the realm.

"The pest is the corruption or infection of the air, or ane venomous qualitie and maist hurtful vapour thair-of, quhilk hes strenthe and wickitnes above al natural putrefaction, beand contractit, first maist quietlie infectis the spirittall partis of manne's bodie, thairefter the humoris, *puttand* sairest at the natural humiditie of the hart, quhilk is tholand corruption ane fevir

maist wikit queitlie and thieflie strikis the patient."

After describing the plague as being generally the result of God's indignation at the sins of men, he proceeds to state as "inferiour causis"—"Standand watter, sic as stank, pule, or loche, most corrupte and filthe: Erd, dung, stink-and closettis, deid carriounis unburiat, in speciale of man kynd, quhilkis, be similitude of nature, is maist nocent to man, as everie brutall is maist infectand to thair awin kynd. Farther," he continues, "continual schouris of weit with grete southin wynde, or the samyn blaw-and from pestiferous places. The cause of pest in ane privet citie is stikand corruption and filths, quhilkis occupeis the comune streetis and gaittis, gret reik of colis without winde to dispatche the sam, corruption of herbis, sic as caill and growand treis," &c. &c.

A GOOD REASON.

The minister of Biggar, in Lanarkshire, whose abilities, whatever they might be, were held in the utmost scorn, on account of his *reading*, was one day concluding his discourse as an old woman of the true leaven was leaving the church. He closed the leaves of his sermon, and those of the Bible at the same time, saying, with emphasis, intended as a sort of clencher to his argument, "I add no more."

"Because you canna!" cried the old woman.

A GOOD PLAN.

The working men of Edinburgh were in a very destitute state towards the end of the year 1816, and the excellent plan was adopted of marshalling them into bands, and employing them to make roads round the Calton Hill, which paths embrace views almost unrivalled

in the world; also a new line of road through Holyrood Park, and in leveling Bruntfield Links, part of the common ground of Edinburgh, where the game of golf is followed as a healthy recreation.—*Anderson.*

THE SCOT ABROAD.

Marshal Keith had command of the Austrian army which long combated the Turkish forces on the Danube under the Grand Vizier, and, after a long and bloody combat, the two generals came to a conference together. The Grand Vizier came mounted on a camel, with all the pomp of eastern magnificence. The Scotch Marshal Keith, from the neighbourhood of Turiff in Aberdeenshire, at the head of the Austrian troops, approached on horseback. After the conference, the Turkish Grand Vizier said to Marshal Keith that he would like to speak a few words in private to him in his tent, and he begged that no one should accompany him. Marshal Keith accordingly went in, and the moment they entered, the Grand Vizier threw off his turban, tore off his beard, and, running to Marshal Keith, said, "Ou, Johnnie, foo's a' wi' ye, man?" And he then discovered that the Grand Vizier of Turkey was a school-fellow of his own, who had disappeared thirty years before from a parish school near Methlic.—*Alison.*

A CAUTIOUS MAN.

On one occasion a sma' laird was waited on by a neighbour to request his name as an accommodation to a "bit bill," which led to the following characteristic colloquy:—

"Na, na, I canna dae that."

"What for no, laird? Ye hae dune the same thing for others."

"Ay, ay, Tammas, but there's wheels within wheels ye ken naething aboot; I canna dae't."

"It's a sma' affair to refuse me, laird."

"Weel, ye see, Tammas, if I was to pit my name till't, ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when the time cam' round ye wadna be ready, and I wad hae to pay't; sae then you and me wad quarrel; sae we may just as weel quarrel the noo, as lang as the siller's in my pouch."

A "WIGGING."

The Rev. Dr MacLeod (father of the late Dr Norman MacLeod) was proceeding to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with the peculiar kind of wig known in that district—bright, smooth, and of a reddish-brown—acosted him—

"Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you."

"Well, Duncan," said the venerable doctor, "can ye not wait till after worship?"

"No, doctor, I must speak to you now, for it is a matter upon my conscience."

"Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan, for time presses."

"The matter is this, doctor." Ye see the clock yonder on the face of the new church. Well, there is no clock really there—nothing but the face of the clock. There is no truth in it, but only once in the twelve hours. Now it is, in my mind, very wrong, and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."

"Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well. You are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still!"

"Eh, doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had my hair."

"Oh, Duncan, Duncan, are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?"

This settled the question, and the doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

journeys, except the chance of encountering a wild man of the name of Willie Cossar. Willie was so enraged at this, that, out of revenge, he picked out her eyes with a large bodle pin. That species of pins thenceforward received his name.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

A church in the north country which required a pastor had a beadle who took an active interest in all proceedings taken to fill up the vacancy. One of the candidates, after the afternoon service was over, put off his cloak in the vestry and stepped into the church, in which our worthy was just putting things to rights.

"I was just taking a look at the church," said the minister.

"Ay, tak a guid look at it," said the beadle, "for it's no likely ye'll ever see't again."

WILLIE COSSAR PINS.

The large pins which the common people used to denominate *Willie Cossars*, were previously called *bodle greens*, on account of their price, only four of them being given by the chapman for a halfpenny. The change of their name is said in the south country to have been occasioned by a remarkable circumstance. There was once a wandering madman, named Willie Cossar, who bore a terrible character every where for his rabid disposition. This personage one day walking along an unfrequented road met a poor woman, who did not know his person. He asked her if she were not afraid to walk abroad by herself, considering the numerous dangers which beset solitary, and especially female travellers. She answered, that she never dreaded anything in her

"A FEAST OF THE ANCIENTS."

A story is told of Dr Ferguson, the historian, and Dr Black, the discoverer of latent caloric (which led to the invention of the steam-engine by Watt), who once met to regale in the manner of the ancients. The feast was to be of snails, and a classical soup was prepared therefrom for the epicurean delight of the learned pair. They sat down to table, and began to sup. A mouthful or two satisfied both that the experiment was a failure, but each was ashamed to yield first. At last Black, stealing a look at his friend, ventured to say, "Dinna ye think they're a little green?"

"Confoundedly green!" emphatically responded Ferguson; "tak 'em awa'; tak 'em awa'!"

GEORGE IV. AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Charles Young in his *Diary* describes the visit of George IV. to Edinburgh. He quotes Lockhart's account of Sir Walter Scott visiting the king on board his yacht to beg him to defer his landing because of the rain which poured in torrents; and adds the following speech as having been made by Sir Walter to the king:—

"Impatient, sire, as your loyal subjects are to see you plant your foot upon their soil, they hope you will consent to postpone your public entry until to-morrow. In seeing the state of the weather, I am myself forcibly reminded of a circumstance which once occurred to me. I was about to make a tour

through the Western Highlands with part of my family. I wrote to the innkeeper of a certain hostelry, where I meant to halt a day or two, to have rooms prepared for me. On the day appointed it rained, as it does to-day, ceaselessly. As we drew near our quarters, we were met on the hill over his house by our Boniface, with bared head, and backing every yard as I advanced, who thus addressed me:—

“Guid guide us, Sir Walter! This is just awfu! Siccan a downpour! Was ever the like? I really beg your pardon! I’m sure it’s no fault o’ mine. I canna think how it should happen to rain this way, just as you, o’ a’ men in the world, should come to see us! It looks amaisht personal! I can only say, for my part, I’m just ashamed o’ the weather!”

“And so, sire, I do not know that I can improve upon the language of the honest innkeeper! I canna think how it should rain this way, just as your Majesty, of all men in the world, should have condescended to come and see us. I can only say, in the name of my countrymen, I’m just ashamed o’ the weather!”

AN ORIGINAL IN THE PULPIT.

Mr Shirra, formerly a dissenting minister in Kirkcaldy, was a very worthy man, but exceedingly eccentric, and took the liberty of saying and doing many odd things. The story is well known of his having gone down to the sands on the sea-shore, to pray that a wind might spring up to drive the invading squadron of Paul Jones back from the Firth of Forth to the ocean, and which wind actually did arise, and effected the desired purpose.

Like other old-fashioned clergymen of his day, he occasionally rebuked members of his congregation by name from the pulpit, and put them to the blush.

On one occasion, when a person seemed to be somewhat ostentatious in standing up in his pew, in order to show off a new article of dress, Mr Sheriff stopped in the midst of his sermon and said, “Ou ay, Johnnie, we a’ see that you hae got a braw new pair o’ breeks; just sit down, and we’ll look at them when the kirk scaills.” What Johnnie’s feelings were may easily be imagined.

As Kirkcaldy is a considerable seat of the linen manufacture, many of Mr Sheriff’s hearers were weavers. One of these having a child to be baptized in the church, took a slip of paper on which he had before written the set of a check web he was going to begin, and put the name of the child on the other side of it, to hand up to the minister. Unluckily Mr Sheriff turned up the wrong side of the paper, and looking a little at it, he said aloud, “Ay, ay, six threads of blue and four of white; that’s the drollest name that ever I heard. We’ll pray a little till John recollects himself.” John immediately whispered the minister to give him back the paper, when he showed him the other side with the name upon it, and all was set to rights.

AN EAST LOTHIAN GRACE.

In *Satan’s Invisible World Discovered*, written for the purpose of confounding atheists, the following is given as an East Lothian grace, in the time of ignorance and superstition:—

Lord be bless’d for all his gifts,
Defy the devil and all his shifts.
God send me mair siller. Amen.

PROPER PRIDE.

Some years ago a Scotch gentleman, who went to London for the first time, took the uppermost storey of a lodging-house, and was very much surprised to

get what he thought the genteel place of the whole at the lowest price. His friends who came to see him, in vain acquainted him with the mistake he had been guilty of.

"He ken't very weel," he said, "what gentility was; and after having lived all his life in a sixth storey, he had not come to London to live upon the ground."

EPITAPH ON GEORGE HERIOT.

Passenger, who art wise, hence know whence you are, what you are, and what you are to be. 1610.

Life, gate of death; death, gate of life, to me;

Sole death of death gives life eternallic. Therefore, whoever breath draws from the air,

While live thou may'st, thyself for death prepare.

In Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh.

RYME ON A BAD INN.

Baron of Bucklivie,
May the foul fiend drive ye,
And a' to pieces rive ye,
For building sic a town;
Where there's neither horse meat nor
man's meat,
Nor a chair to sit down.

A MORTIFICATION.

"We have lately got a mortification here," said a northern burghess to a gentleman from England.

"I am very sorry to hear it," replied his friend.

The Scotsman stared, and added, "Yes, a very considerable mortification; an old miser died the other day,

and left us ten thousand pounds to build an hospital."

"And call you that a mortification?" said the stranger.

"Yes," answered he; "and we think it a very great one."—*Sir J. Carr.*

LORDS OF SESSION.

Dr Pitcairne, in *The Assembly*, a humorous but licentious play written in 1692, gives an amusingly sarcastic description of the new batch of Lords of Session who had been appointed by King William. One of them has a wooden leg, and his mind is said to be as crooked as his body. Of another he says, "He neither speaks nor thinks; and were it not for his long wig, hat, and blackcoat, he might pass for a horse in the Grassmarket."

DEAR SPORT.

A gentleman who had leased a large tract of ground for the grouse-shooting season at a high rent, went out on the eventful 12th of August, but bagged only two brace. After counting the price, he grumblingly remarked to the tenant of the moor, that the birds had cost him at the least two guineas the brace. The tenant very innocently replied, "Aweel, sir, ye may be thankfu' ye hae gotten sae few o' them; for they're far ower dear."

PROVOST TOD'S MONUMENT.

D. O. M.

Archibald Tod, by nativity a citizen of Edinburgh, ordered what of him was mortal to be depositat here. He was a man far from all guile; and he was godly, without pride. Four times he was married; but only by his first wife Helen, daughter to John Jackson, a

famous citizen, he left one daughter alive, Katharine, spouse to David Wilkie, an honourable burgess, and dean of gild this present year, 1656. But Provost Tod himself, whether in the prosperity of peace or adversity of war, was still the same, for his country and this city; and, in all exigencies, equally deserved the magistracy; having been thrice bailie, twice dean of gild, and counsellor for 6 lustres, or 30 years. He died much lamented, the 9 February, in the year 1656, and of his age the 71 year.

Here worthy Provost Tod doth ly,
Who dy'd, and yet who did not die.
His golden name, in fame's fair roll,
Claims the liferent tack of a soul.
Edinburgh, in this man alone,
Lost both a father and a son.
For twice three lustres that he sat,
In council, for her publick state;
For two years care of late, which more
Avail'd, than fifty twice before;
For the great pains he then did take,
T' avert the cry, kill, burn, and sack:
Sure he deserves a tomb of jeat,
Or one of purest porphyrite.
And ev'ry house should bring a stone,
To build him a mausoleon.
But outward pomp he still did flye,
And thus, in single dast, would lye.

In Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh.

BURNS' SENSIBILITY.

"I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7," writes Walter Scott to Lockhart, "when Burns came first to Edinburgh, but had sense enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given worlds to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with the literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country—the two sets that he most frequented. Mr Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns,

and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word; otherwise, I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation; among whom I remember the celebrated Mr Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sate silent—looked and listened. The only thing I remember was remarkable in Burns' manner was the effect produced upon him by a print of Banbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow—his dog sitting in misery on the one side—on the other, his widow with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:—

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain:
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years—
The child of misery, baptised in tears."

Burns seemed much affected by this print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that but myself nobody remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of the Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure."

CURIOUS RULE OF OLD SCOTTISH HOSPITALITY.

A rude law of ancient Scottish hospitality bound the guest to take part with his host, in any quarrel or danger, so long as the food eaten under his roof remained in his stomach.

ANKER-STOCKS.

The Anker-stock was a round loaf made of rye-flour, and seasoned with spice and currants, and used as "New Year bread." One of the first demonstrations of the approach of Christmas in Edinburgh was the annual appearance of large tables of Anker-stocks at the head of the Old Fishmarket Close. These Anker-stocks, the only species of rye that I have ever observed offered for sale in the city, were exhibited in every variety of size and price, from a half-penny to a half-crown."—*Blackwood*, 1821.

A SENSIBLE SERVANT.

A very old domestic servant of the familiar Scottish character common long ago, having offended his master extremely, was commanded to leave his service instantly.

"In troth, and that will I not," answered the domestic; "if your honour disna ken when ye hae a gude servant, I ken when I hae a gude master, and go away I will not."

On another occasion of the same nature, the master said, "John, you and I shall never sleep under the same roof again:" to which John replied, with much *naïveté*, "Where the deil can your honour be ganging?"—*Old Mortality*.

DRINKING IN THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

The manner of drinking used by the chief men of the isles is called in their language *Strack*, i.e., "A Round." The company sat in a circle, the cup-bearer filled the drink round to them, and all was drunk out, whatever the liquor was, whether strong or weak. They continued drinking sometimes twenty-four, sometimes forty-eight hours. It was

reckoned a piece of manhood to drink until they became drunk, and there were two men with a barrow attending punctually on such occasions. They stood at the door until some became drunk, and they carried them upon the barrow to bed, and returned to their post as long as any continued fresh, and so carried off the whole company one by one as they became drunk. Several of my acquaintance have been witnesses to this custom of drinking; but it is now abolished.—*Martin*.

THE NEW CUT.

Shrewd Saunders Grant was village tailor and parish beadle at M——, and, being a bit of a character in his way, the minister and him frequently indulged in a "two-handed crack" together.

"How is it, Saunders," said the latter one day, "that these two young neighbours of mine have their churches quite full, while, though I preach the same sermons that I did twenty years ago, my people are falling off?"

"Weel, sir, I'll tell ye," said Saunders; "it's just wi' you as it's wi' mysel'. I sew just as weel as ever I did; yet that pair elf — has ta'en my business maist clean ower my head. It's no the sewing that lets him do that, sir: it's the new cut—it's just the new cut!"

TAGHAIRN.

"Taghairn" was a mode of divination formerly used by the Highlanders. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or some other strange wild, or unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed, and whatever was impressed

upon him by his exalted imagination passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits who haunt these desolate recesses.

"Last evening-tide

Brian an augury hath tried,
Of that dread kind which must not be,
Unless in dread extremity,
The *Taghairn* called; by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war."

Lady of the Lake.

A REPROOF TO VANITY.

Burns was dining with Maxwell of Terraghty, when one of the guests chose to talk of the dukes and earls with whom he had drank or dined, till the host and others got tired of him. Burns, however, silenced him with an epigram:

"What of earls with whom you have
supt,
And of dukes that you dined with
yestreen?
Lord! a louse, sir, is still but a louse,
Though it crawl on the curls of a
queen."

A BANQUET OF GENIUS.

One of Raeburn the artist's earliest associates was John Clerk, afterwards Lord Eldin. The young artist and the young advocate were frequently together; and as the one had to purchase costly colours and the other expensive books, it is said they were sometimes so poor that they scarcely knew how to live till more money came in.

On one of these occasions Raeburn received an invitation to dine with Clerk; and hastening to his lodgings, he found the landlady spreading a cloth on the table, and setting down two dishes, one containing three herrings, and the other three potatoes.

"And is this all?" said John.

"All," said the landlady.

"All! did I not tell ye, woman," he exclaimed, "that a gentleman was to dine with me, and that ye were to get six herrings and six potatoes?"

The tables of both were better furnished before the lapse of many years; and they loved, it is said, when the wine was flowing, to recall those early days, when hope was high, and the spirit unrebuked by intercourse with the world.

CUPAR JUSTICE.

Cupar justice is akin to the Jeddart justice of Scotland and the Lidford law of England, and signifies trial after execution; "hang a man first, syne try him." The popular tradition is, that a man who was confined in Cupar jail obstinately refused to come out to trial; and that water was let into his cell, under the idea of compelling him to forsake it, till he was actually drowned; that those who had the charge of him, finding this to be the case, brought his dead body into Court, and proceeded regularly with the trial, till it was so solemnly determined that he had met with nothing more than he deserved.

CANINE METAMORPHOSIS.

At a certain mansion, notorious for its scanty fare, a gentleman was inquiring of the gardener about a dog which he had given to the laird some time before. The gardener showed him a lank greyhound, on which the gentleman said—

"No, no; the dog I gave your master was a mastiff, not a greyhound;" to which the gardener answered—

"Indeed, sir, any dog would soon be turned into a greyhound if it stoppt lang here."

THE CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH.

The fate of the city was decided early in the afternoon (Sept. 16, 1745), when the two regiments of dragoons were seen about four o'clock on their march from the Coltbridge to Leith, by the long dykes, as then called; now George Street, in the New Town. Then the clamour arose, that it would be madness to think of defending the town, as the dragoons had fled. The alarm bell was rung—a meeting of the inhabitants with the magistrates was convened, first in the Goldsmith's Hall, and when the crowd increased, in the New Church aisle. The four companies of Volunteers rendezvoused in the Lawnmarket, and, growing impatient, sent two of their lieutenants to the Provost for orders, for the captains had been sent for to the meeting. They soon returned without any orders, and said all was clamour and discordance. While they were absent, two Volunteers in the rear rank (Boyle and Weir), just behind, quarrelled, when debating whether or not the city should be surrendered, and were going to attack one another, one with his musket and bayonet, and the other with his small sword, having flung down his musket. They were soon separated without any harm, and placed asunder from each other. At this time, a man on horseback, whom nobody knew, came up from the Bow, and, riding at a quick pace along the line of Volunteers, called out that the Highlanders were at hand, and that they were 16,000 strong. This fellow did not stop to be examined, but rode off at the gallop. About this time, a letter had come, directed to the Provost, summoning the town to surrender, and alarming them with the consequence in case any opposition was made.

The Provost made a scrupulous feint about reading the letter, but this point was soon carried, and all idea of defence was abandoned. Soon after, Captain

Drummond joined us in the Lawnmarket with another captain or two. He sent to General Guest, after conversing a little with the lieutenant, to acquaint him that the Volunteers were coming to the Castle to deliver their arms. The messenger soon returned, and we marched up, glad to deliver them, lest they should have fallen into the hands of the enemy, which the delay of orders seemed to favour, though not a little ashamed and afflicted at our inglorious campaign.—*Alex. Carlyle.*

A CURIOUS MODE OF SWEEPING CHIMNEYS.

Some of the cottage chimneys in Scotland were very curious in their internal as well as external structure. As viewed from the fire-place below, they looked like the vast cone of a glass-house, or like an amphitheatre, peopled with spectator hams, and a huge black beam, from which depended by iron rods, chains, and hooks, various culinary vessels. These chimneys never required sweeping; though I remember hearing a traditionary account of one being cleared of its venerable soot by the goodman, who had accomplished his singular task by going head foremost into a sack, and ascending by a ladder to the rannle-tree, where he stood and rubbed the sides of the chimney all round with his shoulders! This custom might be practised with effect in the cure of *lum-bag-o!*—*R. Chambers.*

SIR DAVID LINDESAY AND JAMES V.

Alike celebrated for his courage as his wit, Sir David Lindsay was no stickler at ceremony when in the mood. On one occasion, when the king was surrounded by a numerous train of nobility and prelates, Lindsay ap-

proached the monarch with due reverence and solemnity, and began to prefer a humble petition to be installed in an office which was then vacant. "I have," said the knight, "servit your grace lang, and luik to be rewardit as others are; and now your maister taylor, at the plesure of God, is departit; wherefore I would desire your grace to bestow this little benefit upon me." The king replied, that he was amazed at such a request from a man who could neither shape nor sew. "Sir King," rejoined the poet, "that maks nae matter, for you have given bishopricks and benefices to mony ane standin heir about you, and yet they can nouter teach nor preach; and why may not I as weil be your taylor though I can nouter shape nor sew? seein teachinge and preachinge are nae less requisite to thir vocation than shapinge and sewinge to ane taylor."—*Charles Mackie.*

THE CRANSTOUN CREST.

The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, "Thou shall want ere I want."

A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE.

Mr Dale, whose portrait figures in *Kay*, was very short in stature, and also very stout. Having mentioned to a friend one day that "he had slipped on the ice, and fallen all his length,"—

"Be thankful, sir," was the consolatory and apt reply, "that it was not all your breadth!"

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

In giving his opinion on the validity of a qualification to vote for a member

of Parliament, after it had been sustained both in the Court of Session and in the House of Lords, Lord Hermand declared that, nevertheless, it was not only bad, but so bad that "I defy Omnipotence to make it good."

"Then," said the quiet, philosophic Playfair, "it must be very bad indeed; for his lordship assured me, in a conversation about Professor Leslie's case [*Leslie v. Blackwood*, July 22, 1822], that he had no difficulty at all in conceiving God*to make a world where twice three was not six."—*Cockburn.*

THE WAR-CRY OF HAWICK.

"Teeribus and Teeriodin" was the ancient war-cry of the town of Hawick. This, according to tradition, was that of the band which went from Hawick to the battle of Flodden; and it is still shouted by the inhabitants of the burgh when they annually ride the marches.—*Janieson.*

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND.

The "Curse of Scotland" is a name given to the nine of diamonds in a pack of cards. It is said to have originated from the tidings of a severe defeat of the Scots having been written on the back of this card. Grose, however, gives a different account of the reason of this singular designation.

"The nine of diamonds; diamonds, it is said, imply royalty, being ornaments to the imperial crown; and every ninth king of Scotland has been observed, for many ages, to be a tyrant and a curse to that country. Others say it is from its similarity to the arms of Argyle; the Duke of Argyle having been very instrumental in bringing about the union, which, by some Scottish patriots, has been considered as detrimental to their country."

GOOD FOR EVIL.

While Commissioner Edgar was residing at Pendreich Cottage, Lasswade, he was frequently annoyed, and his fences injured, by nocturnal depredators, who entertained a strong love for his fine fruits. He however caused the following notice to be put up, which effectually stopped their nefarious proceedings:—"All thieves are in future to enter by the gate, which will be left open every night for the purpose."—*Kay.*

THE COCK OF THE NORTH.

The Duke of Gordon, who was the chief of the clan, was usually styled, "The Cock of the North." The most ancient title was the "Gudeman of the Bog," from the Bog of Gight, a morass in the parish of Bellie, Banffshire, in the centre of which the former stronghold of this family was placed, and which forms the site of Gordon castle, considered the most magnificent edifice in the north of Scotland. The Marquis of Huntly is now the chief of the clan Gordon, in Berwickshire, the original seat of the Gordons, the gipsies still retain the surname; and the natives of the parish of Gordon in that county, from their simplicity of manners, were usually styled "the Gowks of Gordon."

AN INDEPENDENT MUSICIAN.

Lord Glenlee, who resided in Brown Square, Edinburgh, was greatly annoyed by an itinerant minstrel, who, frequenting the square, endeavoured to "discourse sweet music" by blowing upon a cracked clarionet, deficient of one key, and marvellously stiff in the others. For an hour at least every Monday were the visits of this "blind Apollo" repeated, awakening the slumbering echoes with "Black-eyed Susan,"

till the very name of that popular air became as hateful to the inhabitants as that of Monsieur Tonson was to the ear of Monsieur Morblieu. The annoyance was the more insufferable to Lord Glenlee, as, the Court not sitting on Monday, that day was usually set apart by the Judges of the Inner House for studying the cases they had to advise during the week. At length, on one occasion, he despatched his servant with half-a-crown, and a request to the musician that he would discontinue his favours for the future, particularly on the Mondays. Highly incensed, the latter replied—

"Give my compliments to Lord Glenlee, and tell him,"—pocketing the half-crown—"that I canna change my rounds for a' the lords in Edinburgh."

So saying, he appeased his wounded dignity by blowing more fiercely, furiously, and inharmoniously than ever upon his cracked instrument.

AULD YEAR WAUKIN.

To "wauke the auld year into the new," is a popular and expressive phrase for watching, until twelve o'clock announces the new year, when people are ready at their neighbours' houses with het-pints and buttered cakes, eagerly waiting to be first-foot, as it is termed, and to regale the family yet in bed. Much care is taken that the persons who enter be what are called *sonsie folk*, for on the admission of the first-foot depends the prosperity or trouble of the year.—*Cromek.*

A TERMAGANT BREWSTER-WIFE.

A Highland gentleman stopped at a country inn in the north-west Lowlands, and a large porringer full of minced collops was brought for his dinner; they were so musty that he begged the

girl to ask her mistress if there was nothing else to be had. On this the landlady straddled into the room, with her arms akimbo.

"Musty indeed, say ye!" said she; "O the deil swall ye, that I should say sae! It sets ye weel to be sae nice-gabbit, a fulthy flesher o' Dunblane, as I ken weel ye are! Better folk nor you has lickit their lips after *that very collops*, a month sinsyne, and mair, atweel!"

With that she thrust her fat, dirty paw into the middle of the dish, clutched as much of the minced beef as she could grasp, which she conveyed to her mouth; and, having tasted it, dashed the remainder back into the dish, and telling him, "it was far ower gude for him," flung out of the room, and left him to "dine with what appetite he might."—*Jamieson*.

MALISE GRAHAM AND THE ROE-SKIN PURSE.

About the year 1680, many of the great and noble of the land, and even the king himself, were comparatively beggars; and the courtiers themselves were obliged to keep close to the king's court to avoid being arrested. At this period, the Earl of Monteth retired from his paternal domain, and sought protection in the precincts of the abbey of Holyrood House from a vindictive creditor, where he resided for a short time until he applied to one of his kinsmen and namesakes, Malise Graham, residing at Glassart, on the south shore of Loch Katrine, to release him from durance. Faithful to the call of his lord and master, Malise quitted his highland home on foot and alone, attired as—

"A highlandman, a savage loun,
Wi' barbic houghs and burly croun;"

and in this guise he presented himself at the earl's lodgings near the abbey. A well-dressed lowlander opened the

door, and, mistaking his errand, by way of commiserating the poverty of the stranger, offered him charity. Malise was in the act of thankfully accepting the proffered alms, when the earl, having caught a glance of his faithful vassal, chid his well-meaning official for doing what might tend to give offence to his friend. The highlander, making an appropriate obeisance, with the utmost nonchalance, took from his bosom a purse, and, handing it to his lord, he addressed him in Gaelic to the following effect:

"Here, my lord, see and clear your way with that; as for the gentleman that had the generosity to hand me a bawbee, troth, I would have no objections to take as many as he had."

The earl's temporary embarrassment having vanished by means of the talismanic contents of the roe-skin purse, he accompanied his faithful follower to his ancestral home on the lake of Monteth.—*Charles Mackie*.

AN ILL-WINTERED MINISTER.

A young minister, good-looking and agreeable enough in manners and appearance, but somewhat thin and delicate, was introduced for the first time to one of his hearers. After he had departed, the latter said to his wife—

"Jean, woman, I dinna ken what to mak o' oor new minister. He's weel-faured, and I maist think he'll be weel liket here; but, waes me, he's been ill-wintered where he cam frae!"—*Dr Rogers*.

A HINT TO THE CLERGY.

The Rev. Mr Hutton of Dalkeith was rather notorious for lengthy sermons. An anecdote is told of him and the Rev. Mr Shirra of Kirkcaldy. The Dalkeith minister was on one occasion preaching

before the Synod, when, at the expiry of the first hour, by way of giving him a gentle hint, Mr Shireff held out his watch in such a way as he could not fail to observe it. The preacher paused for a moment; but immediately went on with renewed vigour till another hour had expired. Mr Shireff then repeated his former motion, but still without effect; and a third hour elapsed ere the sermon was brought to a conclusion. At dinner the preacher ventured to inquire the reason of his friend's having acted the part of monitor.

"I will tell you," said Mr Shireff. "The first hour I heard you with pleasure and, as I hope every one else did, with profit; the second I listened with impatience; and the third with contempt!"

A HAGGIS CATASTROPHE.

Shepherd. I recollect once the awfu'est scene wi' a haggis, in auld Mr Laidlaw's house. It was a great muckle big ane, answering to Robert Burns's description, wi' its hurdies like twa distant hills, and occupied the centre o' the table, round whilk sat about a score o' lads and lasses. The auld man had shut his een to ask a blessing, when some evil speerit put it into my head to gie the bag a slit wi' my gully. Like water on the breaking o' a dam, out rushed, in an instantaneous overflow, the inside o' the "great chieftain o' the pudding race," and the women-folk brak out into sic a shriek, that the master thocht somebody had drapp'd down dead. Meanwhile, its contents didna stop on the edge o' the table, but gaed ower wi' a slutter upon the lads' breeks and the lassies' petticoats, burnin' the wearers to the bane; for what's hetter than a haggis?

Tickler. Nothing on this side of the grave.

Shepherd. What a skirlin'! And then

a' the colliers began yelpin and youffin, for some o' them had their tauted hips scalded, and ithers o' them couldna see for the stew that was rinnin' down their chafts. Glead Shooshy Dalgleish fell a' her length in the thickest part o' the inundation, wi' lang Tommy Potts aboon her, and we thocht they would never hae foun' their feet again, for the floor was as sliddery as ice; and—

North. Now, James, were you to write that down, and give it to the world in a book, it would be called coarse.

Shepherd. Nae doubt. Everything nat'ral, and easy, and true, is ca'd coorse.—*Noctes Ambros.*

THE BANKER'S QUESTION.

Robin Carrick was at one time manager of the famous "Ship Bank," in Glasgow. He was waited upon one day by a spruce young customer, with a number of bills to discount. They seemed all to pass current, with the exception of one, the largest in amount. Robin shook his head.

"Oh, you need not hesitate about him, Mr Carrick," said the intending discounter, "for he has started, and keeps his carriage."

"Ou ay," replied the banker, "that may be; but the question wi' me is, can he keep his feet?"

A DUNFERMLINE "RANDY."

1651, 3 June. This day, Myas Bonar, spouse to William Bowie, webster, being found guilty by the probation of witnesses, of cursed and slanderous speeches in saying, "God or fire, and red lows come upon the hail town as it did before, and God or Cromwell come and take all the town upon his back, if she were out of it." Therefore accorrding to the act of ses-

sion made the 7 of May 1626, against those y^t cast up the burning of the town, in a cursed and blasphemous way, she is ordaint to pay 3rd money, and to stand in the Cross or Tron, on ane publick mercat day, with ane paper on her head, signifying her cursing and blasphemies, betwixt 11 and 12 before noon, and thereafter ask God's forgiveness on her knees:—And on the Sabbath immediately following, shall also after sermon before noon stand in the face of the congregation, before the pulpit, confess her cursing and blasphemies, and ask God forgiveness and declare her repentance therefore, and promise never to do the like again.—*Kirk Session Records*.

JOHN CLERK AT A LOSS.

John Clerk, the famous advocate, had been at his "potations pottle deep" one fine morning in Edinburgh, and was wending his way home to Picardy Place. At one particular place he stopped confused, with his back to the wall, and hied a street *caddie*, or porter.

"Can ye tell me, my man, the road to John Clerk's house?"

"Ye're a fine fellow," replied the *caddie*, "to ask the road to John Clerk's house, when ye're John Clerk himself."

"I ken that very weel," replied the advocate; "but I'm no John Clerk's house. Oxter me to his house, and there's a shilling!"

THE WITCHES OF FORFAR.

It appears that in 1661 the town of Forfar was divided into eight districts, with a councillor in each district, "for setting and changing the gairds for the witches." It was also decreed that "persones imprisoned for witchcraft shall have no watch with them in their prison, nor fyre, nor candle, but that

sex men nightly and daily attend and watch them in the vper tolbooth, and that the quarter-master shall order the watchmen to visit them at every three hours end night and day." It appears that, for the sin of looking out at the window of the prison, two of these unfortunate women were ordered to be "put in the stockes," or to have the window of their chamber nailed up. In such an arbitrary state of matters it will not appear very wonderful to find the council, with all due solemnity, approving of the "care and diligence" of Alexander Heigh, a dealer in "aquavitie" (from whom, as appears in evidence, much of the liquor was got that "the devill" gave to the unfortunate dupes whom he met periodically in the churchyard), "for his bringing over John Kinked, for trying of the prisoners suspect of witchcraft." Nay, so exceedingly well pleased were the council with the manner in which Kinked performed his disgusting business, that within ten days after Keith of Caldham, sheriff-depute of the county of Forfar, and a cadet of the noble family of Keith-Marischal, had been admitted a burgess and freeman of the burgh, the same honour was conferred by the same magistrates upon "John Kinked, priker of the witches in Trennent!"—*Jervise*.

"WADNA LIKE TO BE."

"Noo, Geordie!" said an amiable lady of disciplinarian views, "ye're no to stir ootower the door till the procession's by!" But the temptation was too strong for Master George, who was in Princes Street (Edinburgh) long before the "Grand Master" reached the monument. Quickly to the street went his careful mother, and spying, as she thought, in the crowd, the side of "Geordie's" head, administered thereto a rapid slap with the palm of her hand; whereupon the

subject of percussion turned up indignant eyes that didn't belong to George.

"Losh me, laddie!" exclaimed the mistaken mother, "I thoct ye was ane o' my ain sons!"

"Nae, I'm no ane o' your sons!" replied the boy; "an' I wadna like to be ane o' them aither, if that's the way ye use them!"

"AFTER A SORT."

"Umph!" replied Jarvie, with a precautionary sort of cough: "Ay, he has a kind o' Hieland honesty—he's honest after a sort, as they say. My father the deacon used aye to laugh when he tauld me how that the by-word came up. Ane Captain Costlett was cracking crouse about his loyalty to King Charles, and Clerk Pettigrew asked him after what manner he served the king when he was fighting again him at Wor'ster in Cromwell's army; and Captain Costlett was a ready body, and said that he served him *after a sort*. My honest father used to laugh weel at that sport—sae the by-word came up."—*Rob Roy*.

A GREAT WOMAN.

June 2, 1724. There was this day buried in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh, the wife of Captain Burd of Ford, thought to be the largest woman in Scotland. Her coffin was a Scotch ell and four inches wide, and two feet deep.

THE ORIGIN OF FOREIGN TRADE IN GLASGOW.

The origin of foreign trade in this great city is extremely worthy of attention. A merchant, of the name of Walter Gibson, by an adventure first

laid the foundation of its wealth. About the year 1668 he cured and exported, in a Dutch vessel, 300 lasts of herrings, each containing six barrels, which he sent to St Martin's, in France, where he got a barrel of brandy and a crown for each. The ship returning, laden with brandy and salt, the cargo was sold for a great sum. He then launched farther into business, bought the vessel and two large ships besides, with which he traded to different parts of Europe, and to Virginia. He also first imported iron into Glasgow, for before that time it was received from Stirling and Broomstownness, in exchange for dyed stuffs; and even the wine used in this city was brought from Edinburgh. Yet I find no statue, no grateful inscription to preserve the memory of Walter Gibson.—*L'ennant*.

FEMALE ASTRONOMERS.

Two decent housewives in Fifeshire, who had gone out to give the pigs their supper, met at the lean-head, and naturally took advantage of such a favourable opportunity for a "two-handed crack."

"Losh, Peggy, woman," said one to the other, "I hear folk say there's a man i' the moon."

"Ou ay," said Peggy, "I've heard about him; but he canna be very fond o' his ain wife, for he's aye glowerin' this way."

A COURAGEOUS WIDOW.

April 1732. Jean Johnston of Old Deer, in Buchan, being aged 80, and the widow of three husbands, lately married for her fourth a young man of eighteen, who afterwards bound himself apprentice to a wheelwright. "She seems exceedingly well pleased with him, and remarks that, had it not been

for the many changes of husbands she had been blessed with, she must have long ago been dead." She lived, too, in hopes of a fifth husband, should this one unfortunately not live long.

THE ADVANTAGE OF TRAVEL.

A countryman from Fife, visiting Edinburgh for the first time, was very much astonished at the extent of the town and the elegance of the buildings.

"I see," said he, "there's mair places in the world than Torryburn."

"SUNDAY STRAE."

The late Rev. Mr Foote, of Fettercairn, having occasion to attend marriage party on a Saturday evening, was about to retire at an early hour, and had bidden the company good night, when one of his own parishioners, a farmer who seldom attended church, and who had always something to say, remarked—

"Ay, ay, sir, ye'll be gaun awa hame to thresh your Sunday strae."

"Indeed Mr S——", replied the worthy clergyman, "ye require so little fodder, I think I might even give you a sheaf without threshing it."

THE PLAGUE IN EDINBURGH.

1513. A great and dreadful plague raging in Edinburgh. The Town Council, to prevent its progress, ordered all shops to be shut up during the space of fifteen days, and neither doors nor windows to be opened within that time, but on extraordinary occasions, and nothing to be dealt in but necessities for the immediate support of life.

Remark. This certainly was a very wrong step, for by shutting up the peo-

ple in their houses, the distemper, by heat and want of air, was thereby increased, and the verminous effluvia nourished, which augmenting the number of atoms, the pest was propagated; whereas cold air destroyed them, and restored health.—*Maitland.*

TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

An Epitaph in Hoddam Churchyard.

To the memory of Mary Clow, &c.,
A vertuous wife, a loving mother,
And one esteemed by all who knew her,
And to be short, to her praise, *she was*
the woman Solomon speaks of in the
xxxi. chapter of the Book of Proverbs,
from the 10th verse to the end.

So far posthumous flattery—now for the other side of the story: After the monument had been set up, a candid and plain-speaking teacher, named Irving, the author of a poetical tract well known in Scotland under the name of *Lag's Elegy*, wrote upon the monument the following lines:—

She was the wife! oh, Solomon, thou
fool,
To make a pattern o' this grabbing tool;
She clothe her house in silk or scarlet
fine!
Say rather i' the linsey-wolsey twine.
Her husband 'mongst the elders at the
gate!
Yes—known for nothing but an empty
pate,
For guzzling down whole chappins o'
sma' beer,
And selling meal or maut a groat o'er
dear:
Such were the honest silly Clows—say
clowns,
Which every roll of honest fame disowns.

Were tombstone criticism general, there would be few without similar postscripts.

A SENSITIVE WIFE-BEATER.

A "riding of the stang," attended with tragical results, happened in March 1736. George Porteous, smith at Edmondstone, having severely beaten and abused his wife, was subjected to this ignominy by his neighbours, which so highly affronted him that he went and hanged himself.

"O WAD SOME POWER."

On Burns's first appearance in Edinburgh, he was introduced, among many others, to Mr Taylor, the overweening parochial schoolmaster of Currie, who was also a competitor in verse-making, and whose opinion of his own merits far overbalanced what little estimation he might have formed of the plain, unlettered peasant of Ayrshire, whose name was as yet new to the public.

Mr Heron, at whose table Burns was a frequent guest, invited Taylor one day to dine with them, when the evening was spent with the usual good humour and jocularity. Taylor had brought his manuscript poems, a few of which were read to Burns for his favourable opinion previous to printing. Some of the passages were odd enough, such as—

"Rin, little bookie, round the world
loup,
Whilst I in my grave do lie wi' a cauld
doup;"

at which Burns laughed heartily. Notwithstanding the pedantic and absurd perversity of the poems, he gave him a commendatory note to the printer. Next morning, Mr Heron meeting Taylor, inquired of him what he thought of the Ayrshire poet.

"Hoot," quoth the self-admiring pedagogue, "the lad'll do; considering his want o' lear, he's weel enough."

A LIBERAL PROVOST.

The following pleasant joke of the witty King James is not generally known. In his first journey to London, his majesty was treated to a splendid entertainment by the mayor of an English town, whose liberality was such that he kept an open house in honour of the new sovereign for several days. Some of the English courtiers took occasion from this to hint, that such examples of munificence must be very rare among the civic dignitaries of a certain other kingdom.

"Fient a bit o' that are they," cried King James; "'the provost o' my burgh o' Forfar, whilk is by nae means the largest town in Scotland, keeps open house a' the year round, and aye the mae that comes the welcomer!'"

The secret was that the chief magistrate of Forfar kept an ale-house.

WISER THAN SOLOMON.

Old Hackstoun of Rathillet one day said to Mr Smibert, the minister of Cupar, who, like himself, was blessed with a foolish, or rather wild, youth for a son, "D'ye ken, sir, you and I are wiser than Solomon?"

"How can that be, Rathillet?" inquired the startled clergyman.

"Oh, ye see," said Hackstoun, "Solomon didna ken whether his son was to be a fool or a wise man; but baith you and I are quite sure that our sons are fools."

RICHIE MONIPLIES IN FLEET STREET.

"And how came you by that broken head, Richie? Tell me honestly."

"Troth, sir, I've no lee about the matter," answered Moniplies. "I was coming along the street here, and ilk ane was at me with their jests and roguery. So I thought to mysel', ye

are ower mony for me to mell with; but let me catch ye in Barford's Park, or at the fit of the Vennel, I could gar some of ye ting another sang. Sae ae auld hirpling deevil of a potter behooved just to step in my way and offer me a pig, as he said, just to put my Scotch ointment in, and I gave him a push, as but natural, and the tottering deevil couped ower amang his ain pigs, and damaged a score of them. And then the reird raise, and hadna these twa gentlemen helped me out of it, murdered I suld hae been, without remeid. And as it was, just when they had got hand of my arm to have me out of the fray, I got the lick that donnerit me from a left-handed lighter-man."

Master George looked to the apprentices as if to demand the truth of this story.

"It is just as he says, sir," replied Jenkin; "only I heard nothing about pigs. The people said he had broke some crockery, and that—I beg pardon, sir—nobody could thrive within the kenning of a Scot."

"You seem well recovered now. Can you walk?"

"Bravely, sir," said Richie; "it was but a bit dower. I was bred at the West-Port, and my cantle will stand a clourwad bring a stot down."—*Fortunes of Nigel*.

'DULL IN THE UPTAK.'

The late Mr John L——, farmer in Evie, Orkney, was a straightforward, honest-hearted, yet withal cantankerous, old gentleman. Many amusing stories are related of him in the district, amongst which the following is perhaps one of the best. The parish minister was, like so many Scottish clerics of the old school, a very indifferent preacher, both as regarded matter

and manner. On one occasion, Mr L——, who had taken offence at something in the conduct of the minister in connection with agricultural affairs, in the course of an altercation with the rev. gentleman, sneeringly referred to the Disruption as having been a fortunate occurrence for certain *dominies*, and pointedly asked the minister, If he had ever been at college?

"Oh yes," replied Mr B——; "I was a year more than the usual time."

"Weel," said Mr L——, "if that be the case, I'm thinking ye maun hae made a bad use o' your time, or been dull in the uptak!"

POOR MAN OF MUTTON.

The blade-bone of a shoulder of mutton is called in Scotland a "poor man," as in some parts of England it is termed a "poor knight of Windsor," in contrast, it must be presumed, to the baronial "Sir Loin." It is said that, in the last age, an old Scottish peer, whose conditions (none of the most gentle) were marked by a strange and fierce-looking exaggeration of the Highland countenance, chanced to be indisposed while in London attending parliament. The master of the hotel where he lodged, anxious to show attention to his noble guest, waited on him to enumerate the contents of his well-stocked larder, so as to endeavour to hit on something which might tempt his appetite.

"I think, landlord," said his lordship, rising up from his couch, and throwing back the tartan plaid with which he had screened his grim and ferocious visage, "I think I could eat a morsel of a 'poor man!'"

The landlord fled in terror, having no doubt that his guest was a cannibal, who might be in the habit of eating a slice of a tenant, as light food, when he was under a regimen.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

A BUTESHIRE TOAST.

The meetings of the Farmers' Society of the island of Bute were long noted for the display of good feeling, and that joyous spirit of conviviality which gives such a zest to our social intercourse. To promote this desirable state of things, the toast, the song, and the merry tale, were never found wanting, till the "roof and rafters" of M'Corkindale's well-frequented *howf* have actually dirled with the noise of the excitement. On one occasion, the annual dinner of the society was appointed to take place in a large barn, five miles from Rothesay; and to his sojourn the worthy tillers of the ground made their way. The night was spent in the usual agreeable manner, till towards the close, when a few narrow-minded prejudices began to peep out. Everything of this sort, however, was quickly suppressed by the tact of a sensible old farmer, who, after craving a bumper, thus expressed himself:—

"I'll give you, gentlemen, Our friends in the neighbouring island of Great Britain; and may we never look upon them as strangers, but always remember, that if it had not been for the bit jaw o' water that comes through the *Kyles*, they wou'd a' hae belanged to *Bute as weel as ourselves!*"

AN UNFORTUNATE PRIZE.

At the battle of Falkirk, Major Macdonald, having dismounted an English officer, took possession of his horse, which was a very fine one, and immediately mounted it.

When the English cavalry fled, the horse ran off with the victor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain it; nor did it stop until it was at the head of its regiment, of which, apparently, its master had been the commander.

The melancholy, and at the same time ludicrous figure, which poor Mac-

donald cut, when he thus saw himself in the presence of the enemy, the victim of a desire which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived.

A BAD DELIVERY.

The parish minister of D——, a village in Ayrshire, who was noted for his dryness in the pulpit, called one afternoon on one of his aged hearers, and as usual partook of a cup of tea. Remarking to the guidwife that her teapot ran rather slowly,—

"Deed ay," quoth the guidwife, "its like yersel,' sir, it has an unco bad delivery!"

A STRAIGHTFORWARD ANSWER.

In the familiar manner which was wont to be not uncommon in country kirks, a minister stopped in the course of his sermon one day, and thus addressed a parishioner who was somewhat deaf—

"Are ye hearing, John?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was John's prompt reply; "I am hearing, but to very little purpose!"

CASSILIS' LADY..

There is a tradition extant, that Lord Cassilis' lady, who eloped with Johnnie Faa, the gipsy laddie, had so delicate and pure a skin, that the red wine could be seen through it while she was drinking. This is embodied in a verse of the ballad:—

"Fu' white, white was her bonny neck,
Twist wi' the satin twine;
But ruddie, ruddie grew her hawse,
While she suppd the bluid-red wine."

COLDINGHAM EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

The generality of the people in this parish are sober, frugal, and industrious, plain and decent in their dress and deportment, and very few of them discover any desire for fineries, or expensive amusements. The only extravagance they are guilty of is their breakfasting upon tea, in place of porridge, the constant morning diet of their more athletic ancestors, which debilitates them; and the immoderate use of whisky, which too many of the lower class are guilty of, which destroys them. This is owing to the cheapness of these two superfluous and pernicious articles, which appear to be objects more fit for taxation than coals, candles, leather, and soap, which are as necessary in the poorest families as their meal and milk.—*Stat. Account.*

AN HONEST THIEF.

A Highlander was placed upon his trial for cattle-stealing; and while his indictment was being read, setting forth that he, as a common thief, had lain in wait, &c., the prisoner lost all patience, and, interrupting, cried out, "Common tief! common tief! steal ane cow, twa cow, tat be common tief: lift hundred cow, tat pe shentleman's trovers."

After the Court was again silent, and some little progress had been made in the particulars of the accusation, he again cried out—

"Och hone! tat such fine shentlemans should sit there with their fine gowns on to mak a parshel o' lees on a poor honest man!"

But, in conclusion, he was found guilty, and, on being told what was to be his fate, he roared out most outrageously; and fiercely pointing to the judges, he exclaimed—

"Oh! for a broadsword and a tirk, to rld ta hoose o' touse foul peastes!"—*Burt.*

THE EDINBURGH TRON.

A tron, or public beam for weighing, stood on the High Street of Edinburgh, near the present Tron Church, which took its name from that humble object. Here, at one time, false notaries and perjurers used to be exhibited. Nichol, the Diarist, speaking of a time which is generally reputed as the most virtuous and religious ever known in Scotland, viz., the year 1649, says—

"Much falset and cheitting was dailie deteckit at this time by the Lords of the Sessione; for the whilk there was dailie hanging, skurging, nailing of lugs, and binding of peepil to the Trone, and boring of tongues, so that it was ane fatal year for false notaries and witnessess, as dailie experience did witness."

TAKING DOWN THE COMMODORE.

Commodore Elliot, who distinguished himself by capturing Thurot, was one day crossing the Firth of Forth in a Kinghorn pinnace; and, for want of anything better to amuse himself with, he asked permission to steer the vessel.

"Gad, sir!" said the commodore, when he used to relate the anecdote, "I thought myself a good steersman. I had taken the helm of my own vessel when chasing Thurot. It did not appear, however, that my qualifications made a great impression upon the master of this boat; for soon after I heard him say to his son, a great lurching boy, 'Jock, tak the helm oot o' that man's hand—he canna steer a bit.'"

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.

One day two Highland drovers, while travelling to Paisley, were overtaken by one of the steam-carriages then plying in that direction. The

Celts, who had never either seen or heard of carriages being impelled by any other power than horses, stood lost in wonderment for a time.

"Pless me, Dougal, did you ever see the like o' that before—there is ta coach rin awa' frae ta horse? Run, run Dougal, like a good lad, and fricht *her*

the apartment shut was received as certain by the superstitious eld of Scotland. But neither was it to be thrown wide open. To leave the door ajar, was the plan adopted by the old crones who understood the mysteries of death-beds and lykewakes. In that case, there was room for the imprisoned spirit to escape; and yet an obstacle, we have been assured, was offered to the entrance of any frightful form which might otherwise intrude itself. The threshold of a habitation was in some sort a sacred limit, and the subject of much superstition. A bride, even to this day, is always *lifted* over it—a rule derived apparently from the Romans.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

A VAIN LORD PROVOST.

Lord Provost Coulter, of Edinburgh, who died during his tenure of office, and whose remains were honoured by a public funeral in 1812, was a plain and illiterate, but very vain man. A person on the street once inquired of him the rent of a certain house opposite.

"How do you think I should know that?" said the provost.

"Oh, sir," was the reply, "I thought, from the manner in which you were walking, that the whole of Edinburgh belonged to you!"

This, instead of offending the civic dignitary, rather pleased him.

On another occasion, when replying to the toast of his health, at a public dinner, he said that "though he had the body of a stocking weaver, he had the soul of a 'Sheepy Afreecawnus!'" meaning, it is presumed, Scipio Africanus.

Once recounting the various civic offices he held, and the different institutions of which he was a governor, the Rev. Dr Hunter very quietly said to him—

"It's a pity but what ye had been an author, my lord; ye could have filled up a muckle title-page."

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT THE DOOR.

The popular idea, that the protracted struggle between life and death is painfully prolonged by keeping the door of

A LOYAL HORSE.

The Earl of Stair had a Jacobite servant, whose misfortune it was one morning to report that a favourite horse of his master's was found hanged in the stable, at Newliston. His lordship having expressed great surprise as to how the horse could have hanged himself, and not without implying some suspicion of carelessness on John's part, that worthy at last ventured to remark—

"It was strange, my Lord: and the puir brute had naething to dae either wi' the Revolution or the massacre o' Glencoe."

A BARREN MUIR.

The Duchess of Douglas, whose rough wit was long remembered in Scotland, once spent an evening in company with Baron Mure, a judge of the Court of Session, but one who did not shine in society, and was afterwards asked what she thought of him.

"I think him a very barren muir indeed!" quoth her Grace.

EXECUTION OF COVENANTERS.

A small cross, marked with stones in the pavement of the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, indicates what was, from the reign of Charles II. to the year 1784, the common place of execution. The unfortunate Covenanters were the first victims of the law who suffered in this place. Many a pious heart has here breathed out its last aspirations, before submitting to what it considered as martyrdom for the sake of pure religion. To this the Duke of Rothes alluded, in his own peculiar style of wit, when he said to a recusant prisoner—

"Then e'en let him glorify God in the Grassmarket."—*Chambers.*

A RANCOROUS BARD.

Jan Lorn Macdonald, the Gaelic bard, whose loyal and satirical effusions are well known in every corner of the Highlands, pursued with the most unrelenting rancour of his verse the celebrated Marquis of Argyll, the enemy of his clan, and the head of the Whig interest. The marquis, like all Highlanders of the period, felt sore at being the object of a bard's ridicule, and, happening to meet Jan Lorn soon after the composition of one of his satires, asked him in Gaelic—

"Wilt thou never cease to gnaw me, Jan?"

"Never," replied Jan with asperity; "never until I can swallow you."

THE AIRT O' THE CLICKY.

When a pilgrim at any time gets bewildered, he poises his staff perpendicular on the way, then leaves it to itself, and on whatever direction it falls, that he pursues; and this little trait of superstition is termed the *Airt o' the clicky*—the direction of the staff. And

townsmen, when they mean to take a trip into the country for pleasure, and are quite careless to what part of it they wend their way, this they decide sometimes in the same way—the fallen stick determines the course to be pursued; and often as much amusement is found this way as if the chart had been pricked out. But there are few buridan asses which will starve between two bundles of hay, not knowing which to turn to; so those generally who seek direction from the staff, mostly cause it to gravitate towards the place they have a secret inclination to go to. As in the auld sang of "Jock Burnie"—

"Ein on en' he pois'd his rung, then
Watch'd the airt its head did fa',
Whilk was east he lap and sang then,
For there his dear bade—Meg
Macraw."

—*MacTaggart.*

THE HIGHLAND OATH.

The Highlanders used to think slightly of the Lowland form of oath. At Carlisle assizes, a Highland drover, who had meditated the ruin of another, prosecuted him for horse-stealing, and swore positively to the fact.

This being done, the supposed criminal desired that his prosecutor might be sworn in the Highland manner; and, the oath being tendered him accordingly, he refused to take it, saying—

"There is a hantle o' difference betwixt blawing on a book and damning ane's ain soul!"—*Burt.*

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

Henry Scott, Duke of Buccleuch, who died in 1812, was a man of quiet, plain, and unpretending habits, and used frequently to walk the streets as

an ordinary citizen, and was of easy access to all classes. He long commanded a regiment of fencibles in the Castle. One day he was proceeding up the High Street, towards the Castle, when a country girl, ignorant of his rank, accosted him—

"I say, sodger, my man, can ye tell me where I'll find my brither Wull?"

His Grace kindly listened to her, and learning that "Wull" was a private in his regiment, took her under his escort. On passing the sentinels at the Castle gate, they presented arms to the Duke. The girl, surprised, asked "What they did that for?" The Duke humorously replied, "It's a mark of respect either to you or me."

On reaching the regiment, then under parade, the astonishment of the brother, on seeing his sister approach in company with the Duke, may be conceived. He inquired if she knew who he was.

"No, I dinna ken wha he was; but, at any rate, he was a very bonny, civil spoken lad."—*Anderson*.

A CLERICAL ERROR.

A minister, taking a walk through his parish one day, came upon a woman seated at her door reading a book which he at once concluded was the New Testament, but which was really Blind Harry's *Wallace*. Under the influence of his delusion, however, he accosted her in a complimentary strain on her supposed pious occupation, expressing his gratification at finding her so well employed, and said it was a book which no one would ever weary reading.

"Atweel, sir," said she, "I never weary o't, for I've read it through and through I dinna ken how often, and I'm just as fond o't as ever."

"Oh, Janet," said the enraptured minister, "how glad I am to hear you say so; how happy I would be if all my parishioners were of the same mind, and

of what benefit it would be to themselves! For oh, to think, Janet, what He did—and suffered for us!"

"Ou, ay, sir," answered Janet; "an' aboon a', sir, to think how he soon'd through Carron water ae cauld frosty morning wi' his braidsword in his mouth,

EPIGRAM ON HUGO ARNOT.

Attributed to the Hon. Henry Erskine.

The Scriptures assure us much may be forgiven
To flesh and to blood, by the mercy of heaven;
But I've searched all the books, and texts
I find none
That extend such forgiveness to skin
and to bone.

Hugo was so attenuated as to be almost a walking skeleton,—had he lived till the year 1825, he might have proved a formidable rival to the living skeleton of that period. One day he was eating a split dried haddock, commonly called a spelding, when the reputed author of these lines came in.

"You see," says Hugo, jocularly, "I am not starving."

"I must own," observed Henry Erskine, "that you are very like your meat."—*Court of Session Garland*.

MEG DODS' CUSTOMERS.

There was a set of ancient brethren of the angle from Edinburgh, who visited Saint Ronan's frequently in the spring and summer, a class of guests peculiarly acceptable to Meg, who permitted them more latitude in her premises than she was known to allow to any other body.

"They were," she said, "pawky

auld carles, that kend whilk side their bread was buttered upon. Ye never kend of ony o' them ganging to the spring, as they behaved to ca' the stinking well yonder. Na na, they were up in the morning; had their parritch, wi' maybe a thimbleful o' brandy, and then awa' up into the hills, eat their bit could meat on the heather, and came hame at e'en wi' the creel full of caller trout, and had them to their dinner, and their quiet cogue of ale, and their drap punch, and were set singing their catches and glees, as they ca'd them, till ten o'clock, and then to bed, wi' God bless ye; and what for no?"—*St Ronan's Well.*

GALLOWAY CANTRIPS.

Cantrips are witch spells, incantations, or the black art witches use when going on with their witcheries: various snatches of *cantrip rhyme* are yet afloat on the atmosphere of tradition, not unsimilar to what Shakespeare introduces in his tragedy of *Macbeth*. Surely the mighty bard of nature had been no stranger to *cantrips*—with his

"Toil and trouble, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

I give two of the many specimens I have of these curiosities:—

In the pingle or the pan,
Or the haurnpan o' man,
Boil the heart's blude o' the tade,
Wi' the tallow o' the gled;
Hawcket kail, and hen dirt,
Chew'd cheese, an' chicken wort;
Yellow puddocks champit sma',
Spiders ten, and gellocks twa;
Sclaters twall, frae foggy dykes,
Bumbees twenty, frae their bykes!
Asks frae stinking lochens blue,
Ay, will make a better stue:
Bachelors maun hae a charm,
Hearts hae they a' fu' o' harm;

Ay the alder, ay the caulder,
And the caulder ay the baulder,
Taps snaw white, and tails green,
Snapping maidens o' fifteen,
Mingle, mingle, in the pingle,
Join the cantrip wi' the jingle:
Now we see and now we see,
Plots o' poaching, ane, twa, three.

Such, I suspect, is a *cantrip* respecting bachelors and blackguards; but the mysteries in it are not to be seen through. The other I here give is much of the same nature, only it seems more concerned with the female creation:—

Yirbs for the blinking queen,
Seeth now whan it is e'en;
Bourtrees branches, yellow gowans,
Berry rasps, and berry rowans;
De'il's milk frae thrissles saft,
Clover blades frae aff the craft;
Binwood leaves and blinmen's baws,
Heather bells, and wither'd haws:
Something sweet and something sour,
Time about wi' mild and dour;
Hinnie suckles, bluidy fingers,
Napple roots, and nettle stingers;
Bags o' bees, and gall in bladders,
Gowks spittles, pizion adders;
May dew, and founmart's tears,
Noel shearings, nowts neers,
Mix, mix, six and six,
And the Auld Maid's cantrip fix.

Maistartgart.

"LIFTING" THE CORPS.

While Sir Walter Scott was a member of the Edinburgh Light Dragoons, the commander of the corps to which he belonged was rather, as occasionally happens in volunteer regiments, ignorant of his duties, and required to have a card of the movements constantly in his hand. One morning—a very cold one—he forgot to bring his monitor with him, and without it he was useless. He could positively do nothing; the troop stood for twenty minutes quite motion-

less, while he vainly endeavoured to find means of supplying the want of the requisite card from memory. While the men were all becoming as cold as their own stirrup-irons, and were more like a set of mutes at a funeral than a band of redoubtable volunteers, ready to do battle at whatever odds against the enemies of their country, Sir Walter came lumping up, and said to a few of the other officers, in his usual grave way—

"I think the corps is rather long in 'lifting' this morning."

The drollery was so fit to the occasion, and to the feelings of the assembled troopers, that the whole burst out in a fit of laughing, which speedily communicated to the whole corps.

A HIGHLAND LOVE-LETTER.

ADDRESS,

"To wee Tonal Mactavish
No far frae Auchentocher,
Doon close by Glamorchan."

DEAR TONAL,—Yeel be wonderin hoo I hae been speaking sae little to ye for sae lang past o' time; but Tonal, man, I've been thrang, and ye little ken what the weemen folk have to dae. Ye think they dae naething ava, man, but this be a mistake, Tonal, for they're very bizzzy wi' things that ye ken little apoot. I like the family o' the Mac-Sorley, whar I'm steyan, and a' their ways. The young mistress has gotten doon a kist o' musick, last week, frae Lunnon, and I must confess it's very ponny. She stands on four virrelt legs, wi' a wee souple ane in the middle, and has a fine trone. She opens wi' a key, and ye'll see a raw o' white and black ivory teeth in the front o' her, but hoo she soon I canna mak oot ava. May be she'll be rowt up like the echt day clock, an' that'll mak her strike; but she's no sae lood as the pipes, and she hasna the swirl nor the skirl o' the

pipes, but she has a fine trone. She cam doon in a lang box, and I'll took her for a coffin till I'll see her culler, for she had nae feet on her till she'll be brocht into the house; but she has a fine trone. Miss Jean'll be aye soon sooning at her, but she locks her up when she has dune, and I canna get seeing her inside. I should like uncommonly to luke into her inside, for as she has nae plaw, I canna for the worl mak oot how she can trone; and she has a fine TRONE.

Hoo's Evan Derhawlish, and Duncan MacRoidart, and a' the rest o' them? Is Peggy MacPherson no marrit yet, nor Flora MacCandlish? Truly the lads are but dreich, tho' the lasses are fain. Tell my mither, Tonal, that I'm thrang saving money up for her auld days. My maister's son is awa' in Edinboro for his learning, and will, nae doot, be coming oot some day a great advocat; for he's a lad that's fu' o' cleveralitee.

Noo, I think, Tonal, ye hae the maist o' my news, and I hope ye'll sune rite, and don't forget to tell my mither YON. This lees me as it hopes to fin' you, and wi' mony compliments to ye a' in the Heelands, I remain, till time pe no more, yours till teath, and evermore.

COOK AND KETTLE.

Professor Hill, who filled the Greek chair at St Andrews, was remarkable for his social qualities and ready humour. Dining one day with the local presbytery, a joint was found to be imperfectly cooked.

"Come," said the professor, "do not let us grumble. We can easily hand it to the cook, who will pass it to the kettle, and all will be made right."

Dr Cook and Mr Kettle were two clergymen present; and the laugh which followed restored the clerical equanimity.

The professor one day found Mr Kettle seated on a large boulder at his manse gate as he chanced to come up.

"Seated so lowly, Mr Kettle?" said he, "when your brother Pan was a heathen god!"—*Dr Rogers.*

A CAULD KIRK.

On one occasion Burns, being storm-stayed at Lamington, went to church, but was so little pleased with the preacher and the place, that he left a record of his opinion on the church-window against them:—

"As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A cauld kirk, and in't but few;
As cauld a minister's e'er spak,
Ye'se a' be het ere I come back."

CHALMERS AT HOME.

As an instance of how, occasionally, the minds of great men can condescend to trifles, the following extract from Dr Chalmers' correspondence is interesting:

"Thursday, July 8, 1824. Dressed for dinner. Have got a new method of folding up my coat, which I shall show you when I get home, and is of great use to a traveller. I am about as fond of it as I was of the new method of washing my hands."

BUCKHAVEN BREEDING.

Buckhaven, a fishing village in Fife, is, like many other fishing villages in Scotland, rather a peculiar place, while the manners of the natives are equally so. The minister of the parish went one day to solemnise a marriage. He made the bridegroom, of course, promise to be a faithful, loving, and indulgent husband—at least, he put the question to that effect, but could not get him to alter his stiff, erect posture. Again and again he repeated the form, but the man

remained as silent and stiff as ever. A neighbour was present who knew more about the forms and footsteps of the thing, and was considered to have advanced a little more in civilisation than the rest. Enraged at the clownishness of the bridegroom, he stepped forward, gave him a vigorous knock on the back, and said to him with corresponding energy,—

"Ye brute, can ye no boo to the minister!"

Dr Chalmers' commentary on this incident was brief, but emphatic—

"The heavings of incipient civilisation, you know."

THE OLD POSTAL SERVICE.

Before the era of naming streets or numbering houses, recourse was had to very grotesque and often complicated addresses. The following are respectively of dates 1702, 3:—

"for

Mr Archbald Dumbarr of Thunder-toun to be left at Capt. Dumbarr's writing Chamber at the Iron revell third storie below the Cross north end of the close at Edinr."

"For

Captain Philip Anstruther off New-grange att his lodgeing a litle above the fountain-well south side of the street Edenbrough."—*Dunbar-Dunbar.*

WASTE OF BREATH.

Hugo Arnot suffered severely from asthma, and one morning when his complaint was more than usually acute, hearing a sturdy fellow bawling sand to sell on the street, he exclaimed, with mingled petulance and humour, "The rascal! he spends as much breath in a minute as would serve me for a month!"

MAGISTERIAL IGNORANCE.

About 1792, when burgh reform was the order of the day, a Provost Kerr of Peebles was despatched from that place to London as a delegate. During his stay there he was introduced to a meeting of the Whig Club. After the cloth was removed, among other toasts, Mr Fox gave, "The Majesty of the People." This the provost, not understanding the English accent, and being full of his own importance, mistook for "The Magistrates of Peebles;" and actually rose and made a pompous speech, in return for the imaginary honour done to him and his colleagues, to the no small amazement and diversion of the whole company.

A SUFFICIENT REASON.

An old clergyman, who had got a strong-lunged helper, observed that one of his hearers was becoming rather irregular in his attendance at church. Of course, the divine felt it his duty to visit the backslider, and he accordingly went to his house; but the gudeman was not in. He inquired of the wife why John was so seldom at church now?

"Oh, indeed, minister," she replied, without the slightest hesitation, "that young man ye've gotten roars sae loud that John canna sleep sae comfortable as he did when ye used to preach yersel' sae peaceably."

A DANGEROUS MAN.

Two young gentlemen, great friends, went together to the theatre in Glasgow, supped at the lodgings of one of them, and passed a whole summer night over their punch. In the morning a kindly wrangle broke out about their separating or not separating, when by some rashness, if not accident, one of them

was stabbed, not violently, but in so vital a part that he died on the spot. The survivor was tried at Edinburgh, and was convicted of culpable homicide. It was one of the sad cases where the legal guilt was greater than the moral; and, very properly, he was sentenced to only a short term of imprisonment. Lord Hermand, who felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking—then so common and fashionable, even in the best society—had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation.

"We are told, my laards," said he, "that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night, and yet he stabbed him! after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! My laards! if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?"—*Lord Cockburn.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S PIPER.

Of the simplicity and superstition of his honest piper, John Bruce, Sir Walter Scott relates the following instance in a letter to the Duke of Buccleuch:—

"The most extraordinary recipe (for his severe illness in 1810) was that of my Highland piper, who spent a whole Sunday in selecting twelve stones from twelve south-running streams, with the purpose that I should sleep upon them, and be made whole. I caused him to be told that the recipe was infallible, but that it was absolutely necessary for the cure to be successful that the stones should be wrapped up in the petticoat of a widow who had never wished to marry again; upon which the disappointed piper renounced all hope of being able to complete the charm."

EPITAPH ON DAVID FORREST,
A FOWLER.

In Gogar-Fife Churchyard.

Here David Forrest's corpse asleep doth
lye,
His soul with Christ enjoys tranquillity.
A famous fowler on the earth was he,
And for the same shall last his memory.
His years were sixty-five—now he doth
sing
Glorie in these heavens, where rowth of
game doth spring.

SEVERE PUNISHMENT.

November 6, 1728. One Margaret Gibson, for the crime of theft, was drummed through the city of Edinburgh in a very disgraceful manner. Over her neck was fixed a board with spring and bells, which rung as she walked. At some inches from her face was fixed a false-face, over which was hung a fox's tail. In short, she was a very odd spectacle.

AN INTELLIGENT CRITIC.

A Highlander on his first visit to Edinburgh was very much taken by seeing a blind man playing a fiddle in the street. On returning to his native village he told his friends, that "he had seen a plind man at the West Port of Embroch, with a prown hen in his arms; that he kittled her neck, and 'claw'd her wame, and that she sang ponily, ponily!"

MATRIMONY.

Wha weds for siller weds for care;
Wha weds for beauty weds nac mair;
But he that weds them baith thegither,
Content wi' ane enjoys the ither.

A CAUTIOUS BENEDICT.

In the spring of 1826, during the depression of trade in Glasgow, a friend of Henderson, the portrait painter, and collector of proverbs, who had got married, advised the latter to follow his example.

"Na, na," said Henderson; "saft's your horn, my friend, as the man said when he took haud o' a cuddie's lug instead o' a cow's horn in the dark. Single blessedness is the thing; they wad need a stonter heart than mine is that wad marry in sic a time as noo. I can put on my hat, and thank God that it covers my haill family."

THE WARLOCK WEAVER.

There dwelt a weaver in Moffat town,
That said the minister would dee sune;
The minister dee'd, and the folk o' the
town
They brant the weaver wi' the wud o'
his loom,
And ca'd it weel-ward on the warlock
loun.

—*Chambers' Popular Rhymes of Scotland.*

WALKING IN THE STREET.

I soon made an observe, that the crowd in London are far more considerate than with us in Glasgow—the folk going one way keep methodically after one another; and those coming the other way do the same, by a natural instinct of civilisation, so that no confusion ensues, and none of that dinging, and bumping, and driving, that happens in the Trongate, especially on a Wednesday, enough to make the soberest man wud at the misleart stupidity of the folks, particularly of the farmers and their kintra wives, that have creels with eggs and butter in their arms.—*Galt.*

CATCHING A TARTAR.

December 10, 1728. A gentleman travelling to the south was attacked on Soutra Hill by two fellows, armed with bayonets, who desired him to surrender his purse. The gentleman putting his hand beneath his jockey-coat, presented a pistol, and asked them whether that or his money was fittest for them. They earnestly begged he would spare their lives, for necessity had forced them to it, and they had never robbed any one save one countryman an hour before, of 6s. 8d. The gentleman put them to this dilemma—either to receive his bullets, or cut an ear out of each other's head; the last of which with sorrowful hearts they performed.

A HIGHLANDER'S ANSWER.

A gentleman from the Highlands, attended by his trusty servant Donald, a native of the wild and mountainous district of Lochaber, was travelling through the fertile and delightful plains of Italy. The master asked Donald how he would like to possess an estate there, and what he would do with one if he had it?

"Please your honour," replied Donald, "I would sell him, and buy a farm in Lochaber."

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

One of the bailies of Lanark, while visiting the jail of that town, found the prisoners at the time to consist of a poacher, who chose to reside there in preference to paying a fine, and a wild Irishman in custody for fire-raising, who either was mad or pretended to be so. The first visited was the poacher.

"Weel, Jock," says the magistrate, "I hope ye hae naething to complain o' yer treatment here?"

"Naething but the noise that Irishman makes. I haena slept for the twa last nights; and I maun just tell ye, bailie, that an' ye dinna faw' means to keep him quiet, I'll stay nae langer

WILLIAM MATTHISON'S EPITAPH,
IN PRESTONPANS CHURCHYARD.

William Matthison here lies,
Whose age was forty-one;
February 17, he dies,
Went Isbel Mitchell from;
Who was his married wife,
The fourth part of his life.
The soul it cannot die,
Though the body be turned to clay,
Yet meet again they must,
At the last day.
Trumpet shall sound, archangels cry—
"Come forth, Isbel Mitchell, and
meet Will
Matthison in the sky."

AN AGED BELLMAN.

November 19, 1731. Died William Eadie, bellman of the Canongate, Edinburgh, aged 120. He had buried the inhabitants of the Canongate thrice. He was 90 years a freeman, and married a second wife, a lusty young woman, after he was 100 years old.

REPROOF FROM THE PULPIT.

The Rev. Mr Shirra, of Kirkcaldy, could never endure to see any of his flock attend public worship in clothes that he thought too fine for their station in life. One Sunday forenoon, a young lass, who attended church regularly, and was personally known to him, came in with a new bonnet of greater magnitude, and more richly decorated, than he thought befitted the wearer. He

soon observed it; and, pausing in the middle of his discourse, said, "Look, ony o' ye that's near hand there, whether my wife be 'sleepin' or no, as I canna get a glint o' her for a' thae fine faldral feathers about Jenny Bean's braw new bonnet."

A PERVERSE PRINTER.

Mr Charles Kerr, formerly king's printer for Scotland, was a man of somewhat original character. Finding that the king's printers of former days had been in the habit of wearing court clothes, he determined, after receiving his appointment, to revive that fashion, and accordingly appeared in the streets of Edinburgh, very much to the surprise of his acquaintance, in a gay suit of scarlet, with the proper appendices of a dress sword, bag, cane, &c. A friend at length ventured to remonstrate with him upon this strange tantrum, representing how much it excited the wonder and ridicule of the public. "Man," said Kerr, over his shoulder, "I like to vex the public."

AN EXPLANATION EXPLAINED.

An English gentleman travelling in the north of Scotland was told, when he came to Edinburgh, that he would not be able to understand the Aberdeenshire dialect, and was advised to take an Edinburgh servant with him as an interpreter, which he did. Upon his arrival at Lady F——'s, an old Scottish countess, he was desired by the hospitable lady, when seated at dinner, to "fa' tee, fa' tee, and eat." Upon turning to his interpreter for an explanation, the latter said, "Hoot, sir, her ladyship means 'Fa' tu and eat.'"

"And pray," asked his master, "what is *fa' tu*?"

"It means just eat awa' as fast's ye're able, sir."

ON THE SCHOOLMASTER OF CURRIE.

Below thir stones, lies Meekie's banes,

Oh! Satan, gin ye tak him,
It's mak him tutor to your weans,
An' clever deils he'll mak them.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

A Stirlingshire farmer paid a visit to his son, who was settled in business in Liverpool. Finding the old gentleman rather *de trop* in his office, the son one day persuaded him to cross the Mersey to look at the harvesting, then in full operation, on the Cheshire side. On landing he observed a young woman reaping in a field of oats, when the following dialogue ensued:—

Farmer. "Lassie, are yer aits muckle bookit i' the year?"

Girl. "Sir!"

Farmer. "I was speering gif yer aits are muckle bookit th' year?"

Girl (in amazement). "I really don't know what you are saying, sir."

Farmer (in equal astonishment). "Gude-save-us, do yeno understaangude plain English!—are—yer—aits—muckle—bookit?"

The girl decamped to her nearest companion, saying that he was a madman; while he shouted in great wrath, "They were naething else but a set o' pockpuddings."

"YE NEEDNA FASH."

An Englishman volunteered to do something for a Scotchman, but was told by the latter that he "needna fash."

"What does the fellow mean by 'needna fash'?" said the former to a bystander.

"Oh, sir," was the reply, "he just means that ye needna fash ava, sir."

THE SHEPHERD ON SUMPHS.

A sump is a chiel to whom Natur has denied any considerable share o' understaunin, without ha'in chose to mak him just a'thegither an indisputable idiot. His pawrents haena the comfort o' bein able, without frequent misgivings, to consider him a natural-born fule, for you see he can be taught the letters o' the alphabet, and even to read wee bits o' short words, no in write but in prent, sae that he may in a limited sense be even something o' a scholar. I've kent sumphs no that ill spellers. But then you sce, sir, the mind of the sumphie is seen to be stationary, and generally about twal it begins slawly to retrograwd; sae that at about twenty—and at age, if you please, sir, we shall consider him—he has verra little mair sense than a sookin babby. He kens sun frae moon, cock frae hen, and richt-weel man frae woman; for it is a curious fact that your sump is as amatory as Solomon himsel', and ye generally find him married and standin at the door o' his house like a schulemaster—the green before his house owerflows wi' weans, a' his ain progeny; and his wife, a comely body, wi' twins on her breist, is aiblins, wi' a pleased face, seen smilin ower his shouthers. Sumpis are aye fattish—wi' round legs like women—generally wi' red and white complexions—though I've kent them black-a-voiced, and no ill-lookin, were it no for a want o' something you canna at first sicht weel tell what, till you find by degrees that it's a want o' everything—a want o' expression, a want o' air, a want o' manner, a want o' smeddum, a want o' vigour, a want o' sense, a want o' feelin—in short, a want o' sowl—a deficit which nae painstakin' in education can ever supply; and then, ohooos! but they're dour, dour, dour—obstinater than either pigs or cuddies, and whaur to drive along the high road o' life. For, by tyin' a

string to the hint leg o' a grumphie, and keepin' jerk-jerkin' him back, you can wile him forrit by fits and starts; and the maist contumacious cuddie you can transplant at last, by pour-pourin' upon his hurdies the oil o' hazel; but neither by priggin nor prayin, by reason nor by rung, when the fit's on him, frae his position may mortal man howp to move a sump.—*Noctes Ambros.*

MRS BOSWELL AND DR JOHNSON.

Boswell tells with his usual *naïveté*, that his wife exclaimed to him, on one occasion, when perhaps Dr Johnson had been more than usually rude, with natural asperity, "I have seen many a bear led by a man, but I never before saw a man led by a bear!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CHILDHOOD.

The following curious reminiscence of Sir Walter Scott's youth is taken from a letter of the celebrated Mrs Cockburn, author of the original version of the "Flowers of the Forest," beginning, "I've seen the smiling," &c. :—

I last night supped in Mr Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was a description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm; he lifted up his eyes and hands—

"There's the mast gone," says he; "crash it goes: they will all perish!"

After his agitation he turns to me.

"That is too melancholy," says he; "I had better read you somewhat more amusing."

I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully indeed. One of his observa-

tions was: "How strange it was that Adam, just new come into the world, should know everything. That must be the poet's fancy," says he.

But when told he was created perfect by God Himself, he instantly yielded.

When he was taken to bed last night he told his aunt he liked that lady.

"What lady?" says she.

"Why, Mrs Cockburn; for I think she's a *virtuoso* like myself."

"Dear Walter," says his aunt, "what is a *virtuoso*?"

"Don't you know? Why, it's one who will know everything."

Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray what age do you suppose that boy to be? Name it now before I tell you.

"Why, twelve or fourteen."

No such thing; he is not quite six, and he has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick. You will allow this an uncommon exotic.

A DOUBLE LIFE.

A newspaper of the year 1777 gives the following as an extract from a letter from Lanark:—

"Old William Douglas and his wife are lately dead; you know that he and his wife were born on the same day, within the same hour, by the same midwife; christened at the same time, and at the same church; that they were constant companions till nature inspired them with love and friendship; and at the age of nineteen were married, by the consent of their parents, at the church where they were christened. These are not the whole of the circumstances attending this extraordinary pair. They never knew a day's sick-

ness until the day before their deaths; and on the day on which they died were aged exactly one hundred years. They died in one bed, and were buried in one grave, close to the font where they both were christened. Providence did not bless them with any children."

INSCRIPTION ON FORGLEN CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE.

Supposed to be upwards of 400 years old.

Original.	Modern rendering.
Do veil and dovp't nocht, Althoch thov be spyt; He is lytl' g'ud vorth, That is nocht envyt; Tak thow no tent Quhat everie man tels; Gyve thov vaild leave or denit	Do well and doubt not, Although thou be spied; He is little good worth, That is not envied; Take thou no tent What every man tells; If thou wouldst live un- censured,
Gang quhairna man dwells.	Go where no man dwells

EPITAPH IN MONTROSE CHURCHYARD.

Here lyes the bodeys of George Young and Isbel Guthrie, and all their posterity for fifty years backwards.

November 1757.

A ROMAN GOMMERAL.

At a parochial examination the minister asked an old woman who Pontius Pilate was.

"Adeed, sir, I kenna," she answered; "they tell me he was a Roman gommeral."

"A Roman gommeral," echoed the clergyman; "what do you mean by a gommeral, woman?"

"Adeed, sir, I'm no far-sighted in the meanin' o' words; but aye when I hear a gommeral spoken o', it puts me in mind o' Davie Todd, your ain carlitch elder, just a domineerin', fashous fellow, aye meddlin' wi' things he's naething ado wi'!"

"AULD ROBIN GRAY."

There was an old Scotch air (not, however, the air to which the song is now sung, for that we owe to an English clergyman) of which Lady Anne Bernard was very fond, and which Soph Johnstone was in the habit of singing to words which were far from choice. It struck Lady Anne that she could supply the air with a tale of virtuous distress in humble life, with which all could sympathise. Robin Gray was the name of a shepherd at Balcarres, who was familiar to the children of the house. He had once arrested them in their flight to an indulgent neighbour's. Lady Anne revenged this arrest by seizing the old man's name and preventing it from passing into forgetfulness. While she was in the act of heaping misfortunes on the heroine Jeanie, her sister Elizabeth, twelve or thirteen years her junior, strayed into the little room, and saw "sister Anne" at her *escri-toire*.

"I have been writing a ballad, my dear," the frank elder sister told her little confidante; "and I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines. Help me to one, I pray."

"Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted, and the song completed.—*Songstresses of Scotland*.

CURIOUS RELIC OF THE PLAGUE IN SCOTLAND.

At Linlithgow, there is preserved a curious relic of the plague—namely, a coffin or box, which was used in conveying all the persons who died of that distemper to their last abode. It pos-

sesses no peculiarity of appearance except that it seems calculated to contain a body of the largest size, and that the bottom is a lid moving on hinges, with a pin, which serves by way of lock. The tradition of the town bears that the bodies of the dead were conveyed to their graves successively in this general coffin, and, when brought over the hole, permitted to drop in, by merely withdrawing the pin. This indecorous mode of interment, so opposite to the ordinary customs of the Scottish people, presents us with a dreadful idea of this disorder, and of the hardening effect which its ravages gradually produced upon the feelings and ordinary sympathies of humanity.—*R. Chambers*.

A SCEPTIC'S BELIEF.

Among the most intimate friends of David Hume was Sir James Stuart Denham, one of the early illustrators of political economy, and a man of humour and pleasantry. He was much addicted to that favourite amusement of last century, then termed *cramming*, and which is now better known as *hoaxing*. He used to find in Hume one of the best of all possible subjects for his favourite exercise, as the philosopher, it must be understood, was in all common affairs the most credulous of mortals. One day, after having ~~run~~ the philosophical sceptic to a considerable length, he could keep up the joke no longer, but burst out with—

"Ah, Davy, Davy, you would believe anything, man, but what's in the Bible!"

"VERY WELL ANSWERED."

Dr Johnson of Newhaven entered the house of one of his parishioners, just as Maggy, "the gudewife," had returned from market; and in her hurry to meet the minister, whom she found in pos-

session of her cottage, she deposited her creel, which contained certain purchases from the butcher, at the door. After a few preliminary observations, the doctor put the question—

"What doth every sin deserve, Margaret?"

"God's curse—the dowie's awa' wi' the head and harrigals," she exclaimed, as she bolted after the canine delinquent, who had made free with the contents of her basket.

"Very well answered, Maggie," said the doctor on her return from the chase; "but rather hurriedly spoken."—*Kay*.

A NATURAL FACT.

Principal Hill once encountered a fierce onslaught from the Rev. James Burn in the General Assembly. When Mr Burn had concluded his attack, the professor rose, and said with a smile—

"Moderator, we all know that it is most natural that Burns should run down Hills."

The laugh was effectually raised against his opponent, whose arguments and assertions he then proceeded to demolish at his leisure.

A COURAGEOUS LADY.

Euphemia, or Lady Effie, as she was more generally called, a daughter of the ninth Earl of Eglinton, was married to the celebrated "Union Lockhart," and proved an able auxiliary to him in many of his secret intrigues on behalf of the exiled Stuarts. When not engaged in attending Parliament he resided chiefly at his country seat of Dryden, while Lady Effie paid frequent visits to Edinburgh disguised in male attire. She used to frequent the coffee-houses and other places of public resort, and, joining freely in conversation with the Whig partisans, she often obtained important

information for her husband. It chanced on one occasion that Mr Forbes, a zealous Whig, but a man of profligate habits, had got hold of some important private papers, implicating Lockhart, and which he had engaged to forward to Government. Lady Euphemia Lockhart dressed her two sons, who were fair and somewhat effeminate looking, though handsome youths, in negligee, fardingale, and masks, with patches, jewels, and all the finery of accomplished courtizans. Thus equipped they sallied out to the Cross, and watching for the Whig gallant, they speedily attracted his notice, and so won on him by their attentions that he was induced to accompany them to a neighbouring tavern, where the pseudo fair ones fairly drank him below the table, and then rifled him of the dangerous papers.—*Wilson*.

THE CLAYMORE,

A great two-handed sword formerly in use among the Highlanders, two inches broad, and double edged; the blade being 3 feet 7 inches long, the handle, 14 inches; with a plain transverse guard of one foot; the whole weighing 6½ lb. These swords were the original weapons of the English, as appears by the figure of a soldier, found among the ruins of London, after the Great Fire in 1666.—*R. O. Fenoway*.

A SCHOOLMASTER'S ADDRESS TO KING JAMES VI.

Linlithgo exhibited its loyalty in a very remarkable manner in the year 1617, when King James touched at his mother's birthplace in the course of a progress through his kingdom of Scotland. James Wiseman, the schoolmaster of the town, was enclosed in a large plaster figure representing a lion,

and placed at the extremity of the town in order to address his majesty as he entered. However ridiculous this exhibition may now appear, it no doubt pleased the grotesque fancy of the King, more especially as the speech was highly laudatory, and composed in that peculiar style of poetry suited to the pedantic taste of the monarch. It was as follows :—

"Thrice Royal Sir, here do I you heseech,
Who art a lion, to here a lion's speech—
A miracle! for since the day's of Æsop
No lion, till these days, a voice dared raise up
To such a Majesty! Then, king of men,
The king of beasts speaks to thee from his den,
Who, tho' he now enclosed be in plaster,
When he was free, was Lithgow's wise school-
master!"

—Charles Mackie.

HIGH-SOUNDING TERMS.

A peddling shopkeeper that sells a pennyworth of thread is a *merchant*; the person who is sent for that thread has received a *commission*, and, bringing it to the sender, is making *report*. A bill to let you know there is a single room to be let is called a *placard*; the doors are *ports*; an enclosed field of two acres is a *park*; and the wife of a laird of fifteen pounds a year is a *lady*, and treated with *your ladyship*.—Burt.

"SAINT" DAVID HUME.

Previous to the naming of the streets in the New Town of Edinburgh, and when David Hume's house was almost the only one in what is now really St David's Street, the philosopher's friend, Dr Webster, one of the ministers of the city, and a professed wit, came past one day, and, in ironical allusion to the known infidelity of its tenant, wrote with chalk upon the front, "*Saint David's Street*." Shortly after, Mr Hume's aged female servant happened

to observe the painters actually lettering the name of the street on the corner, and immediately ran in to inform her master of the joke which had been played off upon him. The philosopher, not at all disturbed, only said, in his usual quiet way—

"Weel, weel, Janet, never mind. I'm no the first man of sense that has been made a saint o'."

AN AGED YOUTH.

In April 1732, it was intimated from Kirkcaldy, that Margaret White of that place, aged 87, had lately cut eight fresh teeth. Her husband, moreover, was in hopes "she may bring him also a new progeny, as she has recovered, with her new tusks, a blooming and juvenile air."

AN INGENIOUS ROGUE.

One Thomas M'Gie, who was bred a scholar, but poor, of a good genius and ready wit, of an aspiring temper, and desirous to make an appearance in the world, but wanting a fund convenient for his purpose, was tempted to try his hand upon bank-notes of the Bank of Scotland. At this time (1700) all the five kinds of notes—namely, £100, £50, £20, £10, and £5—were engraven in one and the same character. He by artful razing, altered the word five in the five-pound note, and made it *fifty*. But good providence discovered the villany before he had done any great damage, by means of the check-book and a record kept in the office; and the rogue was forced to fly abroad. The check-book and record are so excellently adapted to one another, and the keeping them right and applying thereof is so easy, that no forgery or falsehood of notes can be imposed upon the bank for any sum of moment before

it is discovered. After discovering this cheat of M'Gie, the company caused engrave new copper-plates for all their notes, each of a different character, adding several other checks, so that it is not in the power of man to renew M'Gie's villany.—*Account of Bank of Scotland.*

A MOCK PRINCE.

In June 1745, a native of Fife, David Gillies, assumed the name and character of Charles Stuart, Prince of Wales. He went about privately, and, by conferring honours and places, obtained a good deal of money from weak people. Warrants having been issued for his apprehension, he fled, but was caught at Selkirk. The justices of the county, after consulting the crown lawyers, sentenced the mock prince and his court, consisting of two men and two women, to be banished the shire by tuck of drum, attended by the hangman, as vagrants; and this was duly carried into effect on the 14th of July.

PORT-GLASGOW.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the citizens of Glasgow began to show an active spirit for trade, and being sensible of the want of sufficient depth of water at the Broomielaw, they resolved to have a port nearer the mouth of the Clyde. Accordingly, they proposed to make an extensive harbour at Dumbarton; but were opposed by the magistrates of that burgh, on the ground that the great influx of mariners and others would raise the price of provisions to the inhabitants. The magistrates of Glasgow being disappointed in this project, turned their attention to the other side of the river; and, in the year 1662, purchased thirteen

acres of ground from Sir Robert Maxwell, adjoining the village of Newark, about nineteen miles below the city; and, having laid out the ground for a town, they built harbours, and made the first dry or graving dock that was in Scotland.—*Cleland.*

"WEATHER" OR NO.

"Tak' notice," shouted the Inverary bell-man at the pitch of his voice, "that the poat for Glasgow will sail on Monday morning, God willing and weather permittin', or on Tuesday, whether or no."

AN HISTORICAL EPITAPH.

February 26, 1728, died Marjory Scott, an inhabitant of Dunkeld, who had reached the age of 100. The following epitaph was composed for her by Alexander Penecuik, but never inscribed. It has been preserved, however, as a whimsical statement of historical facts comprehended within the life of an individual:—

Stop, passenger, until my life you read,
The living may get knowledge from the dead.
Five times five years I led a virgin life,
Five times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I lived a widow chaste.
Now tired of this mortal life I rest.
Betwixt my cradle and my grave hath been
Six mighty kings of Scotland and a queen.
Full twice five years the Commonwealth I saw,
Ten times the subjects rise against the law;
And, which is worse than any civil war,
A king arraigned before the subject's bar.
Swarms of sectarians, hot with hellish rage,
Cut off his royal head upon the stage.
Twice did I see old Prelacy pulled down,
And twice the cloak did sink beneath the gown.
I saw the Stuart race thrust out; nay, more,
I saw our country sold for English ore;
Our numerous nobles, who have famous been,
Sunk to the lowly number of sixteen;
Such desolation in my days have been,
I have an end of all perfection seen!

Statistical Account.

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG.

Some very remarkable expressions occurred at the taking by King James V. of the unfortunate Johnnie Armstrong. Though this hero was what an old historian calls "ane lous leivand man," and maintained a band of twenty-eight well-horred able gentlemen, whose sole duty was plunder, his death was greatly lamented by the people, on account of his being the boldest man on the border, and his never harming any one but "the auld enemies of England." Armstrong came to pay his obeisance to the king at a hunting match, and was so unfortunate as to excite the royal displeasure by the splendour of his apparel and the number of his train.

"What wants yon knave," said the monarch, turning away his face, "that a king should have?"

The borderer, perceiving that the king desired to take his life, attempted to avert his fate by offering to maintain forty men constantly in the royal service, and to be ever ready to bring any subject in England, duke, earl, lord, or baron, within a given day, to his majesty's feet. Seeing, however, that James treated all his offers with contempt, he exclaimed with vehemence—

"I am but ane fule to seek grace, at ane graceless face. But had I knawin, sir, that ye would have taken my life this day, I should have leaved upon the borders in despite of King Harie and you baith; for I know King Harie would weigh down my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned this day."

He was immediately led to the scaffold and executed, along with all his "gallant companie."

AN OLD SCOTTISH JUDGE.

Lord Forglan, a judge of the Court of Session, died in Edinburgh, March 30, 1727. When approaching his end

he was visited by his friend James Boswell, advocate. He was quite cheerful, and said—

"Come awa, Mr Boswell, and learn to dee: I'm gaun awa' to see your auld freend Cullen and mine (Lord Cullen had died a year before). He was a guid honest man; but his walk and yours wasna very steady when you used to come in frae Maggie Johnston's upon the Saturday afternoons."

Mrs Johnston kept a little inn near Bruntfield Links, which she contrived to make attractive to men of every grade in life by her home-brewed ale.

Dr Clerk, who attended Lord Forglan at the last, used to tell that, calling on his patient on the day he died, he was admitted by his lordship's clerk, David Reid.

"How does my lord do?" inquired the doctor.

"I houp he's weel," answered David with a solemnity that told what he meant. He then conducted him to a room, and showed him two dozen of wine under a table. Other doctors presently came in, and David, making them all sit down, proceeded to tell them his deceased master's last words, at the same time pushing the bottle about briskly. After the company had taken a glass or two, they rose to depart; but David detained them.

"No, no," said he, "not so. It was the express will o' the dead that I should fill ye a' fow, and I maun fulfil the will o' the dead."

All the time the tears were streaming down his cheeks. "And, indeed," said the doctor when telling the story, "David did fulfil the will o' the dead, for before the end o' there was na ane o' us able to bite his ain thoomb!"

TWO WANDERERS.

Sir Walter Scott used to relate, with rich humour, the following incident

which occurred to him at Antwerp :— The morning after his arrival, he started at an early hour to visit the tomb of Rubens, in the church of St Jacques. He had no guide, but observing a person strolling about like himself, he addressed him in his best French. The stranger, pulling off his hat, very respectfully replied in Highland accent—

"I'm very sorry, sir, but I canna speak ony thing besides English."

"This is very unlucky indeed, Donald," said Mr Scott, "but we must help one another; for, to tell you the truth, I'm not good at any other tongue but the English, or rather the Scotch."

"Oh, sir," replied the Highlander, "may be you are a countryman, and ken my maister, Captain Cameron of the 79th, and could tell me where he lodges. I'm just cum in, sir, frae a place they ca' *Machlin*, and hae forgotten the name of the captain's quarters; it was something like the *ladrover*."

"I can, I think, help you with this, my friend," rejoined Sir Walter. "There is an inn just opposite to you (pointing to the *Hôtel de Grand Laboreur*), I daresay that will be the captain's quarters;" and it proved to be so.

THE WATER-CADDIES OF EDINBURGH.

They were a very curious tribe, consisting of both men and women, but the former were perhaps the more numerous. Their business was to carry water into houses; and therefore their days were passed in climbing up lofty stairs, in order to get into flats.

The water was borne in little casks, and was got from the public wells, which were then pretty thickly planted in the principal streets; and as there were far more candidates than spouts, there was a group of impatient and wrangling claimants who, when not eloquent, sat upon their kegs. These encampments of drawers of water had

a striking appearance. The barrels, when filled, were slung upon their backs, suspended by a leather strap, which was held in front by the hand. Their carriage was made easier by leaning forward, which threw the back outward; and hence stooping was the natural attitude of these sons and daughters of the well. They were known by this peculiarity even when off work. Their backs, which would otherwise have never been dry, were protected by thick layers of hard black leather, on which the barrels lay; and the leather had a slight curl up at its lower edge, which, acting as a lip, threw the droppings, by which they could always be tracked, off to the sides. Still, however, what with filling, and trickling, and emptying, it was a moist business. They were all rather old, and seemed little; but this last might be owing to their stooping. The men very generally had old red jackets, probably the remnants of the Highland Watch, or of the City Guard; and the women were always covered with thick duffle greatcoats, and wore black hats like the men. They very seldom required to be called; for every house had its favourite "water-caddie," who knew the habits and wants of the family, and the capacity of the single cistern, which he kept always replenishing at his own discretion, at the fee (I believe) of a penny for each barrel. Their intercourse with families civilized them a little; so that, in spite of their plashy lives, and public-well discussions, they were rather civil and very cracky creatures. What fretted them most was being obstructed in going up a stair; and their occasionally tottering legs testified that they had no bigotry against qualifying the water with a little whisky. They never plied between Saturday night and Monday morning; that is, their employers had had hot water all Sunday. These bodies were such favourites that the extinction of

their trade was urged seriously as a reason against water being allowed to get into our houses in its own way!—
Lord Cockburn.

“NAE BRAIRD LIKE MIDDEN
BRAIRD.”

A Lady E—— of S——, who had been elevated to that title from a very low origin, took a strange way of showing how she felt her *parvenu* dignity. She used to sit in her chamber, every now and then ringing her bell for her servant, having no use all the time for his attendance. The answer to the servant on his inquiring what was wanted was simply “Nothing;” the servant then retired, and nothing more was said or done till the next ring. Some one venturing to ask her ladyship’s reason for such strange conduct—

“What!” said she, “shall Lady E—— not ring her own bell when she pleases, whether she needs any thing or no!”

A BASHFUL WOOER.

Of Dr Haldane, a professor at St Andrews when he was there, Charles Young, in his *Diary*, tells the following anecdote:—

“Shortly before I left St Andrews, the nephew of his patron, Lord Melville, who had been his inmate and companion for three years, was also about to leave. The loss of the society of one whose great ability had led all who knew him to expect he would one day fill high place in the councils of his sovereign, grieved him much. When it was reported that he had fitted up his house afresh, at the very time when appearances were of less consequence to him, it was generally supposed, and currently reported, that he was going

to change his state. There is no doubt the rumour was well founded; for, on a given day, at an hour unusually early for a call, the good doctor was seen at the house of a certain lady, for whom he had long been supposed to have a predilection, in a bran-new coat, wiping ‘his wheel-pouthered head’ with a clean white handkerchief, and betraying much excitement of manner, till the door was opened. As soon as he was shown ‘ben,’ and saw the fair one, whom he sought, calmly engaged in knitting stockings, and not at all disturbed by his entrance, his courage, like that of Bob Acres in the ‘Rivals,’ began to ooze out at the tips of his fingers, and he sat himself down on the edge of his chair in such a state of pitiable confusion as to elicit the compassion of the lady in question. She could not understand what ailed him, but felt instinctively that the truest good-breeding would be to take no notice of his embarrassment, and lead the conversation herself. Thus, then, she opened fire:—‘Wheel, doctor, hae ye got through a’ your papering and painting yet?’ (A clearing of the throat preparatory to speech, but not a word uttered.) ‘I’m told your new carpets are just beautifu.’ (A further clearing of the throat, and a vigorous effort to speak, terminating in a free use of his handkerchief.) ‘They say the pattern o’ the dining-room chairs is something quite out o’ the way. In short, that everything about the hoose is perfect.’

“Here was a providential opening he was not such a goose as to overlook. He ‘screwed his courage to the sticking point,’ advanced his chair, sidled towards her, simpering the while, raised his eyes furtively to her face, and said, with a gentle inflexion of his voice which no ear but a wilfully deaf one could have misinterpreted—

“‘Na! na! Miss J——n. It’s no quite perfect. It canna be quite that so long as there’s ae thing wanting!’

"'And what can that be?' said the imperturbable spinster.

"Utterly thrown on his beam-ends by her wilful blindness to his meaning, the poor man beat a hasty retreat, drew back his chair from its dangerous proximity, caught up his hat, and, in tones of blighted hope, gasped forth his declaration in these words—

"'Eh! dear! eh! Well, am sure! The thing wanting is a—a—side-board!'"

A CRACKED CONSCIENCE.

Lindsay, in his *Chronicles*, records a remarkable saying of Gavin Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, the elegant Scottish poet. In 1515, when party spirit ran high between the Earls of Arran and Angus, the two most powerful noblemen in the kingdom, and who both aimed at the powers of regency, the accomplished bishop went, in behalf of his nephew Angus to the Blackfriars' Kirk at Edinburgh, in order to beseech that prelate to attempt a reconciliation of the hostile factions. Beatoun, who designed to take an active share in the expected contentions, and had armour concealed under his rochet, falsely swore, by his soul, striking his breast at the same time with his hand, that he knew nothing of the matter. His emphatic gesture caused the plaits of his jack to sound, when Douglas observed, with a poignant sneer: "My lord, your conscience is not guid, for I hear it clattering." This bore a double meaning—the word *clatter* at once implying the idea of unsoundness, and the disclosure of a secret.

"THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD DOG YET."

James Hogg and his father were out on a hill one wintry day during a snow storm, looking after the safety of the sheep, when the old man having in-

advertently gone too near the brow, the snow gave way, and he was precipitated to the bottom. The Ettrick Shepherd, alarmed for the safety of his father, looked down the side of the hill, and not only saw him standing on his feet seemingly unhurt, but heard him crying out at the top of his voice—

"Jamie, ma man, ye were aye fond o' a slide a' yer days; let me see ye do that."

This old man was a person of peculiar character in one respect. He never would confess or allow, or even in his own mind suppose, that he was or could be defeated in any thing. The above expression was in reality an emanation of this self-esteem: he wished to pass the accident off upon his son as a feat. On another occasion, having slipped his foot on going up a hill, and prostrated himself on his nose, he said to an individual accompanying him—

"Eh, I think I had *like* to hae fa'en."

Once being ridden away with on an unruly beast, a group of rustics observed him rush past with a face of great concern, and even fear; but when the beast had exhausted its strength, and allowed itself to become once more amenable to the rein, Mr Hogg came back, making a great show of mastery over it, and muttering, so as to be heard by the bystanders—

"I think I hae sobered her."

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

King James the Sixth, on removing to London, was waited upon by the Spanish ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had an eccentric idea in his head, that every country should have a professor of signs, to enable men of all languages to understand each other without the aid of speech. Lamenting one day, before the king, this great desideratum throughout all Europe, the,

king, who was an *outré* character, said to him, "Why, I have a professor of signs in the most remote college in my dominions; but it is at Aberdeen, a great way off—perhaps 600 miles from here."

"Were it ten thousand leagues off, I shall see him," said the ambassador, and expressed his determination to set out *instantly*, in order to have an interview with the Scottish professor of signs. The king, perceiving he had committed himself, caused an intimation to be written to the university of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professors to put him off, or make the best of him they could. The ambassador arrived, and was received with great solemnity. He immediately inquired which of them had the honour to be "Professor of Signs;" but was told that the professor was absent in the Highlands, and would return nobody could say when.

"I will," said he, "wait his return, though it were for twelve months."

The professors, seeing that this would not do, contrived the following stratagem:—There was one Geordie, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. The butcher was put up to the story, and instructed how to comport himself in his new situation of "Professor of Signs," but he was enjoined on no account to utter a syllable. Geordie willingly undertook the office for a small bribe. The ambassador was then told, to his infinite satisfaction, that the professor of signs would be at home next day. Everything being prepared, Geordie was gowned, wigged, and placed in state, in a room of the college. The Spaniard was then shown into Geordie's room, and left to converse with him as best he could, the whole of the professors waiting the issue with considerable anxiety. Then commenced the scene. The ambassador held up one of his fingers to Geordie; Geordie answered him by

holding up two of his. The ambassador held up three; Geordie clenched his fist and looked stern. The ambassador then took an orange from his pocket, and showed it to Geordie, who, in return, pulled out a piece of barley bread from his pocket, and exhibited it in a similar manner. The ambassador then bowed to him, and retired. The professors anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother.

"He is a perfect miracle," said the ambassador; "I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies!"

"Well!" exclaimed one of the professors, "how has he edified you?"

"Why," said the ambassador, "I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that there are Father and Son; he held up three, meaning the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; he clenched his fist to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives His creatures not only the necessities but the luxuries of life; upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury."

The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well; and having got quit of the ambassador, they called in Geordie to hear his version.

"Well, Geordie, how have you come on, and what do you think of yon man?"

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed the butcher, "what did he do first, think ye? He held up ae finger, as much as to say, you have only ae ee! then I held up twa, meaning that my ane was as good as his twa. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say there were but three een between us; and then I was so mad at him that I steeked my nieve, and was gaun to strike him, and would hae don't too, but for your sakes. He didna stop here, but, forsooth, he took out an orange, as muckle

as to say, your poor beggarly country canna grow that! I showed him a whang of a bere bannock, meaning that I didna care a farthing for him, or his trash neither, as lang's I had this! But, by a' that's gude," concluded Geordie, "I'm angry yet, that I didna break every bane in his body."

Could two sides of a story be more opposed to each other?

A HIGHLAND SERGEANT'S REPRIMAND.

On one occasion, when the 93d Highlanders were in Ireland, a pugilistic encounter took place one morning near the barrack gate, between two of the natives. A number of the soldiers, half-dressed, having run out and thronged round the combatants, an officer ordered a Highland sergeant to call them back. The sergeant, shocked at conduct so inconsistent with his ideas of military subordination, called out to them, "Oh, lads, lads, you'll cause me wonder with a much surprise! You, tat's seen sowsands an' sowsands a' killed an' a' slewed on ta field o' pattle, are you not shamed for yoursel's to run out in your naked podies to see two mans feucht?"

OLD EDINBURGH FORTS.

This city is inclosed with something which seems to have been a Roman wall, on every side except the north, where it is secured by the loch. It has six gates—two to the east, two to the south, one to the west, and another lately built, to the north. One of the gates to the east is called the Netherbow, which was magnificently rebuilt in 1616, and adorned with towers on both sides, and is the chief gate of the city. The other gate to the east is called the Cowgate, from which there is an entry into

the Nether Street, which runs the length of the whole city, and is sometimes called the Cowgate Street. The easternmost of the gates to the south is called the Potterrow Port, from the suburbs called the Potterrow. The westernmost of these is called the Society Port, properly the Brewer's Port. In that place is a great square court with buildings round about it, to the very walls of the city. The West Gate, at the other end of the city lying beneath the Castle, affords an entrance from the suburb of the same name. The North Gate, which was last made, at the lower end of the North Loch, is twofold, the Inner and Outer Port, through which there is an entry into the city from the suburb, called the Muttons Hill. There are two streets extending the length of the whole town. The chief street, which is called the High Street, is one of the broadest streets in Europe; from it run many lanes or wynds, as the Scots call them, on both sides. The Nether or Lower Street has also many wynds running to the south.—*Chamberlayne.*

A NOBLE HALL.

The great hall of Borthwick Castle, which occupies the second storey, is perhaps the most noble specimen of feudal magnificence and hospitality now in existence. It is stated to be "so large, and so high in the roof, that a man on horseback might turn a spear in it."

WILKIE'S CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

Such was the strong natural sense, and shrewdness of remark, of Sir David Wilkie, that George Colman, on one occasion, observed to a mutual friend, that "that Scotchman's conversation was worth a guinea an hour, for his sly wit and acute observation."

CLERK OF ELDIN.

I know no better account of the progress of a father and a son than what I once heard Clerk give of himself and of his son John, in nearly these words—

“I remember the time when people, seeing John limping in the street, used to ask, What lame lad that was? And the answer would be, That’s the son of Clerk of Eldin. But now, when I myself am passing, I hear them saying, What auld grey-headed man is that? And the answer is, That’s the father of John Clerk.” He was much prouder of the last mark than of the first.—*Lord Cockburn.*

THE EDINBURGH CADDIES.

The *cawdys* of Edinburgh are very useful blackguards, who attend the coffee-houses and public places to go of errands: and though they are wretches, that in rags lie upon the stairs, and in the streets at night, yet they are considerably trusted, and, as I have been told, have seldom or never proved unfaithful.

These boys know everybody in the town who is of any kind of note.

This *corps* has a kind of captain or magistrate presiding over them, whom they call the constable of the *cawdys*, and in case of neglect or other misdemeanour, he punishes the delinquents, mostly by fines of ale and brandy, but sometimes corporally.

They have for the most part an uncommon acuteness, are very ready at proper answers, and execute suddenly and well whatever employment is assigned them.

Whether it be true or not I cannot say, but I have been told by several, that one of the judges formerly abandoned two of his sons for a time to this way of life, as believing it would create in them a sharpness which might be of

use to them in the future course of their lives.—*Burt.*

DONALD CLEIRACH.

One of the last persons in Scotland, whose character and habits approached to those of a professed jester, was Donald Cleirach, a retainer of the family of Athole. He used to run to his own great delight before the Duke of Athole’s carriage, astride an oak cudgel, and mimicking the action of a man on horseback. In this manner he would herald his Grace’s approach from Dunkeld to Blair, a distance of nearly twenty miles; and he has even been known to ride his oaken steed before his noble master all the way to London. Arrived at his journey’s end, he invariably rubbed down his horse, and, in imitation of the postillions, led him with great form into the stable. When old age quickened his breath and stiffened his joints, poor Donald began to complain of his horse. In dismounting after a long ride, he would exclaim, “Hech, hech, sirs! this beast is grown unco lazy! I declare to ye, a body might amaisht as weel walk as ride on sic a brute!”

A FAIR JACOBITE AND PRINCE CHARLES.

After the decisive battle of Culloden, the gallant Charles, hunted from place to place, was the victim of extreme personal as well as mental misery, for five months; when, notwithstanding a reward of £30,000 had been offered for his head, he made his escape, while the scaffolds were reeking with the blood of his best friends. The neighbourhood of Stirling is noted for the following scene:—When the prince reached Doune, he was hospitably entertained by the family of Newton. The sisters

of the classic Colonel Edmonston performed the office of servants, dreading discovery by the household. Their relations, the Edmonstons of Cambuswallace, were present on this interesting occasion; and when Charles, about to depart, had graciously held out his hand, and the rest of the ladies respectfully kissed it, Miss Robina Edmonston of Cambuswallace, desirous, it would seem, to have a more special mark of royal favour, solicited that she might have the honour "to pree his Royal Highness' mou." Deeming this a reasonable request, the gallant adventurer took her kindly in his arms, and kissed her from ear to ear; to the envy, doubtless, perhaps not unmingled with mortification, of the coyer beauties, who had contented themselves with a more moderate share of princely grace.—*Charles Mackie.*

THE GLEE MAIDEN.

The Glee-maiden was a necessary attendant of the jongleurs, or jugglers, in former times. Her duty was tumbling and dancing; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel states that the daughter of Herodias vaulted or tumbled before King Herod. In Scotland, these poor creatures seem, even at a late period, to have been bondswomen to their masters, as appears from the following case, reported in Fountainhall's "Decisions:"—

"Reid, the mountebank, pursues Scott of Harden and his lady for stealing away from him a little girl, called the tumbling lassie, that danced upon his stage; and he claimed damages, and produced a contract, whereby he bought her from her mother, for £30 Scots. But we have no slaves in Scotland, and mothers cannot sell their bairns, and physicians attested, the employment of tumbling would kill

her; and her joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return; though she was at least a 'prentice, and so could not run away from her master: yet some cited Moses' law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty, thou shalt surely not deliver him up. The lords, *remittente cancellario*, assolzied Harden, on the 27th January 1687."

A CHANCE FOR THE PRISONERS.

In the year 1677, a second conflagration made great havoc in the city of Glasgow; one hundred and thirty houses were destroyed, and a vast number of families thrown quite destitute. As the fire happened to be near the jail, which at that time was crowded with persons who were confined on account of religious scruples, the citizens, under the pretext of saving lives, broke open the doors, and set the whole prisoners at liberty.—*Cleland.*

A CLEVER LAWYER.

An eminent advocate was called on unexpectedly to plead in a cause in which he had been retained. He had been in company with some friends, and was a little "elevated." He mistook the party for whom he was engaged, and delivered, to the amazement of the agent who had fed'd him, and to the horror of his client, an eloquent speech in favour of the other side. As he was about to sit down, the trembling solicitor in a brief note informed him of his mistake. This would have disconcerted most men, but had quite the opposite effect upon him. Re-adjusting his wig and gown, he resumed his oration with the words:—"Such, my Lords, is the statement of this case which you shall probably hear from my learned brother on the other side. I

shall now, therefore, show your Lordships how utterly untenable are the principles, and how distorted are the facts, upon which this plausible statement has proceeded." And going over the whole ground, he so completely refuted his former pleading that he won his cause.

When John was asked why he had taken such a notion, his characteristic reply was: "I'm like the piper o' Falkland, wha tuned his pipes before he de'ed, to let the folk ken wha he was."

A JACOBITE'S APOLOGY.

A GRAVE DOCUMENT.

John Campbell, of Bonnington cottage, near Edinburgh, was "a character." Among his other gifts was a turn for poetry, which he exercised greatly to his own enjoyment. Eighteen years before his death, he composed his funeral letter in verse. A few days before his demise he called for it and ordered it to be printed, and after subscribing several copies with his own hand, he caused them to be sent to those who were to carry him to the grave. The singular document was as follows:

SIR—

Wi' me
Life's weary battle's ower at last,
The verge o' time I've fairly past,
My ransomed spirit now at rest
Frac worldly harm;
To you my only last request,
In humblest form,

Presnts, that ye wad condescend,
As auld acquaintance and a friend,
My funeral party to attend—
My parting scene,
And see my earthly part consigned
To its earth again.

To rest till the redemption come,
Shall raise the body from the tomb,
And lead the blood-washed sinner home
To heavenly place,
To spend eternity to come
In joy and peace.

The period fixed when it's intendit,
That men's concern wi' me be endit,
My son on the neist page has penn'd it,
Baith time and place:
Now hoping that you will attend it,
I wish you peace.

John Campbell.

Sir John Shaw of Greenock, a Whig, lost a hawk, supposed to have been shot by Bruce of Clackmannan, a Jacobite. In Sir John's absence, Lady Shaw sent Mr Bruce a letter, with an offer of her intercession, on condition that Mr Bruce would sign a very strongly worded apology. His reply was—

"For the honoured hands of Dame Margaret Shaw, of Greenock.—Madame, —I did not shoot the hawk. But sooner than have made such an apology as your ladyship has had the consideration to dictate, I would have shot the hawk, Sir John Shaw, and your ladyship.—I am, madam, your ladyship's devoted servant to command, Clackmannan."—*Sir B. Burke.*

FOES OF THE SHEEPFOLD.

"For three things the sheepfauld is disquieted, and there's four that it canna bear."

"An' what are they, Jock?"

"A witty wench, a woughing dog, a waukit-woo'd wether, an' a pair o' shambling shears."—*Hogg.*

AN ALARM IN THE '45.

Mrs Campbell of the Bourthills, parish of Lochwinnoch, who was 98½ years of age on the 25th December 1831, remembered the commotion and alarm of "the Forty-five." The farmers of the Laichlands drove all their horses and cattle to the Mistilaw, as a place of

safety, at the time Blackstoun was attacked. When the drove passed the Mercathill, near Castle-Sempill, the wife of John Allan of that mailling, mistaking the trampling of the horses for that of the rebels, became much alarmed, crying—

"The Hieland rabiator's cum—we're a' ruint and ravisht!"

The women buried their rings and "siller harts among the peit ause." The Sempills of Beltrees, who resided then at the Thridpairt, concealed their plate and jewels in the soil of the Barhowie, a farm opposite Thridpairt, on the other side of the water of the Black Cart. Colonel M'Dowall of Castle-Sempill was a Whig; but his wife, formerly Miss Wallace of Woolmet, was a Jacobite, and a keen favourer of Prince Charles. When the Lochwinnoch militia passed Castle-Sempill House, on their way to Glasgow, she "swarfit" or fainted.—*Stat. Account.*

GAS IN EDINBURGH.

At the end of April 1818 the shops and some of the streets of Edinburgh were lighted by gas for the first time, pipes having been laid by the Edinburgh Gas Company through the town. This great modern improvement was hailed with much delight by the public—the brilliancy of the lighting of the streets being so totally different from the old oil lamps. Gradually gas lights were also being introduced into private houses instead of tallow and wax candles, which were previously used for the purposes of illumination.—*Anderson.*

A FALSE PROPHECY.

When the magistrates of Jedburgh were met at their market-cross to proclaim the new sovereigns (William and Mary), and drink their healths, a Jaco-

bite chanced to pass by. A bailie asked him if he would drink the king's health; to which he answered No, but he was willing to take a glass of the wine. They handed him a little round glassful of wine; and he said—

"As surely as this glass will break, I drink confusion to him, and the restoration of our sovereign and his heir;" then threw away the glass, which alighted on the Tolbooth stair, and rolled down unbroken.

The bailie ran and picked up the glass, took them all to witness how it was quite whole, and then dropping some wax into the bottom, impressed his seal upon it, as an authentication of what he deemed little less than a miracle.

Mr William Veitch happening to relate this incident in Edinburgh, it came to the ears of the king and queen's commissioner, the Earl of Crawford, who immediately took measures for obtaining the glass from Jedburgh, and sent it to London, "with an attested account to King William."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "MAIDA."

Sir Walter Scott and a friend were one day discussing the humours and peculiarities of his canine favourites, of which Sir Walter had a number, who were romping round about. Some object provoked the temper of the dogs, and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the smaller fry; but it was some time before Maida (whose effigy now reposes at his feet on the monument at Edinburgh) was sufficiently roused to romp forward two or three bounds, and join in the chorus with a deep-mouthed bow-wow. It was but a transient outbreak, and he returned instantly, wagging his tail, and looking up dubiously into his master's face, uncertain whether he would receive censure or applause.

"Ay, ay, old boy," cried Scott, "you have done wonders; you have shaken the Eildon Hills with your roaring; you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day. Maida," continued he, "is like the great gun at Constantinople; it takes so long to get ready that the smaller guns can fire off a dozen times first; but when it does go off it does great mischief."

—their nostrils wide—their een fixed—their faces close to their trencher—and themsel's dumbies—then you may see a specimen 'o' the immoral and unintellectual abandonment o' the sowl o' man to his gustative natur; then is the fast, fowl, fat feeder a glutton, the maist disgustfuest creetur that sits—and far aneath the level o' them that feed, on a' fowers, out o' trochs on garbage."—*Noctes Ambros.*

EPITAPH ON JAMES WINTER,

*In the Churchyard of Cortacky,
Forfarshire.*

Here lies James Winter, who died in Peathaugh,
Who fought most valiantly at Water of Saugh,
Along with Laduhenny, who did command the day;
They vanquished the enemy, and made them run away.

A POWERFUL METAPHOR.

A minister in Orkney used to pray that all good influences might "cleave to the hearts of his congregation, and to their children's hearts, *like butter to bare bannocks!*"

HUGH CHISHOLM.

THE SHEPHERD ON GLUTTONY.

"Watch twa men eatin'. As lang's there's a power or capacity o' smilin' on their cheeks, and in and about their een,—as lang's they keep lookin' at you, and round about the table, attendin' to or joinin' in the tauk, or the speakin' cawn,—as lang's they every noo an' then lay doon their knife and fork, to ca' for yill, or ask a young lady to tak wine, or tell an anecdote,—as lang's they keep frequently ca'in' on the servant lad or lass for a clean plate,—as lang's they glower on the framed pictures or prents on the wa', and keep askin' if the tane's originals and the tither proofs,—as lang's they offer to carve the tongue or turkey—depend on't they're no in a state o' gluttony, but are devourin' their soup, fish, flesh, and fowl, like men and Christians. But as sune's their chin gets creeshy—their cheeks lank, sallow, and clunk-clunky

Shortly after writing the *History of the Rebellion*, I heard an anecdote of two Jacobites—one of them, Colquhoun Grant, who had been at the battle of Prestonpans, and there having mounted the horse of an English officer, whom he had brought down with his broadsword, chased for miles a body of Cope's recreant dragoons; the other, Hugh Chisholm, a Highlander, who had been also out in the '45, and lived in Edinburgh for a considerable period between 1780 and 1790. The anecdote is this:

Hugh Chisholm, who had been associated with the Prince in his wanderings, was supported latterly by a pension, which was got up for him by some gentlemen. Lord Monboddo was much attached to this interesting old man, and once proposed to introduce him to his table at dinner, along with some friends of more exalted rank. On his mentioning the scheme to Mr Colquhoun Grant, one of the proposed party, that gentleman started a number of objections, on the score that poor

Chisholm would be embarrassed and uncomfortable in a scene so unusual to him, while some others would feel offended at having the company of a man of mean rank forced upon them. Monboddie heard all Mr Grant's objections, and then assuming a lofty tone, exclaimed, "Let me remind you, Mr Grant, Hugh Chisholm has been in better company than either yours or mine!" The conscience-struck Jacobite had not another word to say.

Chisholm was accordingly brought to Monboddie's table, where he behaved with all the native politeness of a Highlander, and gave satisfaction to all present. He was very much struck with the appearance of Lord Monboddie's daughter, Miss Burnet,—Burns' Miss Burnet,—who presided over the feast. He seemed, indeed, completely rapt in admiration of this singularly beautiful woman, insomuch that he seldom took his eyes off her the whole night. One of the company had the curiosity to ask what he thought of her, when he burst out with an exclamation in Gaelic, indicative of an uncommon degree of admiration: "She is the most beautiful living creature I ever saw in all my life!"—*R. Chambers.*

INVOCATIONS.

Many of the rhythmical invocations known in Scotland, as well as those in simple prosaic form, have evidently originated from the reputed virtue of verses among the ancients; and all being of an early date, some are intermixed with the formula of the Roman Catholic ritual. Rude examples illustrate the fact: Elspeth Reoch was supernaturally instructed to cure distempers, by resting on her right knee while pulling a certain herb "betuix her mid finger and thombe, and saying of, In Nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti." A charm for curing

cattle, which appears in prosaic form in the record, may be resolved thus:

"I charge thee for arrowschot,
For doorschot, for wombschot,
For eyeschot, for tungschote,
For leverschote, for lungschote,
For hertschote—all the maist:
In the name of the Father, the Sone, and
Haly Gaist.

To wend out of flesh and bane,
In to sek ane stane:
In the name of the Father, the Sone, and
Haly Gaist. Amen."

This is a conjuration, charging the disease in name of the Trinity, to quit an animate, and to enter an inanimate substance.

A cure is alleged to have been operated by one laying his hand on a distempered horse, and uttering—

"Thrie bitters hes the bitt
In the tung, the eye, the hart—that's
worst
Other thrie, thy beir man be:
In the name of the Father, Sone, and Holie
Ghost."

The discrimination of those does not seem very acute, who, in definition, say, "a charme is a spell or verse consisting of strange words, used as a signe or watchword to the devil, to cause him to do wonders." The preceding and the following are intended alike as pious exercises.

Two persons, husband and wife, confessed that they sometimes used "holy words for healing of shotts and sores," as:—

"Thir sairis are risen thro' God's work,
And must be laid through God's help,
The mother Mary and her dear Son
Lay thir sair [is] that are begun."

A woman was accused of imposing sickness on a man in Newburgh, and of "taking of the same sickness, be repeating thrise of certain wordis quhilk scho termet prayeris."

The invocation interrupted became abortive. Every process indeed wherein the sorcerer embarked, had to be conducted regularly to a close through all its forms, otherwise its efficacy failed.

Agnes Sampson was convicted of curing "the auld ladie Hillabertoun, be her develisch prayers," though she declared to the patient's daughter, that she could not helpe the ladie, in respect that her prayer stopit," for which she expressed her regret. If she stopped once, the patient was bewitched; if twice, it was a fatal prognostication—the distemper would prove mortal.

The minister of Westray's servant applied to Christian Gow to cure his master's horse, who "visit this charme:"

"Thrie things hath he forspokin,
Heart, tung, and eye almost;
Thrie things sall the mend agane,
Father, Sone, and Holie Ghost."
Dalrymple.

THE EARL OF KELLIE.

The witty and convivial Lord Kellie being, in his early years, much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example of a gentleman, whose constant food was herbs, and his drink water.

"What, madam," said he, "would you have me imitate a man who eats like a beast, and drinks like a fish!"

KING OF THE CATS.

Sir Walter Scott used to tell a story about a gudeman who was returning to his cottage one night, when, in a lonely out-of-the-way place, he met with a funeral procession of cats, all in mourning, bearing one of their race to the grave, in a coffin covered with a black velvet pall. The worthy man, astonished and half-frightened at so strange a pageant, hastened home, and told his wife and children what he had seen, when a great black cat, that sat beside the fire, raised himself up, exclaiming—

"Then am I king of the cats!" and vanished up the chimney.

The funeral seen by the gudeman was one of the cat dynasty. "On that account," Sir Walter would add, "I am inclined to treat my cat with great respect, from the idea that he may be a great prince *incog.*, and may some time or other fall heir to the throne!"

WIT AND BRAVERY.

When the brave Corporal Caithness was asked, after the battle of Waterloo, if he were not afraid, he replied—

"Afraid! why, I was in a' the battles of the Peninsula!"

And having it explained that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said—

"Na, na, I didna' fear that; I was only afraid we should be a' killed before we had time to win it."

PRISONER'S ALLOWANCE.

1306. William of Lambyrton, bishop of St Andrews, while a prisoner in England, had a daily allowance for himself of sixpence, of threepence for his serving man, of threehalfpence for his footboy, and of threehalfpence for his chaplain.

Elizabeth, the consort of Robert Bruce, while a prisoner in England, had servants appointed to attend her, and particularly "a footboy for her chamber, sober, and not riotous, to make her bed."—*Dalrymple.*

A SCOTTISH SCOLD.

I was once in the goodwife's kitchen, about breakfast time, when the shepherd and the ploughmen lads and servant lassies were all present; a great noise of laughter ensued, of which perhaps I was partly the cause. The goodwife came in like a fiery dragon, and I think

I yet remember the speech word for word.

"What's a' this guffawing and gabbling about, now when the sun is at the south kip, the kye rowting on the loan, the hay lying in the swathe, the kirk to kirk, an' the peats to big? Glaukit gieglets! Do ye think to get through the warld this gate? Tchec-hee-heeing about the lads, an' about courting favours, an' kissing strings, an' your master's wark lying at the wa'! An' yet ye will set up your jaws and insist on the highest wages, and the best o' fare in the country! An' a' for doing what? Curling your locks, forsooth; decking out your bit mortal clay bodies; primming wi' your smirks an' your dimples, and rinnin', jinkin', an' jowking after the bonny lads!"

Here the lasses, who seemed to delight in their mistress's scolding, began to protest, with one voice, that they cared not for the lads; when she went on—

"There we go! there we go! Ilk ane ready wi' a bit lee in her mouth, an' a' to cloak the waeftu' corruption o' her nature! Ay, lack-a-day! that's our besetting sin—the stain—the fruit-mae o' the original transgression! Poor things! poor things! you bloom, blowze, flirt, and flash on for a day, an' then a' down to poverty, pains, duds, an' debility. Poor things, poor things! There's nae help for it! It is the preemary curse on us, an' we canna get aboon't! We were the first to sin, an' we maun aye be the first to suffer! Our state's but a state o' suffering frae beginning to end; an' really I can hardly blame ye for making the maist o' your youthfu' days. But, bless me, will ye stand haver-havering on there till the day be done, an' no gang to your wark! I never saw the like o' you, for there's nae end o' your speaking!"

"Ay, now, goodwife, ye hae just said a' yoursel'. I'm sure ye hae gotten a' to say for me."

"Weel, I never heard sic impudence! I'll refer to him there, wha is an ornate man, if I hae ever gotten in ae word. Gae wa' to your wark wi' ye, ye idle hizzies! An' be sure to come in i' time for your dinner, for I'se warrand ye'll soon be growin' hungry, poor things. Young creatures maun aye be feeding."
—Hogg.

"THE NEW ACQUAINTANCE."

1562. There raged at this time in Edinburgh a disease called the *New Acquaintance*. The queen and most of her courtiers had it; it spared neither lord nor lady, French nor English. "It is a pain in their heads that have it, and a soreness in their stomachs, with a great cough; it remaineth with some longer, with others shorter time, as it findeth apt bodies for the nature of the disease." Most probably this disorder was the same as that now recognised as the influenza.—*Robert Chambers*.

NIEL BLANE'S INJUNCTIONS.

"Jenny," said Niel Blane, as the girl assisted to disencumber him of his bagpipes, "this is the first day that ye are to take the place of your worthy mother in attending to the public; a douce woman she was, civil to the customers, and had a good name wi' Whig and Tory, baith up the street and down the street. It will be hard for you to fill her place, especially on sic a thrang day as this; but Heaven's will maun be obeyed. Jenny, whatever Milnwood ca's for, be sure he maun hae't, for he's the captain o' the Popinjay, and auld customs maun be supported; if he canna pay the lawing himsel', as I ken he's keepit unco short by the head, I'll find a way to shame it out o' his uncle. The curate is playing at dice wi' Cornet Grahame. Be eident and civil to them

baith; clergy and captains can gie an unco deal o' fash in thae times, where they take an ill-will. The dragoons will be crying for ale, and they wunna want it, and maunna want it; they are unruly chields, but they pay ane some gate or other. I gat the humle-cow, that's the best in the byre, frae black Frank Inglis and Sergeant Bothwell, for ten pund Scots; and they drank out the price at ae down-sitting."

"But, father," interrupted Jenny, "they say the twa reiving loons drave the cow frae the gudewife o' Bell's Moor, just because she gaed to hear a field-preaching ae Sabbath afternoon."

"Whisht, ye silly tawpie!" said her father; "we have naething to do how they come by the bestial they sell; be that atween them and their consciences. Aweel. Take notice, Jenny, of that dour, stour-looking carle that sits by the cheek o' the ingle, and turns his back on a' men. He looks like ane o' the hill-folk, for I saw him start a wee when he saw the red-coats, and I jalouse he wad hae liked to hae ridden by, but his horse (it's a gude gelding) was ower sair travailed; he behoved to stop whether he wad or no. Serve him cannily, Jenny, and wi' little din, and dinna bring the sodgers on him by speering ony questions at him; but let na him hae a room to himsel', they wad say we were hiding him. For yoursel', Jenny, ye'll be civil to a' the folk, and take nae heed o' ony nonsense and daffing the young lads may say t'ye; folk in the hostler line maun put up wi' muckle. Your mither, rest her sau! I could pit up wi' as muckle as maist women—but hands aff is fair play; and if onybody be uncivil, ye may gie me a cry. Aweel—when the malt begins to get aboon the meal, they'll begin to speak about government in kirk and state, and then, Jenny, they are like to quarrel. Let them be doing; anger's a drouthy passion, and the mair they dispute, the mair ale they'll drink; but ye

were best serve them wi' a pint o' the sma' browst; it will heat them less, and they'll never ken the difference."

"But, father," said Jenny, "if they come to lounder ilk ither, as they did last time, suldna I cry on you?"

"At no hand, Jenny; the redder gets aye the warst lick in the fray. If the sodgers draw their swords, ye'll cry on the corporal and the guard; if the country folk tak the tangs and poker, ye'll cry on the bailie and town-officers; but in nae event cry on me, for I am wearied wi' doudling the bag o' wind a' day, and I am gaun to eat my dinner quietly in the spence. And, now I think on't, the Laird o' Lickitup (that's him that was the laird) was speering for sma' drink and a saut herring; gie him a pu' by the sleeve, and round into his lug—I would be blithe o' his company to dine wi' me; he was a gude customer ance in a day, and wants naething but means to be a gude ane again. He likes drink as weel as e'er he did. And if ye ken ony pair body o' our acquaintance that's blate for want o' siller, and has far to gang hame, ye needna stick to gie them a waught o' drink and a bannock—we'll ne'er miss't, and it looks creditable in a house like ours. And now, hinny, gang awa', and serve the folk, but first bring me my dinner, and twa chappins o' yill, and the mutchkin stoup o' brandy."—*Old Mortality*.

THEATRICAL EXCITEMENT IN EDINBURGH.

In 1784 Mrs Siddons appeared at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and so great was the anxiety to witness her performance, that the visitors used to take possession of their seats at two o'clock, and amuse themselves there till she appeared in character in the evening. In 1815 her successor, Miss O'Neill, appeared in Edinburgh, and there was a similar *mania*; porters were actually

engaged to sleep all night on the street at the box-office door of the theatre to secure places in the morning.—*Anderson.*

attends the brave, as modesty does the worthy, and in proportion as the intellect is weak or strong.—*Macdaggart.*

THE REASON OF HIGH "LANDS."

In Edinburgh every house has a common staircase, and every storey is the habitation of a separate family. The inconvenience of this particular structure need not be mentioned; notwithstanding, the utmost attention in the matter of cleanliness is in general observed. . . . It must be observed that this unfortunate species of architecture arose from the turbulence of the times in which it was in vogue; everybody was desirous of getting as near as possible to the protection of the Castle; the houses were crowded together, and, I may say, piled one upon another, merely on the principle of security.—*Pennant.*

BOGLES.

A general name for all beings which create an *eerieness* in man. In Scotland, more bogles are seen and heard of than there are in all the rest of the world! How this comes to pass it may be difficult to define, but so it is. In every country of a similar form, composed chiefly of hill and dale, rocks and wild mountains, we find the natives having their *bogles*; the Welsh and the Swiss are this way, and many others. But what have they in comparison to the Scots? What are their *knockers* and *reckers*, to *warlocks* without end, *worricows*, *keppies*, *spunkies*, *wraiths*, *witches*, and *carlines*? What! a mere nothing. The Scots are a nation not only famous for religion, war, learning, and independence, but also for superstition, which practically proves this point in moral philosophy—that fear

A PROPITIOUS WEDDING.

Edinburgh, September 1720. Upon the 17th instant, the Right Honourable the Earl of Wemyss was married to the only child of Colonel Charteris, a fortune of five hundred thousand pounds sterling, English money, which probably in a short time may be double that sum. But that is nothing at all in comparison of the young lady herself, who is truly, for goodness, wit, beauty, and fine shapes, inferior to no lady of Great Britain; all which the noble earl richly deserves, being a most complete and well-accomplished gentleman, and the lineal representative of a most noble, great, and ancient family in Scotland, of five or six hundred years' standing.

"JAMIE THE FOOTMAN."

While walking through his plantations one day, Lord Panmure was attracted by the sound of some one felling a tree.

"What are you about there?" said he to a young man whom he caught in the act of levelling a "stately monarch of the wood," and who had also a cart and horse ready, at no great distance, to carry away the booty.

"Do ye no see what I'm about?" answered the fellow with the utmost assurance. "Nae doubt ye'll be some o' the understrappers frae the big house!"

Amused at the great coolness of the rustic, his lordship, with some difficulty in maintaining a proper gravity, said, "What if Maule were to come upon you?"

"Hout, man, he wadna say a word—there's no a better hearted gentleman

in a' the country; but as I'm in a hurry, I wish ye wad gie's a hand, man." To this Panmure good-humouredly agreed; and when the tree had been securely placed upon the cart, the jolly peasant proposed rewarding his assistant with a dram in a neighbouring ale-house. To this, however, his lordship would not agree, but he invited the youth to call next day at the castle, where, by asking for "Jamie the footman," he would be sure to find him, and be treated to a glass out of his own bottle. The countryman called according to promise; but his confusion and astonishment may be well imagined when, instead of meeting "Jamie the footman," he was ushered, with great ceremony, into the presence of Maule "himself," and a company of gentlemen.

"My man," said his lordship, walking up to him, "the next time you go to cut wood, I would advise you first to get Lord Panmure's authority." With this gentle reprimand he dismissed the terrified depredator, though not without giving instructions that he should be well entertained in the hall.—*Kay*.

LUCKY CRUDEN'S POW.

Mrs Janet Cruden, or Lucky Cruden, as she, in common with all good matronly women of a certain grade in society, were usually called, kept a small brewery near the Green Tree Tavern, Leith, about the middle of the last century. Within a *bole*, or small niche, in the inside of one of her barns, stood, and had stood from time immemorial, a human skull. For what purpose it was kept there nobody knew, but strange surmises on the subject had been long afloat in the neighbourhood. Whether Lucky Cruden made any bad use of this relic of mortality was never very clearly ascertained. It is certain, however, that all attempts to destroy

Lucky's Pow, as the skull was called, were vain; for although it had been again and again abstracted from its receptacle in the wall, by meddling and mischievous boys, ay, and to all appearance, dashed into a thousand pieces, yet the very first person who had occasion to go afterwards into the barn never failed to find the identical and well-known "pow" grinning in its old stance, as sound and whole as if nothing had happened. This experiment had been a thousand times tried, and always with the same result.—*Campbell's Leith*.

A FIFESHIRE FASTING GIRL.

There was a virgin in this shire remarkable for her abstinence. I saw her in that state, and was informed by her relations that she took no food but once a fortnight, sometimes once a month—a fig, or a sugar biscuit, and drank only water, or a little milk, and yet was of fresh complexion, but obliged to lie much in a bed through weakness. I saw her lately in good health and vigorous.—*Sibbald*.

LAWLESSNESS IN EDINBURGH.

Upon the seventh of Januar 1591, the king (James VI.) coming down the (High) Street of Edinburgh from the Tolbuith, the Duke of Lennox, accompanied with the Lord Hume, following a little space behind, pulled out their swords, and invaded the Laird of Logie. The king fled into a close-head, and incontinent retired to a skinner's booth, where it is said he shook for feare.—*Calderwood*.

The sole consequences of this lawless act of violence was the exclusion of the chief actors from Court for a short time; and only six days thereafter the Earl of Bothwell deliberately took by force out of the Tolbooth the chief witness in a

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH ANECDOTE.

case then pending before the Court, at the very time that the king was sitting in the same buildings along with the Lords of Session. The unfortunate witness was dragged by his captors to Crichton Castle, and there schooled into a more satisfactory opinion of the case in question, under the terror of the gallows.—*Wilson.*

A JACOBITE EVASION.

During the '45, Oliphant of Gask, who was a staunch Jacobite, but was not "out," adopted an ingenious mode of keeping on terms with the powers that were. Gask had a son named Charles. The boy sat next his father every day at dinner; and, after the cloth was removed, the old gentleman filled a bumper, and turning to his son, cried out, with a tap on the shoulder, "Charles, the king's health!"

AN UNCIVIL WAR.

In 1732 the magistrates of Musselburgh, according to ancient annual custom, had to perform the ceremony of "Riding the Marches" of their burghal property. On this occasion they were attended by their vassals and the burghesses, to the number of 700, all of them mounted and in their best array. The trumpets and hautboys marched in front; then the magistrates and town council, followed by the gentlemen vassals, with the town standard; after them the several incorporations, distinguished by their respective shining new standards, and headed by the masters of the crafts. In this good order they marched out to the Links, making a gay appearance. But, alas! while they were marshalling, an unlucky difference arose between the weavers and the tailors, which should have the precedence. In order to prevent effusion of the blood

of His Majesty's good subjects, they agreed to submit the question to the magistrates. The tailors argued that, as the precedence had previously fallen to them by lot, no opposition could now be offered in that respect. It was alleged, on the other hand, that they, the weavers, were *men*, and as such preferable, at all events, to *tailors*. This signal affront could not be digested. Accordingly, to work they went, without waiting the decision of authority; and while the weaver squadron were filing off to take the post of honour with Captain Scott at their head, Adjutant Fairley, who acted in that capacity to the tailor squadron, directed a blow at the captain's "snout," which brought him to the ground. Thus were the two corps fiercely engaged, and nought was to be seen but heavy blows, hats off, broken heads, bloody noses, and empty saddles; till at last the plea of manhood seemed to go in favour of the needlemen, who took Scott, hero of the weavers, prisoner, disarmed him, and beat his company quite out of the field, though far more numerous. It was with the utmost difficulty that the weavers got their standard carried off, which they lodged in their captain's quarters under the discharge of three huzzas; 'tis true the conquering tailors were then off the field, and at a mile's distance. The weavers alleged, in excuse of their retreat, that the butcher squadron had been ordered up to assist the tailors, and that they did not incline to engage with these men of blood.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

"Weel, John, tell us what ye think o' the English now, after ye hae been sae lang among them?"

"Why, deed, to tell the truth, they're no that ill folks *ava*, thae Englishers. They're guid fallows at their meat an' drink, and awfu' guid-natured. But, O

man, they are badly off for a language ! I never saw ought like it, man ; for it is wi' the greatest defeckwulty ane can ken a word they say. An' for as plain as I speak—an' it is weel kend there's no a man in a' Annandale speaks plainer nor me—deil be on them gin they could ken what I said ! It is really waesome to be amang them ; for, O man, they are badly off for a language !" —*Hogg.*

EPITAPH ON THE TOWN-TREASURER OF ARBROATH.

Hier lyis Alexander Peter, present
town-treasurer of Arbroath, who died
the 12 January 1630.
Such a treasurer was not since, nor yet
before,
For common work, calsais, brigs, and
schoir ;
Of all others he did excell ;
He devised our skoel, and he hung our
bell. *In Arbroath Churchyard.*

JOHNNY DOW'S EPITAPH.

Wha lies here ?
I, Johnny Dow.
Hoo, Johnny, is that you ?
Ay, man, but I'm dead now.

A COOL CREDITOR.

Doctor Charters had given five pounds as a loan to a Hawick carter, who evidently had not the slightest intention of repaying the money. Several years afterwards the two met face to face on the Auld Brig, and the doctor craved his long-lent sum from the creditor. Imagine his surprise, however, when the mean fellow answered him thus :—

"I hae mony debtors, and I mak three classes o' them; doctor. In the first place, I hae them that canna want it ; secondly, I hae them that neither

can nor will want it ; and thirdly, I hae them that baith can and will want it."

"Then I suppose," said the doctor, "that I am included in the third class."

"Deed are ye, sir," was the ready answer of the carter, as he proceeded on his way, to the utter "dumbfounderment" of his creditor.

SIR ROBERT BURNS, KNIGHT !

Henry Bruce, the last laird of Clackmannan, who died in 1772, was descended, it is said, in a direct line from King Robert. His widow, the old lady of Clackmannan, was equally remarkable for wit, good humour, economy, and devotion to the house of Stuart. She had the sword of King Robert in her possession, with which she assumed the privilege of conferring knighthood. When Burns visited this old Jacobite lady, she *knighthooded* the poet with the king's sword, observing, while she performed the ceremony, that "she had a better right to do so than *some other folk* !" When asked if she was of Bruce's family, she would answer with much dignity, "*King Robert was of my family.*" She bequeathed King Robert's sword, with a helmet, said to have been worn by him at Bannockburn, to the Earl of Elgin, and these interesting relics are now at Broomhall.

A CANDID CRITIC.

While preaching one of his astronomical discourses in Glasgow, Dr Chalmers observed among his audience a plain, honest, godly woman, who lived in a close off the Gallowgate, and with whom he was well acquainted. The doctor felt an irresistible desire to know what Janet thought of the sermon, as he was quite sure it was above her reach, and he knew that he would not require to ask her opinion, for, being a

frank, outspoken "body," she would not fail to give it of her own accord. A day or two after he threw himself in her way, when he soon got what he was in quest of. "Weel, sir," she said, "I was hearing ye in the Laigh Kirk the ither day; I canna say that I liket ye sae weel as in our ain bit placey here (a mission-house where weekly meetings were held). I canna say that I understood ye a' thegither; but eh, sir, there was something unco suitable and satisfactory in the psalms."

JOCK O' THE SYDE.

This hero was one of the Armstrongs of Liddesdale, and a noted mossrooper, in the reign of Mary Queen of Scots. Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, in a poetical complaint which he wrote "against the thevis of Liddisdale," thus speaks of this famous border reaver:

"He is well kenned, Johnie of the Syde;
A greater thief did never ryde;
He never tyres
For to break byres;
Over moors and myres
Ower gude ane guyde."

The site of his residence, the Syde, is pointed out on a heathy upland, about two miles to the west of New Castle-town, in Liddisdale.

A WIDE CROP.

Mr Nicholson of Carnock, a genuine Scottish laird of the old school, like many greater men, was frequently known to confer a favour from no better or higher feeling than that excited by a witty, humorous, or eccentric reply. This weak side of his was well known, and signally improved upon by sundry wily applicants. Be it understood, that the aforesaid worthy piqued himself on being a capital player on the bagpipe.

One of his tenants, who was much in arrears for rent, had a most unseasonable visit from the laird, demanding immediate payment. Saunders, however, knew well that his landlord was generally as hard as a millstone, but did not despair of coming round him.

"Aweel, your honour," says he, "I canna pay you the noo, for I haena the siller."

"Why, Saunders," quo' the laird, "I must aloo that it is in ordinar accounted a very sufficient reason for ane's no paying his just and lawful debts; but it's weel kent through the hail countra side that you have had a grand crap this year, and plenty o' siller you maun hae—that's past ae hair o' doot."

"The gude Lord forgie your honour," says Saunders, "what ca' ye a gran' crap? I'm sure you heard tell of my field o' beans, that I lookit for sae muckle siller frae, for nae other purpose, gude kens, but to put into your honour's pouch, an' hoo did they turn out? Och! sirs, sirs, my heart's like to break when I think o't!"

"Deil tak ye!" quo' the laird, "I aye thoct thae very beans were the best pairt o' your crap."

"The best pairt!" most dolefully ejaculated Saunders: "why, laird, gif ilka bean-stalk had been a *piper*, he wadna hae heard his neist neighbour play!" It is almost needless to add, that Saunders got his own time to pay.

THE NUN OF DRYBURGH.

Soon after the failure of the last attempt of the House of Stuart to recover the throne of Britain, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr Haliburton of Newmains, or to that of

Mr Erskine of Shielfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed on to accept. At twelve each night she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbours that during her absence her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fat Lips*; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault to dispel the damp. This circumstance caused her to be regarded by the well-informed with compassion, as deranged in her understanding, and by the vulgar with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

"DEBARRING."

In "fencing" the tables, what was called the Debarring was always lengthened and minute, while the invitation was short and general. The debarring was so called from the several classes of sinners addressed being solemnly debarr'd or prohibited from partaking of the ordinance. So minute and comprehensive was the enumeration of these classes that one would have thought the tables were prepared in vain, as none

could be entitled to come forward with impunity. Profane swearing was very particularly insisted on in all its forms, and especially in that of mingled oaths, which were very common. One clergyman in the vicinity of Dumfries is reported to have said, when engaged in this part of the service—

"I debar from these tables all those who use any kind of minced oaths, such as heth, teth, feth, fegs, losh, gosh, or lovenenty."

No doubt the great object of such particularity was to preserve the purity of the ordinance, and prevent the commission of aggravated sin, though there was a seeming inconsistency in what followed, the earnestness in inviting and urging communicants to come forward and partake of the memorials of redeeming love. Indeed, an instance is on record, when, after the debarring, not a single individual would come forward, till the minister, seeing his mistake, entreated them by saying that he did not altogether mean what he had said.—*Rev. D. Hogg*.

ST KILDA.

The remotest of all the north-west islands of Scotland is St Kilda, or Hirt. It is faced all round with a steep rock, except a bay at south-east, which is not a harbour fit for a vessel, so that there is no landing but in a calm, and that by climbing. The soil is not unfruitful, especially of barley, which is the largest in the western isles. There are about twenty-seven families in the island, who live chiefly upon fish and fowl, and the eggs of their sea-fowl, of which they have incredible quantities. The inhabitants, who are Protestants, are very sincere kind people, separated from the world, of which they know little and see less; truly religious, and every way what we may imagine the inhabitants of the old world to have been before

the arts of luxury got footing amongst mankind. They pay a small homage to the MacLeods, a cadet of which family comes sometimes to receive his tribute, which is paid in down, wool, butter, cheese, cows, horses, fowl, oil, and barley. Money they have none, nor do they know the use of it.—*Chamberlayne*.

A BADLY-USED MAN.

An old man died at Carluke about eighty years ago (1792), who had for upwards of twenty years believed himself to be tormented by a magician.

"This magician," as he described it, "by means of a mathematical head resembling his, opened his skull every night, and dropt into his brain red-hot needles, which produced the most painful and excruciating torments." Though naturally active and laborious, this fancy at last disabled him from work. In every other respect he was perfectly reasonable, and appeared to have the free exercise of his faculties.—*Stat. Ac.*

AIDING JUSTICE.

A "flesher" in the village of Earlstoun was frequently in trouble on account of his poaching propensities. Once more found guilty of his usual offence, the presiding justices had some difficulty in deciding upon the amount of penalty to be inflicted. "Ye needna pinch yourself, gentlemen," said the prisoner, addressing them, "for deil a penny ye'll get."

JACOBITE FIDELITY.

All who are acquainted with the events of the unhappy insurrection of 1745 must have heard of a young gentleman of the name of Mackenzie, who had so remark-

able a resemblance to Prince Charles Stuart, as to give rise to the mistake to which he cheerfully sacrificed his life. He was pursued with eagerness by a party of soldiers who were anxious to obtain the reward of £30,000 which had been offered for the head of the prince, dead or alive. Mackenzie was overtaken and shot, but he continued the heroic deception to the last by exclaiming, as he fell, "Villains, you have killed your prince!" It was not till the head was produced at the next garrison, for the purpose of claiming the reward, that the mistake was discovered. Such an act of heroic devotion would perhaps appear extravagant, even in poetry or romance.—*Stewart*.

A COMPROMISE.

"He gave me half-a-crown yince, and forbade me to play it awa' at pitch and toss."

"And you disobeyed him, of course?"

"Na, I didna dis-obeyd him, I played it awa' at neevie-neevie-nick-nack."—*Guy Mannering*.

TIME TO GO.

A Highland laird, whose peculiarities still live in the recollection of his countrymen, used to regulate his residence in Edinburgh in the following manner:—Every day he visited the Water-gate, as it is called, of the Canongate, over which was extended a wooden arch. Specie then being of the general currency, he threw his purse over the gate, and as long as it was heavy enough to be thrown over, he continued his round of pleasure in the metropolis; when it was too light, he thought it time to retire to the Highlands. Query—How often would he have repeated this experiment at Temple Bar?—*Sir Walter Scott*.

THE HEROIC LADY SEATON.

In 1322, when King Edward came before Berwick, Sir Alexander Seaton was left in charge of its defence. Edward, summoning the governor to surrender, threatened that, if he delayed to obey, his two sons, whom he had amongst his hostages, should be hanged before his eyes; and for this purpose a gallows was erected, and the young men were led forth under the town wall. The tenderness of the father began to shake his stern resolves, when his lady came up to her lord and thus addressed him: "We are young enough to have more children; but if we surrender, we can never recover the loss of our honour." This from his heroic wife was enough; he resolutely refused to surrender, and actually stood to see his two sons hanged beneath the walls. It is worthy of record that his noble lady was as good as her word—she afterwards became the mother of two brave sons.

A MAGNANIMOUS COBBLER.

At a certain county election of a member of Parliament in the Highlands, the popular candidate waited on a shoemaker to solicit his vote.

"Get out of my house, sir," said the shoemaker; and the gentleman was forced to retire accordingly. The cobbler, however, followed him, and called him back, saying, "You turned me off from your estate, sir, and I was determined to turn you out of my house; but for all that, I'll give you my vote."

NEIL BLANE'S POLICY.

"Thir kittle times will drive the wisest o' us daft," said Neil Blane, the prudent host of the Howff; "but I'se aye keep a calm sough. Jenny, what meal is in the girdle?"

"Four bows o' aitmeal, twa bows o' bear, and twa bows o' pease," was Jenny's reply.

"Aweel, hinny," continued Niel Blane, sighing deeply, "let Bauldy drive the pease and bearmeal to the camp at Drumclog—he's a Whig, and was the auld gudewife's pleughman—the mashlum bannocks will suit their muirland stannachs weel. He maun say it's the last unce o' meal in the house, or, if he scruples to tell a lie (as it's no likely he will when it's for the gude o' the house), he may wait till Duncan Glen, the auld drucken trooper, drives up the aitmeal to Tillietudlem, wi' my dutifu' service to my leddy and the major, and I haena as muckle left as will mak my parritch; and if Duncan manage right, I'll gie him a tass o' whisky that shall mak the blue low come out at his mouth."

"And what are we to eat ourselves, then, father," asked Jenny, "when we hae sent awa' the hail meal in the ark and the girdle?"

"We maun gar wheat-flour serve us for a blink," said Niel, in a tone of resignation; "it's no that ill food, though far frae being sae hearty or kindly to a Scotchman's stamach as the curney aitmeal is; the Englishers live amaisht upon't; but, to be sure, the pock-puddings ken nae better."—*Old Morality.*

HOW TO STOP A DISCUSSION.

Dr Barclay was one day dining with a large party composed chiefly of medical men. As the wine went round, the conversation accidentally took a professional turn, and, from the excitation of the moment, or some other cause, two of the youngest gentlemen present were the most forward in delivering their opinions. Our unfledged M.D.'s gradually got heated in their remarks, and finally settled into a debate, in which

they made up in loudness what they lacked in learning. At length one of them said something so emphatic—we mean as to manner—that a pointer dog started from his lair beneath the table, and *baw-wowed* so fiercely that he fairly took the lead in the discussion. Dr Barclay eyed the hairy dialectician, and thinking it high time to close the debate, gave the animal a hearty push with his foot, and exclaimed, in good broad Scotch, “Lie still, ye brute; I’m sure ye ken just as little about it as any o’ them.”

This remark effectually brought the argument to a close.

HENRY ERSKINE’S FIRST WIFE.

One of the peculiarities of the Hon. Henry Erskine’s first wife consisted in not retiring to rest at the usual hours. She would frequently employ half the night in examining the wardrobe of the family, to see that nothing was missing, and that everything was in its proper place. Among other proofs of her oddities, it is related that, one morning, about two or three o’clock, having been unsuccessful in a search, she awoke Mr Erskine, by putting to him this important interrogatory—“Harry, lovie, where’s your white waistcoat?”

“BITTS.”

Those jointed pieces of iron which are put in horses’ mouths, of course, but used allegorically in the country for a *drum* of whisky on certain occasions. When a man is wet and trembling with cold, give him a *caulker*, and you take the *bitts* out of his mouth.

“Will ye no tak the bitts out o’ my mouth the day?” is a common phrase by those who long to have drink from their *neighbours* when they meet on market-days in *clachans*, and after much

hargle-bargeling is gone through, a *gill* is decided on; so the party slide slowly and diffident into the *yill-house*.—*Mac-taggart*.

A USEFUL PEER.

Lord K—, dining at Provost S—’s, and being the only peer present, one of the company gave a toast, “The Duke of Buccleuch.” So the peerage went round till it came to Lord K—, who said he would give them a pier, which, although not often toasted, was of more use than all the nobles in the peerage. His lordship then gave “The pier of Leith.”

HUME’S CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs Baron Mure was a great correspondent of David Hume’s, and carefully preserved all his letters. On hearing of the death of the philosopher, she felicitated herself upon possessing so many of his epistolary compositions, as she expected that every fragment of his writings would now be eagerly appreciated, and that her letters, of course, would make a most respectable appearance in some printed form or other, whether in a collection of his correspondence, or embodied in his biography. She said to her friends one day—

“I have most carefully preserved the letters of my illustrious friend, putting them always into a drawer by themselves as I got them; and they must now form, I assure you, a very large bundle;” and she was requested to produce them. On opening the drawer, however, she recollected that, some time before, she had tied up the letters in a bundle, and placed them in a lumber-room. Thither they all trooped off, with the kitchen-maid as a convoy, and, after some difficulty, the exact location of the letters was ascertained.

"What has become, Jenny," said Mrs Mure, "of the bundle tied up with a red tape, that I put into that corner? You must surely remember it. Where do you think it is?"

"*Yon!* ma'am," cried Jenny, as if a sudden burst of light had come in upon her. "Was't *yon?*"

"Ay, it was *yon!* as you call it," responded the blue-stocking. "Where is *yon?*"

"Lord bless me, ma'am!" cried Jenny, in a perfect terror, "I've been singein' hens wi' them this half year!"

Such was the ignominious fate of one large branch of the correspondence of this eminent philosopher.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

An Auchmithie fisherman, being catechised by the minister one day, exhibited an ignorance of spiritual knowledge which greatly shocked the good man. This elicited a severe reprimand, and accusations of carelessness, as the minister was convinced that the man's ignorance did not arise from want of capacity. The fisherman heard him patiently, and when he had finished, said, "Noo, sir, ye've speer'd mony questions at me, will ye let me speer ane at you?"

"Oh; certainly, John," was the reply.

"Weel, sir, how mony hooks will it tak to bait a fifteen score haddock line?"

"Really, John, I cannot answer you," said the minister; "it is quite out of my way."

"Weel, sir," said John, "ye shouldna be sac hard on puir folk—you to your trade, me to mine."

EPITAPH ON NEIL GOW.

Gow an' time are even now;
Gow beat time, now time beats Gow.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

At the sale of an antiquarian gentleman's effects in Roxburghshire, which Sir Walter Scott happened to attend, there was one little article—a Roman patera—which occasioned a good deal of competition, and was eventually knocked down to the author of *Waverley* at a high price. Sir Walter was excessively amused, during the time of the bidding, to observe how much it excited the astonishment of an old woman, who had evidently come there to buy culinary utensils on a more economical principle. "Lord bless me, if the parritch pan," she at length burst out; "if the *parritch pan* gangs at that, what will the *kail pat* gang for?"

SCOTCH FISHING TOWNS.

The little fishing towns were generally disagreeable to pass, from the strong smell of the haddocks and whittings that were hung up to dry on lines along the sides of the houses from one end of the village to the other; and such numbers of half-naked children, but fresh-coloured, strong, and healthy, I think are not to be met with in the inland towns. Some will have their numbers and strength to be the effects of shell-fish.—*Burt.*

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.

This ancient emblem of Scots pugnacity, with its motto—

"Nemo me impune lacessit,"

is represented on various species of royal bearings, coins, and coats of armour, so that there is some difficulty in determining which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the badge itself is thus handed down by tradition:—When the Danes invaded

*Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superb prickly thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

SALMON IN SCOTLAND.

Salmond is more plentiful in Scotland than in any other region of the world: in harvest time they come from the seas up in small rivers, where the waters are most shallow, and there is male and female, rubbing their bellies or wombs, one against the other, they shed their spawn, which forthwith they cover with sand and gravell, and so depart away: from henceforth they are gaunt and slender, and in appearance so lean, appearing nought else but skin and bone, and therefore out of use and season to be eaten. Some say, if they touch any their full fellows during the time of their leannes, the same side which they touched will likewise become leane. The foresaid spawn and melt being hidden in the sand (as you have heard), in the next spring doth yeeld great number of little fry, so fresh and tender for a long time, that till they come to be so great as a man's finger (if you catch any of them), they melt away as it were gelly or a blob of water; from henceforth they go to the sea, where within twenty dayss, they grow to a reasonable greatness, and then returning to the place of their

generation, they show a notable spectacle to be considered. There are many linnies or pooles, which being in some places among the rocks very shallow, above and deepe beneath, with the fall of the water, and thereto the salmond not able to pierce through the channell, either for swiftnesse of the course, or depth of the discent, hee goeth so neere unto the side of the rocke or dam as hee may, and there adventuring a leape over and up into the linne, if he leape well at the first, hee obtaineth his desire; if not, he assayeth eftsoone the second or third time, till hee returne to his countrie. A great fish able to swim against the stream; such as assay often to leape, and cannot get over, doe bruse themselves, and become meazled; others that happen to fall upon dry land (a thing often seene), are taken by the people (watching their time); some in cawdrons of hot water, with fire under them, sit upon shallow or dry places, in hopes to catch the fattest, by reason of their waight, that do leape short. The taste of these is esteemed most delicate, and their price commonly great. In Scotland it is straightly inhibited to take any salmond from the eight of September untill the fifteenth of November. Finally, there is no man that knoweth readily whereon this fish liveth; for never was anything yet found in their bellies other than a thicke slimy humour.—*Monipennie.*

A WISE FOOL.

"Jock, how auld will ye be?" said a sage wife to daft Jock Amos, one day, when talking of their ages.

"O, I dinna ken," said Jock, "it would tak a wiser head than mine to tell you that."

"It's an unco queer thing you dinna ken hoo auld you are," returned the woman.

"I ken weel aneuch how auld I am,"

answered Jock ; "but I dinna ken how auld I'll be."—*Hogg.*

A TROUBLESOME CORPSE.

It was formerly thought in Scotland, that if a corpse were left for a moment alone, it would rise up from its stiffened lair, and denote, by its convulsed visage, its resentment of that act of negligence. A story is told in the south of Scotland of a poor woman whose husband died in a morland place which was seldom visited, and who was therefore compelled to watch the corpse herself, with the dreary hope of being relieved in a day or two. She went often to the door, like sister Anne, to see if anyone was coming, and at last, happening to leave it ajar, which affects the corpse the same as leaving it, she was horror-struck, on turning back into the house, to observe her husband sitting up in his bed, glaring hideously, and gnashing his teeth with rage. The poor woman sat down, and cried bitterly, unable to remove her eye from that of the corpse, which seemed to possess a horrible fascination. At length, to put an end to her distress, a priest, passing along the moor, happened to come in, and, by putting his finger into his mouth, and repeating the Lord's Prayer backwards, caused the corpse to fall back upon the bed, and behave itself as a dead man ought to do.—*Robt. Chambers.*

POETRY AND PROSE.

Early in this century an enthusiastic Englishman, having been so much delighted with a performance of the tragedy which he had witnessed in London, took a pilgrimage to Edinburgh, for the express purpose of seeing the Rev. John Home, author of *Douglas*. He made his way to Mr

Home's house, but learned at the door, to his great dismay, that the object of his idolatry had gone on a visit to the Highlands.

"But ye may see Mrs Home, maybe," said the serving man, in pity at his evident distress.

He caught at the idea, sent in his card, and was admitted to the presence of a very plain, old invalid lady, who sat wrapped up in flannel, and was very deaf. The visitor conversed with her as well as her deficient hearing permitted, and felt a good deal disenchanted. They came upon the Peace of Amiens, then recently completed.

"It will do a great deal of good, madam, to the country," said the Cockney.

"I daursay it will," replied the poet's wife.

"Oh, yes, madam ; we shall now have foreign goods much cheaper, because commerce will not be interrupted."

"Div ye think it'll mak ony difference in the price o' *mitmugs* ?" said Mrs Home, referring to the only foreign article in which she felt an interest.

The Englishman could hear no more, but hurriedly left the house, and is supposed to have departed at once for the south, quite cured of his extravagant feelings towards the creator of *Young Norval*.

A PROPHET'S ERROR.

One day as Dr Charters ascended the steps of the post-office at Hawick, he was accosted by a Mr Armstrong, who asked him if he had heard the latest news?

"No," said the doctor, "what is't?"

"Weel, doctor," said Mr Armstrong, "the world is just on its last stagger. Mr — has published a pamphlet on prophecy, and he says the end o' a thing will be very soon."

"Ah !" said the minister, "does he

condescend upon the date of the occurrence?"

"Day and date clearly laid down," was the reply.

"Ah!" said the doctor again, quietly but weightily, "he shouldna hae done that; that's a great mistake; the prophets of auld were *wise* men: they took a lang day for their predictions."

A STRANGE DWELLING-PLACE.

At the village of Gilmerton, four miles to the south of Edinburgh, the soft, workable character of the sandstone of the carboniferous formation, there cropping to the surface, tempted a blacksmith named George Paterson to an enterprise of so extraordinary a nature, as to invest his name with distinction in both prose and rhyme. In the little garden at the end of his house he excavated for himself a dwelling in the rock, composed of several apartments. Besides a smithy, with a fireplace or forge, there were a dining-room fourteen and a half feet long, seven broad, and six feet high, furnished with a bench all round, a table, and a bed-recess; a drinking parlour, rather larger; a kitchen and bed-place for the maid; a liquor-cellar upwards of seven feet long; and a washing-house. In each apartment there was a skylight window, and the whole were properly drained. The work occupied Paterson five years of hard labour. Alexander Pennecuik, the burghess-bard of Edinburgh, furnished an inscription, which was carved on a stone at the entrance:—

Here is a House and Shop Hewn in
this Rock with my own Hands.

GEORGE PATERSON.

Upon the earth thrives villainy and wo,
But happiness and I do dwell below;
My hands hewed out this rock into a
cell,
Wherein from din of life I safely dwell:

On Jacob's pillow nightly lies my head,
My house when living, and my grave
when dead:

Inscribe upou it when I'm dead and
gone—

"I lived and died within my mother's
womb."

It is said that Paterson actually lived and worked in this subterranean abode for eleven years. Holiday-parties came from Edinburgh to see him and his singular dwelling; even judges, it is alleged, did not disdain to sit in George's stone-parlour, and enjoy the contents of his liquor-cellar. The ground was held *in feu*, and the yearly duty and public burdens were forgiven him, on account of the extraordinary labour he had performed in making himself a home.

A COURAGEOUS MAIDEN.

June 1592. There came from Aberdeen (to Edinburgh) a young woman, called Helen Guthry, daughter to John Guthry, saddler, to admonish the king of his duty. She was so disquieted with the sins reigning in the country—swearing, filthy speaking, profanation of the Sabbath, &c., that she could find no rest till she came to the king. She presented a letter to him when he was going to see his hounds. After he had read a little of it, he fell a laughing that he could scarce stand on his feet, and swore so horribly that the woman could not spare to reprove him. He asked if she was a prophetess. She answered she was a poor, simple servant of God, that prayed to make him a servant of God also; that was desirous vice should be punished, and specially murder, which was chiefly craved at his hands; that she could find no rest till she put him in mind of his duty. After the king and courtiers had stormed a while, she was sent to the queen, whom she found more courteous and humane. So

great and many were the enormities in the country, through impunity and want of justice, that the minds of simple and poor young women were disquieted, as ye may see; but the king and court had deaf ears to the crying sins.—*Calderwood*.

A USEFUL WITCH.

1597. Isobell Straquhan could not only produce love, but remove hatred. Walter Ronaldson had used to strike his wife, who took consultation with Straquhan, and she did take pieces of paper, and sew them thick with thread of divers colours, and did put them in the barn amongst the corn, and from henceforth the said Walter did never strike his wife, neither yet once found fault with her, whatsoever she did. He was subdued "entirely to her love."

THE DIET OF THE SCOTS.

The diet of the Scots is agreeable to their estates and qualities. No people eat better, or have greater varieties of flesh, fish, wild and tame fowl, than the Scots nobility and gentry in their own country, where they can furnish their tables with ten dishes cheaper than the English can provide three of the same kinds; and of their wines, the French themselves did not before the Union drink better, and at very easy rates. The tradesmen, farmers, and common people are not excessive devourers of flesh, as men of the same rank are in England. Milk-meats and oatmeal, several ways prepared, and kale and roots dressed in several manners, is the constant diet of the poor people (for roast-meat is seldom had but on gaudy-days); and with this kind of food they enjoy a better state of health than their more southern neighbours, who fare higher.—*Chamberlayne*.

HIGHLAND CUSTOMS AT DEATH. .

On the death of a Highlander, the corpse being stretched on a board, and covered with a coarse linen wrapper, the friends lay on the breast of the deceased a wooden platter, containing a small quantity of salt and earth, separate and unmixed—the earth, an emblem of the corruptible body; the salt, an emblem of the immortal spirit. All fire is extinguished where a corpse is kept; and it is reckoned so ominous for a dog or cat to pass over it, that the poor animal is killed without mercy.—*Pennant*.

MAUSE HEADRIGG'S PREACHING.

"I wad uplift my voice as a powerful preacher."

"Hout, tout, mither," cried Cuddie, interfering and dragging her off forcibly, "dinna deave the gentleman wi' your testimony! ye hae preached enough for sax days. Ye preached us out o' our canny free-house and gude kale-yard, and out o' this new city o' refuge afore our hinder end was weel hafted in it; and ye hae preached Mr Harry awa' to the prison; and ye hae preached twenty pundts out o' the laird's pocket that he likes as ill to quit wi'; and sae ye may haud sae for ae wee while, without preaching me up a ladder and down a tow. Sae, come awa', come awa'; the family hae had enough o' your testimony to mind it for ae while."—*Old Mortality*.

REASONS FOR NATIONAL SMUGGLING.

An Englishman once expressed great surprise in a company of literati at Edinburgh, that the Scots should be so much addicted to smuggling as they formerly were, seeing that they are a remarkably sober and moral people.

He thought it must be much against their conscience.

"Oh, not at all, sir," said a noted punster who was present; "what is conscience but a '*small still* voice?'"

"Farther," added Professor Wilson, "it is the '*worm* that never dies.'"

ORNITHOLOGY.

"Pray, Lord Robertson," said a lady to that eminent lawyer at a party, "can you tell me what sort of a bird the bulbul is?"

"I suppose, ma'am," replied the humorous judge, "it is the male of the coo coo."—*Dr Rogers.*

A "NATURAL'S" INFERENCE.

Daft Willie Law was the descendant of an ancient family, nearly related to the famous John Law of Laurieston, the celebrated financier of France. Willie, on that account, was often spoken to and taken notice of by gentlemen of distinction. Posting one day through Kirkcaldy with more than ordinary speed, he was met by Mr Oswald of Dunnikier, who asked him where he was going in such a hurry.

"Gaun!" says Willie, with apparent surprise, "I'm gaun to my cousin Lord Elgin's burial."

"Your cousin Lord Elgin's burial, you fool; Lord Elgin's not dead," replied Mr Oswald.

"Ah! diel ma care," quoth Willie, "there's sax doctors out o' Embro' at 'im, and they'll hae him dead afore I win forrit;" and off he posted at an increased rate.

READY-MADE MOURNING.

Burns was one night at the King's Arms Inn, Dumfries, along with a few

cronies, when the conversation happened to turn on the death of a townsman, whose funeral was to take place on the following day. "By-the-by," said one of the company, addressing himself to Burns, "I wish you would lend me your black coat for the occasion, my own being rather out of repair."

"Having myself to attend the same funeral," answered Burns. "I am sorry that I cannot lend you my *sables*; but I can recommend a most excellent substitute: *throw your character over your shoulders*—that will be the *blackest coat* you ever wore in your lifetime!"

THE ISLAND OF ARRAN.

The whole island riseth in high and wild mountains, manured only upon the sea-side, where the ground is lowest. The sea runnes in and makes a well large creeke into it; the entries whereof are closed by the Island Molas, a verie sure haven for shippes; and in the waters, which are always calme, is great abundance of fish, that sundry times the countrie people taking more than may sustaine them for a day, they cast them in againe in the sea, as if it were in a stanke.—*Monipennie.*

THE BEGINNING OF THE REFORMATION.

1637. King Charles I. being resolved to put in execution his darling scheme of having all his people of the same religion, ordered a liturgy, or service-book, with one of canons, to be prepared for the use of the Scottish Church, which being accordingly performed, his majesty, without further ceremony, issued a proclamation for the due observance of them throughout Scotland. This being impolitically done, without the priority of the secret council, or general approbation of the clergy, they were re-

garded as foreign impositions, devised by Archbishop Laud, and forced upon the nation by the sole authority of the king; which occasioned great heart-burnings and mighty commotions amongst the people.

However, the new service-book was ordered to be read on Easter-day at Edinburgh; but the people, it seems, not being prepared for its reception, the time was prolonged to the first of July. And the twenty-third being the day appointed for its reading in St Giles's Church, in the morning of that day the usual prayers were read by Patrick Henderson, the common reader; which were no sooner ended than Henderson, by way of farewell, said to his auditory. "Adieu, good people; for I think this is the last time of my reading prayers in this place," which occasioned a great murmuring in the congregation.

Now, the time for the forenoon service being come, there assembled on this extraordinary occasion the Lord Chancellor, Lords of the Privy Council, Lords of Session, Bishops, Magistrates of Edinburgh, and a vast multitude of people of all sorts. No sooner had James Hannay, dean of Edinburgh, appeared in his surplice, and began to read the service, than a number of women, with clapping of hands, execrations, and hideous exclamations, raised a great confusion in the church, which Dr Lindsay, Bishop of Edinburgh, willing to appease, stepped into the pulpit, and reminded the people of the sanctity of the place. But this, instead of calming, enraged them to such a degree, that Janet Goddes, a furious woman, ushered in the dreadful and destructive civil war by throwing a stool at the bishop's head. And had it not been for the magistrates of Edinburgh, who turned out the frantic multitude, they would probably have murdered him; but such was the noise without, by knocking at the doors, throwing stones

in at the windows, and incessant cries of "Pape, Pape, Antichrist, pull him down!" that the said magistrates were obliged to go out to appease their fury. But the populace, watching his return homewards, renewed the assault, that, had he not been rescued by a superior force, they would undoubtedly have despatched him. Thus began those horrid troubles, which ended in the destruction of the king, subversion of the Church and State, and loss of the rights and liberties of the people.—*Maitland.*

A KING'S ADVOCATE.

Sir George Mackenzie was king's advocate during the reign of Charles II., and a distinguished man of letters. He lived in an old mansion called the Shank, near Arniston, about ten miles south of Edinburgh. The Marquis of Tweeddale one morning visited him there, for his advice on some legal point; and, being in a great hurry, was introduced into the lawyer's bedroom. Sir George gave his opinion from his bed, and when the Marquis at length approached to give his fee, to his surprise and amusement the hand thrust out to receive it was that of a lady. The fact was, that Sir George's wife kept the purse.

BRAXY-HAMS.

Braxy-hams are the hams of those sheep which die of the *braxy*. When the *herd* finds any of his flock dead of that distemper, if they can stand *three shakes*—that is to say, if they be not so putrified or rotten but that they can stand to be thrice shaken by the neck without falling to pieces—then he bears them home to his master's house on the *braxy shelly*. What of the carcasses can then be ham'd are done, and the rest of

the flesh made present use of by the family. The hams thus cut out are hung up in the *smuiky brace*, until they are quite dry. They are then bound in bunches, like so many hare-skins, and suspended on *nags* and *clicks* in convenient parts of the roof of the kitchen, and used now and then for very singular purposes. As, for instance, when a club of *burn-trout fishermen*, or one of *moorful sportsmen*, come the way of the house, they are hospitably entertained at table with plenty of *braxy-ham* and other dainties; for the natives of the moors are a kind people, and generally keep what is understood by a *fu' house*. Now I am not sneering at present, but honestly saying, that a *male o' sic food*, washed down by a few glasses o' *peatreck*, or 'tumblers of *bragwort*, please a hungry kyte very much, and cause one to fall in love with mountaineers. For *braxy* is by no means bad food, when ham'd; the smell then in a great measure leaves it. Likewise these hams sometimes adorn the saddle-bow of a moorland lover when he starts on horseback to seek a wife, and are considered to aid him much in making his *putt-gude* with any girl he takes a fancy for, particularly if she be a *laich fied lass*; though he is often disappointed in this speculation. However, on the whole, there is worse furniture to be found in a house in cold, snowy, wintry weather, than plenty of *braxy-ham*.—*Marlaggart*.

THE WANING MOON.

No Highlander would begin any serious undertaking in the waning of the moon, such as marrying, flitting, or going on a far journey from home. When the *roth*, *rath*, or circle of the moon was full, then was the lucky time for beginning every serious or important matter. Hence the Gaelic word *roth* or *rath*, luck or fortune, as such a per-

son is called *rathail* or *mirathail*, i.e., lucky or unlucky; or, in other words, the full moon arose or did not arise on his destiny.

A REQUEST FROM THE "PLATE."

Sunday, July 4, 1824. We were just late enough, but I found great order at the door of the chapel-court, where, though there was a crowd, yet none were admitted even to this outer-door but in virtue of tickets. I feel myself in great vigour, and am preaching with far greater comfort and clearness than I at first anticipated. After dinner at Mr M'Vey's, Mr Paul produced a note that had been put by some wag into the plate, along with his collection, which ran as follows:—

"Remember in prayer those who are with us in spirit, but have not money to purchase the privilege of being also with us in person, and who not only are not permitted standing-room in the inner court, but are hindered from treading even the outer courts of the sanctuary."
—*Dr Chalmers*.

HOW TO ARRIVE AT A DECISION.

Lord Polkemmet used to describe his judicial preparations in a characteristic manner—

"Ye see," he would say, "I first read a' the pleadings, and then, after letting them wamble in my wame wi' the toddy twa or three days, I gie my ain interlocutor."

OLD GLASGOW.

The statue of King William III. was set up at the Cross in 1735. In the same year the tenement where the Tontine stands was purchased from John Graham of Douglaston. At this period

the town's herd drove the cows belonging to the burgesses to the north-west common, since known by the name of Bell's and Blythwood's Parks, in the neighbourhood of Port-Dundas. The road where Queen Street is now formed was then called the Cow-Lane; and the ground on which the village of Cowcaddens stands was the place where the cows were milked.—*Cleland*.

A HIGHLANDER'S EXPEDIENT.

"My good lad, here is a trifle for you to drink Vich Ian Vohr's health."

The hawk's eye of Callum flashed delight upon a golden guinea, with which these last words were accompanied. He hastened, not without a curse on the intricacies of a Saxon breeches pocket, or *spleuchan*, as he called it, to deposit the treasure in his fob; and then, as if he conceived the benevolence called for same requital on his part, he gathered close up to Edward, with an expression of countenance peculiarly knowing, and spoke in an under tone, "If his honour thought ta auld deevil Whig carle was a bit dangerous, she could easily provide for him, and teil ane ta wiscer."

"How, and in what manner?"

"Her ain sell," replied Callum, "could wait for him a wee bit frae the town, and kittle his quarters wi' her *skene-occle*."

"Skene-occle! what's that?"

Callum unbuttoned his coat, raised his left arm, and, with an emphatic nod, pointed to the hilt of a small dirk, snugly deposited under it, in the lining of his jacket. Waverley thought he had misunderstood his meaning; he gazed in his face, and discovered in Callum's very handsome, though embrowned features, just the degree of roguish malice with which a lad of the same age in England would have brought forward a plan for robbing an orchard.

"Good God, Callum, would you take the man's life?"

"Indeed," answered the young desperado, "and I think he has had just a lang enough lease o't, when he's for betraying honest folk that come to spend siller at his public."

Edward saw nothing was to be gained by argument, and therefore contented himself with enjoining Callum to lay aside all practices against the person of Mr Ebenezer Cruickshanks; in which injunction the page seemed to acquiesce with an air of great indifference.

"Ta Duinhe-wassel might please himself; ta auld rudas loon had never done Callum nae ill."—*Waverley*.

AYRSHIRE FEMALE WORTHIES.

The women of Ayrshire had a gift of being known for good or for evil before "Robbie Burns" bestowed his immortality on the Ayrshire lasses who were his contemporaries. "May Collean," the Scottish sultana Scheherazade, who stopped the immolation of wives perpetrated by a "fause Sir John" of ballad renown, was an Ayrshire lass; so was Jean, Countess of Cassilis, who eloped with the gipsy Davie; an Ayrshire wife, though a Renfrew lass, was Christian Shaw, daughter of the Laird of Barragan, who had the horrible fate, when a girl of thirteen, to be reckoned bewitched by one of the Barragan maid-servants, and to cause the burning for witchcraft of five wretched men and women on the Gallows-green of Paisley. But Christian Shaw did other and better things for Renfrew and Paisley before she fell, with her foibles and infirmities, into the ghostly hands of the minister of Kilmaurs. With the aid of Lady Blantyre, she inaugurated fine spinning and bleaching, and the great thread manufacture of Paisley, towards the close of the seventeenth century. Barbara Gilmour, of Dunlop,

— acquired the art of cheese making in ~~Scotland~~ whither her family had fled from persecution, and brought it back with her to her native village, was yet another Ayrshire woman; and a fifth was Jean Glover of Kilmarnock, with a desperate strain of gipsy wildness and recklessness in her temperament. She was born in 1758, a year earlier than Robert Burns, and not long after that ride in the coach during which Miss Jean Elliot of Minto composed her "Flowers of the Forest."
— *Songstresses of Scotland.*

INSURRECTION IN EDINBURGH.

1567. The populace of Edinburgh being by the magistrates prevented from making a play, called *Robin Hood*, which was prohibited by Act of Parliament; they assembled in a tumultuous manner, seized on the city-gates, and committed divers outrages, by insulting the principal inhabitants, and robbing country people of their money. Kyltane, a shoemaker, one of the chief rioters, being apprehended and tried for robbing John Moubray of a considerable sum, was condemned to be hanged; which his accomplices endeavouring to prevent, a dangerous insurrection ensued: for the mob, assembling from all parts, broke open the prison, and not only released Kyltane, but set at liberty all the other prisoners, and destroyed the gibbet whereon the said Kyltane was to have been executed; and, intending to attack the provost and bailies, then sitting in the town-clerk's office, which they receiving advice of, withdrew to the Tolbooth for better security; which the rabble were no sooner apprised of than they hurried thither, armed with guns, staves, and stones, endeavoured to force open the door; but, meeting with unexpected resistance, were compelled to retire a little. However, they continued to shoot at, and throw stones in at the

windows, and threatened all with destruction.

No person appearing in behalf of the distressed magistrates, they were obliged to accept of the best terms they could get; which was by giving an obligation not to prosecute any person on account of this sedition, which being proclaimed at the Market-Cross, the mob dispersed, and the magistrates went quietly home about nine o'clock at night. Divers of the nobility threatening to revenge this intolerable insult on the magistrates, many of the rioters fled the town; and being excommunicated by the Church, were to make reparation to their injured magistrates, and humbly apply to be re-admitted into the Christian fellowship.—*Meril-land.*

A GRAVE INSTRUCTION.

An old Highland woman, whose son-in-law was much addicted to intemperance, lecturing him one day on his misconduct, concluded with the following grave advice—

"Man, Ringan, I would like that you would behave yoursel', and gather muckle as would buy you a new suit black claes, for I would like to hear tell o' you being decent at my burial."

SOLDIERS' NECESSARIES.

1327. Froissart thus describes the manner of living of the Scots during their military expeditions:—

"Their knights and esquires are well mounted on great coursers; the common sort and the country people ride little horses. They take no carriages with them, by reason of the unevenness of the ground among the hills of Northumberland, through which their road lies, neither do they make provision of bread or wine; for such is

their abstemiousness, that in war they are wont, for a considerable space of time, contentedly to eat flesh half-dressed, without bread, and to drink river water, without wine: neither have they any use for kettles and caldrons; for, after they have stead the cattle which they take, they have their own mode of dressing them." [This he elsewhere describes to be, by fixing the hide to four stakes, making it in the shape of a caldron, placing fire below, and so boiling the flesh.] "They are sure of finding abundance of cattle in the country through which they mean to go, and therefore they make no farther provision. Every man carries about the saddle of his horse a great flat plate, and he trusses behind him a wallet full of meal, the purpose of which is this: after a Scottish soldier has eaten flesh so long that he begins to loathe it, he throws this plate into the fire, then moistens a little of his meal in water, and, when the plate is once heated, he lays his paste upon it, and makes a little cake which he eats to comfort his stomach. Hence we may see, that it is not strange that the Scots should be able to make longer marches than other men." Here is a minute and long description of the method of *baking bannocks on a girdle*.
Drymple.

"DEISEAL."

Among a great many observances in honour of the sun, the *deiseal* may be mentioned in particular. The Highlanders went *deiseal*, or to the right about, at every meeting of importance. They went to the right, around the grave, with the funeral—to the right three times, around the consecrated well, before drinking; the company at a wedding went to the right, round the house, before entering; when the party sat in a circle, at a wedding or a funeral, the same rule was observed;

when the boat was pushed from the shore, it was turned round to the right; when any one even sneezed, somebody behoved to say *deiseal*; when an infant came into the world, the howdie circled it three times, right about, with a lighted candle, &c. &c.

NATURAL SUCCESSION.

The house of Mr Dundas, formerly Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland, having, after his death, been converted into a smith's shop, a gentleman wrote upon its door the following *impromptu*:—

This house a *lawyer* once enjoy'd,
A *smith* does now possess;
How naturally the *iron age*
Succeeds the *age of brass*!

A DISADVANTAGE OF EDUCATION.

Sir William B——, being at a parish meeting, made some proposals, which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," said he to the farmer, "do you know, sir, that I have been at two universities, and at two colleges in each university?"

"Weel, sir," said the farmer, "what 'that? I had a calf that sucked twa kye, an' the observation I made was, the mair he sucked the greater *calf* he grew."

WIND WISDOM.

When the wind's in the north,
Hail comes forth;
When the wind's in the west,
Look for a wat blast;
When the wind's in the south,
The weather will be fresh and good;
When the wind's in the east,
Cauld and snaw comes neist.

EPITAPH ON A HEN-PECKED CLOCK-MAKER.

There is an old monument in the churchyard of Hoddam, Dumfriesshire, which formerly bore the following inscription :—

Here lyes a man, who all his mortal
life
Past mending clocks, but could not
mend hys wyfe.
The larum of his bell was ne'er sae
shrill
As was her tongue, aye clacking like a
mill.
But now he's gane—oh, whither? nane
can tell—
I hope beyond the sound o' Mally's
bell.

A SMUGGLED SCOTSMAN.

A nobleman at Paris asked Lady R— why it was in general remarked by foreigners that the Scotch who travelled were men of parts and learning, while the English were generally wanting in both. Her ladyship, with her usual vivacity, replied, that only fools went out of England; but for Scotland none but fools would stay in it. A Scottish nobleman, famous for neither parts nor learning, observed, her ladyship was right with regard to the Scotch; "for," says he, "there are offices established in Scotland, where every Scotsman must apply for a passport before he can leave the country; and, previous to granting these, he is examined with regard to his intellects and education, and, should he not arrive at the standard fixed for each, no passport is granted, but he is sent back for improvement; on a second application, the same form is observed; but, should he apply a third time, and then be found wanting, he is remanded for life. By this," continued his lordship, "you

will see none but men of sense and learning can legally leave Scotland."

"Then," replied Lady R—, "I am sure your lordship was *smuggled*."

WITCHES' BLUE CLUES.

Witches had their "blue clues"—balls of winded thread—to aid their necromancy. One at the stake going to be burned on the *Barhill*, beside Kirkcudbright, said if they would bring her "her ain *blue clue*, which she had forgot at hame," that she would lay open her art. The *clue* was produced; she took one end of it, and flang it into the air, and after muttering a few words, vanished in a moment. To win the *blue clue* in the *killpot* on *hallow'en*, was a serious matter before Burns made the world laugh at it.—*MacTavart*.

COAL AND CANDLE DUTIES.

Every alternate week-day evening, during the winter months (1847), the bellman of Haddington goes his round through the town, reciting with a musical, plaintive intonation the following antique lines, intended to commemorate the total destruction of the town by fire about two hundred years ago, and thereby prevent, if possible, the recurrence in all time coming of a similar calamity. The fire was the result of accident, having arisen from the thoughtlessness of a servant girl who had one night placed a screen of clothes too near the fire. The lines were prepared at the time, and the bellman was appointed by the magistrates to recite them through the town during the winter months—a practice which has been continued without intermission ever since. The remuneration, which was originally a pair of new shoes, is now given in cash, and entered annually in the treasurer's accounts

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH ANECDOTE.

thus: "Coal and candle, 10/6." The lines are the following:—

"A' gude men's servants, whae'er ye be,
Keep coal and can'le for charity,
Baith in yere kitchen an' yere ha',
Keep weel yere fire whate'er befa'.
In bakehouse, brewhouse, barn, and
byre,
I warn ye a' keep weel yere fire;
For often times a little spark
Brings mony hands to muckle wark.
Ye nurses that hae bairns to keep,
See that ye fa' na o'er sound sleep,
For leaing o' yere gude renown,
An' banishin' o' this burgh town:
'Tis for yere sakes that I do cry,
Take warning by your neighbour's
bye."

THE CARLES OF THE CARSE.

The "Carles of the Carse" was an ancient term of reproach for the farmers of the Gowrie district of Perthshire. Pennant records an ill-natured proverb also applied to them, and which he heard when on his journey: "They're like the carles of the Carse—they want water in the summer, fire in the winter, and the grace of God all the year round." A farmer of the Carse used to complain very much of the awkwardness and stupidity of all the men whom he employed, declaring that, if he were only furnished with good clay, he believed he could make better men himself. This ridiculous tirade got wind among the peasantry, and excited no small indignation. One of that class soon after found an opportunity of revenging himself and his neighbours upon the author, by a cut with his own weapon. It so happened that the laird was so unfortunate, one day, as to fall into a quagmire, the material of which was of such a nature as to hold him fast, and put extrication entirely out of his own power. In his dilemma, observing

a ploughman approaching, he called out to him, and desired his assistance, in order that he might get himself relieved from his unpleasant confinement. The rustic, recognising him immediately, paid no attention to his entreaties, but passed carelessly by, only giving him one knowing look, and saying, "I see ye're making your men, laird; I'll no disturb ye!"

ANDREW FAIRSERVICE'S EVENING.

"I was e'en taking a spell o' worthy Mess John Quackleben's Flower of a Sweet Savour sawn on the Middenstead of this World," said Andrew, closing his book at my appearance, and putting his horn spectacles, by way of mark, at the place where he had been reading.

"And the bees, I observe, were dividing your attention, Andrew, with the learned author?"

"They are a contumacious generation," replied the gardener; "they hae sax days in the week to hive on, and yet it's a common observe that they will aye swarm on the Sabbath-day, and keepfolk at hame frae hearing the Word. But there's nae preaching at Graneagain Chapel the e'en—that's aye ae mercy."

"You might have gone to the parish church, as I did, Andrew, and heard an excellent discourse."

"Clauts o' cauld parritch—clauts o' cauld parritch," replied Andrew, with a most supercilious sneer; "gude aneuch for dogs, begging your honour's pardon. Ay! I might nae doubt hae heard the curate linking awa' at it in his white sark yonder, and the musicians playing on whistles, mair like a penny-wedding than a sermon; and to the boot of that, I might hae gaen to even-song, and heard Daddie Docharty mumbering his mass—muckle the better I wad hae been o' that!"—*Rob Roy.*

THE EVIL EYE.

Among the numberless superstitions enthralling mankind, no one has been more extensively diffused, throughout all countries and in every age, than implicit credulity in an Evil Eye, or the malevolent injuries inflicted by its effects in fascination. It is only a few years since a domestic in the author's family having died of small-pox, then believed to be extirpated from the place, his mother on arriving from the western parts of Scotland, expressed her conviction that he had fallen a victim to an evil eye.

In various quarters ready acquiescence yet attends the importunity of the mendicant, from dreading the consequences of refusal; and should an uncouth demeanour and aspect be conjoined with his vocation, objects of interest are carefully withdrawn from his gaze. Children have been thought the most susceptible of injury.

Robert Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle, speaks of the destruction of that animal whereon the eye glances first in the morning; and he names a man in his parish, "who killed his own cow after commending its fatness, and shot a hare with his eyes." Also, it is gravely recorded, as a woman milked her cow another "lookit in ower the duir, quhairvpoun the calf died presentlie, and the kow fell seik, that schoe wold nether eat nor yield milk." In describing the "Devoll's Rudiments," which formed no slight subject of apprehension in his era, King James specifies "such kind of charmes, as commonlie daffe wives uses for healing forspoken goodes, for preserving them from *evil eyes*, by knitting rountrees or sundriest kind of herbes to the haire and tailles of the goodes."

Supernatural faculties were generally ascribed to the instruction of Satan—as the arch-enemy of mankind, ever ready in finding instruments to wreak his

vengeance on them. Thus he taught Jonet Irving, "if she bure ill-will to onic bodie," to look on them "with opin eyis, and pray evil for thame his name," "that she could get her heartis desyre."

Beatrice Leslie met a reproof by Agnes, the wife of William Young, for resorting to charms, thus: "Mony opens their packs and sells no wares; and you sall not wine a penny of this." Three days after, she came "in ane great fury and anger, and pluckt away a pock belonging to her, which the said Agnes had in keiping, without speaking ane word to her, bot *giving her ane terrible look*, and that same verry night, the said William Young awakened out of his sleep, in a great affrightment and sweat, crying out, that she with a number of catts wer devouring him."—*Dalyell*.

DAYS OF BIRTH.

Monday's Bairn is fair of face;
Tuesday's Bairn is fu' o' grace;
Wednesday's Bairn's the child of woe;
Thursday's Bairn has far to go;
Friday's Bairn is loving and growing;
Saturday's Bairn works hard for his living;
But the Bairn that is born on the Sabbath-day,
Is lucky, and bonny, and wise, and gay.

A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

An old Scotchman, on marrying a very young wife, was rallied by his friends on the inequality of their ages.

"She will be near me," he replied, "to close my een."

"Weel," remarked another of the party, "I've had twa wives, and they *opened* my e'en!"

A SENSIBLE RADICAL.

"Lads," said Peter Gauze, the Paisley weaver, "although it's well enough for us, and the like o' us, in a crack ower a stoup, to tease and card matters o' kingly policy, yet there's a craft in a' trades; and I'm thinking it's as necessary for a man to serve a prenticeship in the making o' law, as in the weaving o' muslin. For though the king and his Lords and Commons aiblins ken the uses and the ways o' the shuttle and the treddles, just as we do councils and parliaments, they would make a poor hand in the practice; and I doubt we would ravel the yairn, and spoil the pins o' government, were we to meddle wi' them."—*Galt*.

RESURRECTION RIOTS.

Edinburgh, March 1742. For some time past there was ground to suspect that the unjustifiable practice of stealing corpses out of their graves was become too common here; and on the 9th of March a dead body was found in a house near the shop of Martin Eccles, surgeon (which upon inquiry was found to be one Alexander Baxter's, who had been entered in the West Kirkyard, March 2). Upon this discovery, the populace were enraged, and crowded to the place, threatening destruction to the surgeons. Towards night the mob increased, notwithstanding the precautions used by the magistrates; and having seized the Portaburgh drum, they beat to arms down the Cowgate to the foot of Niddry's Wynd, till the drum was there taken from them by a party of the city-guard. However, that night they broke several surgeon's windows; and next evening forced their way into Mr Eccles' shop, though guarded by a party, and fell a demolishing everything. But the magistrates, attended by the officers of the train'd band, con-

stable, &c., attacked and dispersed the mob; and most of them having run out at the Netherbow, that and the other gates of the city were shut, by which they were in a great measure quelled. Mr Eccles and his apprentices were cited to stand trial before the magistrates, as accessory to the raising of dead bodies. Two of the apprentices absconded, and Mr Eccles and the other three appeared, but no proof came out against them.

The 18th, a mob entered the house of Peter Richardson, gardener at Inveresk, four miles east from Edinburgh, and burnt it, on a suspicion of his having been accessory to the raising of dead bodies in Inveresk churchyard. On the 26th, a street chair, with all its furniture, was, by a sentence of the magistrates, burnt at the cross by the common executioner, having some weeks before been stopt at the Netherbow-port with a stolen body in it. John Drummond, the chair-master, and John Forsyth, the chair-carrier, deposed that they were betrayed into this scrape, and at last compelled to take in the corpse; but notwithstanding they were banished the city.

Notwithstanding the troubles occasioned by the raising of dead bodies, and the above rigorous punishments inflicted by the populace, one John Samuel, gardener in Grange-gateside, was detected, April 6, at night at the Potterrow-port, carrying in the corpse of a child that had been buried the Thursday before in Pentland kirkyard, which the waiters stopt, suspecting it to be prohibited goods. The fellow got off; but the enraged populace ran furiously to his house, and destroyed everything they found in it, except the clothes and bedding of his wife and family, which, out of compassion, they gave them. Samuel absconded; but was next day apprehended, and committed prisoner to the city jail. John Samuel was afterwards tried by the

Justiciary for this crime, and sentenced to be whipt through the City of Edinburgh, and banished Scotland for seven years. The sentence was carried out July 28, but by the care of the magistrates was protected from any insult by the populace.—*Scots Magazine*.

ORIGIN OF JAMIESON'S SCOTTISH DICTIONARY.

Dr John Jamieson, the well-known antiquary and compiler of the *Scottish Dictionary*, was pastor, of the Anti-burgher congregation of Forfar from 1780 to 1797, when he left for Edinburgh. He laboured at Forfar for the small sum of £50 a-year, and before leaving for the metropolis had made himself popular by the publication of "Sermons on the Heart," "Reply to Dr Priestly," and other works. While at Forfar he had the good fortune to become acquainted with George Dempster of Dunnichen, at whose table he was a frequent guest, and it was there that the happy idea of the *Scottish Dictionary* was first suggested to him. This originated with Grim Thorkelim, the learned professor of antiquities at Copenhagen, before meeting with whom Jamieson had looked upon the Scottish language merely as a species of jargon, or at most a corrupt dialect of the English and Anglo-Saxon. The Professor having spent a few months in Scotland before meeting with Mr Jamieson, had noted some hundreds of purely Gothic words then in common use in the shires of Forfar and Sutherland. These, he believed, were unknown to the Anglo-Saxon, though familiar to the Icelandic tongue; and it was this hint which induced Jamieson to collect the more singular words and expressions of the inhabitants of Angus, and gave rise to his *Scottish Dictionary*—one of the most remarkable monuments of in-

dustry and learning, as well as of utility, of which any country or age can boast.—*Fervise*.

THE KAIL-BELL AND TINKLE- SWEETIE.

From time immemorial, one of the town bells has been daily rung, at a certain hour, on every lawful day except Saturday, to remind the good citizens of Edinburgh to repair to dinner, lest they should be apt to forget this necessary part of the work of the day; or perhaps to give a hint to customers, who might be so indiscreet as to prolong their higgling at a very unseasonable time. It was familiarly known as the Kail-bell; and at its summons about a century ago shops were almost all closed from one to two o'clock. "In 1763, it was a common practice to lock the shops at one o'clock, and to open them after dinner at two."—*Stat. Ac.*

"Tinkle-sweetie," or the "aucht hours' bell," was the name given to the bell which rang at eight o'clock in the evening, to call attention to the hour for closing the shops. This bell was so denominated because the sound of it was supposed to be sweet to the ears of the shopmen and apprentices, as it set them at liberty to close in for the night.

A VETERAN VICTIM TO DRINK.

July 1788. Died at Selkirk, aged 116, William Riddel. In the early part of his life he dealt deep in the smuggling and drinking of brandy, and was always so fond of good ale that he had been often heard to declare he had never taken a single draught of water. He could never be called a habitual drinker, but frequently fell into intemperate rambles of several days' continuance; and even after he was ninety, he at one

time drank a fortnight before he went to bed. He married his third wife when he was ninety-five, and retained his memory and judgment to the last. For the last two years of his life he subsisted chiefly on ale and spirits mixed with a little bread.—*Scots Mag.*

A MINISTER IN A FIX.

Dr "Willie" Anderson of Glasgow was engaged one Sunday to preach in Dundee. Shortly after entering the pulpit the congregation were astonished to observe him making diligent search on the pulpit cushion, on the floor of the pulpit, and inside the Psalm-book and Bible. While the congregation were deliberating on the conduct of the eccentric preacher, they were aroused by his stentorian voice exclaiming in broad Scotch, "Freen's, I hae lost my specs!" when immediately an elderly gentleman accommodated him with the indispensable aid to the performance of his ministerial functions.

WILL HAMILTON'S MANNERS.

Will Hamilton, the "daft man o' Ayr," was once hanging about the vicinity of a loch, which was partially frozen. Three young ladies were deliberating as to whether they should venture upon the ice, when one of them suggested that Will should be asked to walk on it first. The proposal was made to him.

"Though I'm daft, I'm no ill-bred," quickly responded Will; "after you, leddies!"

A HIELAND PLEA.

"Ye ken naething about our hill country, or Hielands, as we ca' them. They are clean anither set frae the like o' huz; there's nae bailie-courts amang

them—nae magistrates that dinna bear the sword in vain, like the worthy deacon that's awa', and, I may say't, like mysel' and other presen' magistrates in this city. But it's just the laird's commands, and the loun maun loup; and the never anither law hae they but the length o' their dirks—the broadsword's pursuer, or plaintiff, as you Englishers ca' it, and the target is defender; the stoutest head bears langest out; and there's a Hieland plea for ye."—*Kob Roy.*

THE DEFEAT OF MACTAVISH.

Some time ago there was a smuggler in Glentartan, named Mactavish, who rented a small farm, and had "brewed his drink" for years without detection. He was strongly suspected by the revenue officers, and many a time his premises were searched, but without avail. There was not a vestige of distilling apparatus or ingredients to be found on his farm, and yet the officers felt certain that he was working an illicit still. They had tried many residents in the glen for information on the subject, but always without success. They were at their wits' end, and Mactavish crowed over their helplessness with the greatest gusto. But ruin came upon him at last, and in a way that took the whole of Glentartan by surprise. One night a long-headed exciseman, with two comrades, went to a farm-house, knocked the people up, and demanded a horse and cart in the Queen's name, as he had seized (he said) the smuggling bothy of Mactavish, and required assistance to carry off the prize. The demand was complied with, and a man sent along with the conveyance. Getting into the cart with his companions, he ordered the man to drive on as fast as he could, without saying where; and the stupid fellow, never dreaming but that the still had been seized as the officer had told

him, drove on, and landed the exciseman at the very bothy door. Out they leaped, and in a minute they had the door burst in and poor Mactavish a prisoner.

A COMPREHENSIVE SIGN-BOARD.

The following signboard stood over the door of a public-house near Morning-side, Edinburgh, thirty years ago:—

"We hae a' kinds o' Whisky, frae Glenlivet
sae clear,
That ne'er gae a headache—to the five-
bawbee gear;
We hae Gin, Rum, Shrub, and ither nick-
nackets,
For them wham the clear stuff their brain
sets in rackets.
We hae fine Yill frae Peebles, an' Porter
frae Lonnon—
Ginger beer frae the toon, and Sma', brisk
an' foaming;
We hae Teas, Bread an' Cheese, *alias*
Welsh Rabbits;
Ham, Eggs, an' Red Herrings for wairsh
tasted gabbets.
If at any time aught else should be wanted,
We'll rather send for't than see freens dis-
appointed."

AN INTELLIGENT GOOSE-HERD.

A story told of Fleeman, in his office of guardian of the geese, exhibits a mixture of the rogue with the wag. He had been sent to Haddo House to fetch some geese thence to Udney Castle. Finding the task of driving them before him a very arduous one, and his patience being completely worn out by the innumerable and perverse digressions they made from the proper road, Jamie procured a straw rope, and twisting this about their necks, walked swiftly on, dragging the geese after him, and never casting a look behind. What was his horror, when he arrived at Udney, to find the geese all dead! As the breed was peculiar, the strictest injunctions had been given to him to be careful in conducting the geese safely home. His

ingenuity, however, soon devised a plan to free him from this dilemma. Dragging the victims into the poultry-yard, he stuffed their throats with food, and then boldly entered the Castle.

"Well, Jamie, have ye brought the geese?"

"Ay, have I."

"And are they safe?"

"Safe! they're gobble, gobble, goblin' as if they had nae seen meat for a twa'month! Safe! I'se warran' they're safe aneuch, if they hae nae choket themsel's!"

TWEED AND TILL.

In the rhyme which compares the respective attributes of the river Tweed, and its Northumbrian tributary the Till, there is something approaching to sublimity.

Tweed said to Till,
What makes ye rin so still?
Till said to Tweed,
Though ye rin wi' speed,
And I rin slaw,
Yet where ye droun ae man,
I droun twa.

The dreadful truth of this rhyme, the striking idea which it gives of the sullen fordless river, so noted for its destructiveness to unwary travellers, and the great force of the impersonation of the two streams, accomplished by a dash of the natural pencil in three or four lines, and involving as complete a contrast of character as if the streams were sentient beings, render this altogether a most extraordinary piece of poetry.—*Robert Chambers.*

THE PRESSGANG.

Friday evening, May 7, 1790, about six o'clock, one of the king's messengers arrived at Leith, being only thirty-eight hours on his way from London. He immediately went on board the Cham-

pion frigate in the Roads, and delivered his dispatches to Captain Edwards. At nine o'clock the ship's crew got orders to prepare for an impress. At eleven o'clock eight boats landed at Leith with 100 men, who, dividing into four parties, went to different parts of the harbour, and in a short time swept every ship of her hands. They afterwards went to Newhaven, where they also got a few sailors. It is supposed that about 200 men were impressed. Next morning the magistrates of Edinburgh sent sixteen prisoners from the Tolbooth on board the fleet, and continued to exert themselves to promote the service; but at the same time paid the most scrupulous regard to the liberty of the subject. The impress soon became general over the kingdom.—*Scots Mag.*

and tradesmen often shut their shops from one till two. Gentlemen were in the habit of visiting ladies in their drawing-rooms to enjoy their society, and drink "dishes" of tea, in the afternoons. There was one dancing assembly-room, where minuets and country dances were danced in a succession of sets before the Lady Directress. The company met at five o'clock; the dancing began at six and ended at eleven by public orders, which were never transgressed. In the old theatre, which was decorated with painted heads of the poets and with Runciman's landscapes, Mr Digges, the lessee, was his own great tragedian and comedian alike, being equally great in Cato and Sir John Brute.—*Songstresses of Scotland.*

EDINBURGH IN 1782.

The Edinburgh to which Jean Elliot went had already lost much of its old feudal romance, but it was still very different from the Edinburgh of to-day. The North Bridge was just built; the South Bridge was not begun. The district including Crichton Street, where Mrs Cockburn latterly lived, and George's Square, where Sir Walter Scott was born, was still lying in fields and orchards. The Mound was not begun. Two stage-coaches ran to Leith every hour, and one to London once a month. Lord Kames and Dr Robertson represented the resident literati. No such thing as an umbrella had been seen in the streets. Vegetables were brought chiefly from Musselburgh by women who carried them in *creels* on their backs. In a dearth of fruit for dessert at the dinner-tables of the principal men in Edinburgh, an English traveller remarked that dishes of small raw turnips—called "neeps" by the natives—were eaten with avidity. Two o'clock was the universal dinner-hour,

A BRAVE LITTLE FELLOW.

The Rev. Dr Samuel Charters, parish minister of Wilton, in Roxburghshire, when very young was bereft of both parents, and he was taken in charge by his maternal grandmother. Like Timothy of old, he was privileged with pious guardians, and his mind was stored with Bible truths and sacred poetry, which he could readily quote as occasion required. During Prince Charles Edward's movement in 1745, his old grandmother was sadly afflicted with the dread that her hearthstone would be invaded by a rude soldiery, and as the saying goes, "she could neither eat nor sleep." Samuel was then only about four years old, but saw that she was much grieved, and to console her he repeated the first verse of the 20th Psalm:—

"Jehovah hear thee in the day
When trouble he doth send;
And let the name of Jacob's God
Thee from all ill defend."

And then cheerfully added, "Tak yer meat, grannie, and dinna be feared."

"TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY."

The hero of this poem of Burns' was a country sportsman, who loved curling on the ice in winter, and shooting on the moors in the season. When no longer able to

"Guard or draw a wick or bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar,
In time of need ;"

or march over hill and hagg in quest of

"Paitricks, teals, moor-pouts, and
plivers,"

he loved to lie on the lang-settle, and listen to the deeds of others on field and flood ; and when a good tale was told, he would cry, "Hech, man ! three at a shot ; that was famous !"

Some one informed Tam that Burns had written a poem—"a gie queer ane"—concerning him : he sent for the bard, and in something like wrath requested to hear it ; he smiled grimly at the relation of his exploits, and then cried out, "I'm no dead yet, Robin : I'm worth ten dead fowk ; wherefore should ye say that I'm dead ?"

Burns took the hint, retired to the window for a minute's space or so, and coming back, recited the *Per Contra*, "Go fame, an' canter like a filly."—*Allan Cunningham.*

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

"John," said a clergyman to one of his flock, "you should become a teetotaler—you have been drinking again to-day."

"Do you never take a wee drop yourself, sir ?" inquired John.

"Ah, but, John, you must look at your circumstances and mine."

"Verra true," quoth John ; "but, sir, can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were keepit sae clean ?"

"No, John, I cannot tell you that."

"Weel, sir, it was just because every one keepit the dirt frae aff his own door !" replied John, with an air of triumph.

John was not questioned again on the same matter by the minister.

THE PEELED WILLOW-WAND.

A peeled willow-wand was used formerly in the Highlands as an intimation that a house was full, or that visitors would not be welcome. It was placed across the door, that any who were about to enter could not fail to observe it ; and its signification being well understood, it was generally respected.

"Andrew was the first to observe that there was a peeled willow-wand placed across the half-open door of the little inn. He hung back, and advised us not to enter. 'For,' said he, 'some of their chiefs and grit men are birling at the usquebagh in by there, and dinna want to be disturbed ; and the least we'll get, if we gang ram-stam in on them, will be a broken-head, to learn us better havings, if we dinna come by the length of a cauld dirk in our wame, whilk is just as likely.'"—*Rob Roy.*

FRENCH ON A NEW PRINCIPLE.

A French teacher in Edinburgh, one evening gave a *petit souper* to a few of his friends. Among those present was a simple-hearted, honest Scottish matron, whose claims to be of the party arose, we believe, from the fact of her having several members of her family under the scholastic charge of monsieur. During supper, she heard a great deal of French talked, which afflicted her with great surprise.

"It was sic a daft-like language," she thought, "when ane heard it yattered awa' at that gate. And, dear sake,

Mr F——," she added, taking up a slice of bread, and turning to the host, "just let me ask what ye ca' this in that queer language o' yours?"

"*Pain*, madame," answered the polite Frenchman.

"Peng!" she cried; "sic a like word! Dear me, Mr F——, wad it no be far wiserlike, and mair to the purpose, just to ca' *bread* at ance?"

AN ENDLESS WIT.

"Really, Mr Johnston," said a lady the west of Scotland to a noted humorist, "there's nae end to your wit."

"Gude forbid, madame," he replied, "that I should ever be at my wits."

QUIZZING A COCKNEY.

James Lindsay, "The Viscount," a Glasgow merchant and wag of former days, visited London in company with two friends, and put up at the City Coffee-house, where one of the waiters was such a pure and unsophisticated Cockney, that they resolved to play a practical joke upon him.

"John," said Mr Lindsay to him, "bring three tumblers of toddy."

"Toddy, sir; yes, sir," answered John; "would you like it hef-and-hef, sir?"

"Na, na, that wad be owcr strong; just mak it sax waters, John."

"Saxe waters, sir; yes, sir," and away went John to execute his commission, but certainly without the slightest idea of what he was going for.

In a short time he returned with a look of regret on his face, and said, "I am very sorry, sir, that the Saxe waters are all done, sir, and we have no other German waters at present, sir."

The friends had enough to do to pre-

serve their gravity, as Mr Lindsay said to the waiter, "That's a pity, John; weel, we maun do without it, and try a substitute; bring me the whisky, John, and the boiling water."

"Boiling water, sir; yes, sir," said John, and off he set.

On returning with the "necessaries of life," Mr Lindsay took them and said to the waiter, "Now, John, I'll gie ye a lesson: when ony body asks ye for toddy and sax waters, just you gie them a big glass o' brandy or whisky, and half a dozen glasses o' boiling water, wi' a wee tate o' sugar in't, and they'll no ken the difference: indeed, John," he added, with a sly wink to his companions, "I'm no sure but they'll like it just as weel, and, at ony rate, it's far better for them than a' your German waters."

John, apparently thoroughly impressed with the value of the information he had received, thanked Mr Lindsay, and was retiring, when Mr Lindsay said, "Oh, John, before ye gang awa', can ye send me a wee tate o' oo' to stap in the neb o' my shoon; they're unco shauchlin, and aiblins may gar me cowp i' the glaur, when I gang agate."

John was completely dumfounded at this order, but, true to his professional instinct, soon recovered himself, and replied, "Yes, sir," as he hurried from the room. In a minute or two he returned with a glass of cold water, which he presented with some trepidation to the gentleman who had given him the incomprehensible order, and bolted from the room before a word could be spoken, leaving Mr Lindsay and his two friends laughing till they nearly tumbled off their chairs.

So much was John impressed with the superior wisdom and surprising knowledge of his guests, that next morning he confidently asked Mr Lindsay if "there were any waiters in Scotland, and whether London or Scotland was the larger city!"

AN UNLUCKY MILLBANNOCK.

The *millbannock* is allowed to be the chief of all bannocks. A miller in Wigtownshire once made an enormous one of a *boll of meal*, as a present to his laird, the Earl of Galloway, in hopes that the earl would give him a *down-come* of the rent; but instead of doing so, he raised it on him fifty pounds per annum, saying, "That if he could afford to make sic *millbannocks* to his friends, he could be in no way distressed." Poor *Dusty* then had no other shift than to return to his old shop, with his finger in his mouth, and curse confound the *plot* o' the *millbannock*.—*MacTaggart*.

A REAL CONVERSION.

"My freen's," said old Daddy Flockhart, the well-known and eccentric street preacher in Edinburgh, one night, while relating the circumstances of his conversion to his sparse congregation, "My heart was as black as a sweep's face; but noo it's whiter than a washer-wife's thoom!"

"KIRK WAD LET ME BE."

I am a puir silly auld man,
And hirplin' ower a tree;
Yet fain, fain kiss wad I,
Gin the kirk wad let me be.

Gin a' my duds were aff,
And guid haill claes put on,
O, I could kiss a young lass
As weel as ony man.

These verses are said to have been composed, under very peculiar circumstances, by a non-conforming clergyman of the time of Charles II. While under hiding for religion's sake, he had the misfortune to be seized by a party of the troops which were then employed

to scour the south and west of Scotland in search of the broken Covenanters. They were not exactly sure of his person, for he appeared to their eyes more like a beggar than anything else; but, from some suspicious circumstances, they were disposed, at least, to detain him until they should ascertain his real character. The unhappy man then condescended to an artifice, for the purpose of extricating himself. He forthwith assumed a fantastic levity of manners—fell a capering and dancing; and finally sung the above stanzas, which he composed on the spur of the moment. Such was the gloss he thus gave to his character, and so much were the soldiers delighted with his song, that swearing he was "a d—d honest fellow," who could not possibly belong to the "hellish crew" they were in search of, they permitted him to depart.—*Robert Chambers*.

A HEAVENLY BODY.

Boswell expatiating to his father, Lord Auchinleck, on the learning and other qualities of Dr Johnson, concluded by saying, "He is the grand luminary of our hemisphere—quite a constellation, sir."

"Ursa Major, I suppose," dryly responded the judge.

BEANCHY BARD.

Formerly, among persons of distinction in the Western Highlands, it was reckoned an affront upon any company to broach a piece of wine, ale, or *aqua vite*, and not to see it all drank out at one meeting. If any man chanced to go out from the company, though but for a few minutes, he was obliged, upon his return, and before he took his seat, to make an apology for his absence in rhyme; which, if he could not per-

form, he was liable to pay such a share of the reckoning as the company thought fit to impose; which custom prevails in many places still, and is called *beanchty bard*, which, in their language, signifies the poet's congratulating the company.—*Martin*.

A USELESS BAROMETER.

An honest Highlander, paying a visit one day to a friend, was hailed as follows:—

"Come along, my good fellow—glad to see you've made out this visit at last, and that you have come at a time when we are to have good weather. The barometer has been rising for a week."

"The barometer!" exclaimed the Celt; "and do you keep a barometer?"

"O, yes," answered his friend.

"Well, I've kept a barometer too, for many a long day, but, for my part, I do not think it has any effect on the weather at all, at all."

TIMELY CAUTION.

An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak gude care o' yoursel', my man, when ye are awa'; for mind ye, they eat puppies in Cheena!"

HONOUR AND PROFIT.

A nobleman, in whose character vanity and parsimony were the most remarkable features, was, for a long time before he died, in the habit of retailing the produce of his dairy and his orchard to the children and poor people of his neighbourhood. One day observing a

very pretty little girl tripping through his grounds with a milk jug, he stooped to kiss her; after which he said, in a pompous tone—

"Now, my dear, you may tell your grandchildren, and tell them in their turn to tell their grandchildren, that you had once the honour of receiving a kiss from the Right Honourable the Earl of B—."

The girl looked up in his face, and, with a strange mixture of simplicity and archness, remarked—

"But will I tell them that ye took the penny for the milk tae?"

SLANDER.

"Donald," said a Scottish dame, looking up to her son, "what's slander?"

"A slander, mither?" quoth Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid. "Aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be an ower true tale that ae gude woman tells o' anither."

AYRSHIRE COURTSHIP.

A respectable farmer in the parish of Cumnock being a widower, went courting a young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer in the parish of Auchinleck. The farmer, who was no great orator, but was young, had a good person, and was in affluent circumstances, addressed his fair one rather bluntly, and proposed marriage without much ceremony. The lady replied, in the same frank and open way—

"Deed, Jamie, I'll tak ye, but ye maun gie me my dues o' courtin' for a' that." The wedding took place accordingly.

LEGENDS AND "STOREYS."

"Do you know any legends or old stories connected with this venerable

building, my good man?" said a pedantic tourist to a labouring man in a Scottish village, one day.

"I dinna ken o' ony legends aboot it, sir; there was an auld storey up by on yon gavel end, but it fell down some time sin', that's a' I ken," was the reply.

HUMOURS OF CATECHISING.

The Rev. David Hogg, in his recently published *Life and Times of the Rev. Dr John Wightman*, of Kirkmahoe, gives the following graphic account of the now obsolete custom of ministerial catechising:—

These meetings were sometimes occasions of considerable theological discussion and ready repartee, when the catechiser became the catechised, and was put to his wit's end to maintain his position. As the visitations were always expected at a certain season of the year, some of the more dexterous in the district prepared themselves for the sole purpose of puzzling the minister, and not at all to have some difficulty in divinity or Christian ethics satisfactorily explained. Indeed, in some instances such an explanation would have been a great disappointment, as defeating anticipated victory. Then the questions were so framed and put that a sermon or a treatise would have scarcely sufficed to give a full explanation, and yet a categorical answer was always required.

Mr Dickson, minister of Wamphray, was one day catechising at the house of an old man called Peter French, and naturally beginning with the host, he asked Peter, "What is the chief end of man?"

To which Peter promptly replied, "Deed, sir, I'll no presume. That's your duty; ye're paid for telling us." Peter thereby saved his credit, and at

the same time gave all due respect to his minister.

At one of these catechisings, which took place in the church, the name of Walter, Hunter was called, as in this case the parties were separately examined. Walter was at the end of the church among the school-boys—the school being taught there—and he answered in a loud voice, "Here, sir."

"O yes," said the minister, "loud i' the loan was ne'er a guid milk cow."

Walter, after some keen interrogatories respecting doctrinal points and moral conduct, which he answered in a manner highly satisfactory, was dismissed to give place to another; but before rising he remarked, loud enough for all to hear, "I hae seen a cow that could gie a lilt, and a guid lilt too."

A woman answered all the questions put to her by what Dickens calls the staple of American conversation, namely, "Yes, sir."

In order to see how far she would go with this response, she was asked, "Could you see the wind, Margaret?"

"Yes, sir," was the ready reply.

Of course her fellow-servants, after going home, twitted her about her examination and seeing the wind, which she still affirmed; but after much banter she appealed to ocular demonstration, saying, "Weel, then, if ye open twa barn doors, will ye no see the wun' blawin' through?"

These diets of catechising were sometimes taken on consecutive days, in which case the minister did not return to the manse at night, but stayed in some parishioner's house that he might more conveniently attend the next day's meeting. In this way almost a whole week was spent, before he returned home to prepare for the duties of the forthcoming Sabbath.

The minister of Colvend went out one winter on a catechising tour, and took a boy with him to open gates and attend to his horse. At the close of the

week, when the little man was about to be discharged, he said to the minister, "Sir, I hae heard you asking mony questions at the houses we hae been at, and I wad like to ask you a question before I gang. What do ye think o' the Fall, sir?"

"It is a mysterious subject, my man; but what do ye think of it yourself?"

"I dinna ken, sir, but it was a terrible thing that the worl' should hae been lost for the sake o' an apple. I can gae into Dalbeattie an' get as mony's I can eat, an' my pouches filled, for tippence. But do you no think, sir, it was awfu' wee buikit o' the deevil to attack the woman instead o' the man? I hae never thought onything o' him sin' ever I kent it."

A PRACTICAL COMMENTATOR.

A shrewd old Scotsman was reading the *Song of Solomon* one Sunday. On coming to the passage, "Snow is beautiful in its season," he exclaimed in a tone of remonstrance, "Ay, Solomon, my man, nae doubt it was beautiful to you sitting with rich wines and the bonnie lasses o' Jerusalem aside you; but had ye been a poor stane-mason, ye would hae said nae such thing!"

LABOUR AND LEISURE.

"Bairns," said a Scottish cottar to his children, who were working like "teegurs" in the garden, "when you're tired digging, you may pu' kale-runts."

THE GROANING MALT AND THE KEN-NO.

The *groaning malt* was the ale brewed for the purpose of being drunk after the lady or goodwife's safe delivery. The *ken-no* has a more ancient source, and

perhaps the custom may be derived from the secret rites of the *Bona Dea*. A large and rich cheese was made by the women of the family, with great affectation of secrecy, for the refreshment of the gossips who were to attend at the *canny* minute. This was the *ken-no*, so called because its existence was secret (that is, presumed to be so) from all the males of the family, but especially from the husband and master. He was, accordingly, expected to conduct himself as if he knew of no such preparation, to act as if desirous to press the female guests to refreshments, and to seem surprised at their obstinate refusal. But the instant his back was turned, the *ken-no* was produced, and after all had eaten their fill, with a proper accompaniment of the *groaning malt*, the remainder was divided among the gossips, each carrying a large portion home with the same affectation of great secrecy.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

BURNS AND HIS CRITICS.

When Burns was first invited to dine at Dunlop House, a westland dame, who acted as housekeeper, appeared to doubt the propriety of her mistress entertaining a mere ploughman who made rhymes, as if he were a gentleman of old descent. By way of convincing Mrs M'Guistan (for that was her name) of the bard's right to such distinction, Mrs Dunlop gave her *The Cottar's Saturday Night* to read. This was soon done, and she returned the volume with a strong shaking of the head, saying, "Nae doubt gentlemen and ladies think mickle o' this, but for me it's naething but what I saw i' my father's house every day, and I dinna see hoo he could hae tauld it ony other way." The M'Guistans are a numerous clan. Few of the peasantry personally acquainted with Burns were willing to allow that his merit exceeded their own.

"Indeed, sir," said one of these worthies, named Hugh Cowan, to an inquiring admirer, "Robbie Burns, save in clinking words, was just an ordinary man. I taught him the use o' the cudgel, and should ken what he had in him, I think."

A SENSIBLE OFFICER.

During the riots in 1798, when the whole country was full of disorder, two hundred rustics, armed with dilapidated muskets, pitchforks, and other "orra things," marched against the house of Sir Robert Grierson, at Lag, near Dumfries. A detachment of volunteers from the latter place hastened to the rescue. The rioters, however, showed no desire to retire, until one of the volunteers, in a parley, showed them four-and-twenty rounds of ball cartridge, and made one of them feel the balls with his fingers. On this one of the rebel leaders exclaimed to his followers, "G——, lads, this is gaun to be a serious business," and quietly advised his men to disperse, which they had sense enough to do.

"BOOK-A-BOSOMS."

There is a tradition that friars were wont to go from Melrose or Jedburgh to baptise and marry in the parish of Ewes; and from being in the habit of carrying the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called by the inhabitants "Book-a-Bosoms."

DOGS IN ABERDEEN.

The haill house dogs, messens, and whelps within Aberdeen were killed upon the streets, so that neither hound, messen, or other dog was left alive that they could see. The reason was this: when the first army came here,

ilk captain and soldier had a blue ribband about his craig, in despite and derision whereof; when they removed from Aberdeen, some women of Aberdeen, as was alleged, knit blue ribbands about their messens' craigs, wherewith their soldiers took offence, and killed all their dogs for this very cause.—*Spalding.*

WAITING HIS TURN.

A minister was one day visiting a member of his congregation who lived in the sheep-farming district of Roxburghshire. Before the fireplace lay three collie dogs, apparently asleep; but at the sound of a whistle two rose up and walked out, the third not disturbing itself.

"I'm surprised at this one lying still, John," said the minister; "why does he not get up like the others?"

"It's no surprising at a', sir," said the shepherd; "ye see he's been oot in the morning already, and it's no his turn i' the noo."—*Dr Rogers.*

TWO OLD SCOTTISH LADIES.

Lady Dundas of Arniston was one of the old school of Scottish ladies—a delightful set, strong-headed, warm-hearted, and high-spirited. . . . Their prominent qualities of sense, humour, affection, and spirit were embodied in curious outsides; for they dressed, and spoke, and did exactly as they chose; their language, like their habits, was entirely Scotch, but without any other vulgarity than what perfect naturalness is sometimes taken for.

She was in her son's house in George Square, Edinburgh, when it was attacked by the mob in 1793 or 1794, and though no windows could be smashed at that time by the populace without the inmates thinking of the

bloody streets of Paris, she was perfectly firm, most contemptuous of the assailants, and with a heroic confidence in her son's doing his duty. She once wished us to go somewhere for her on an evening; and on one of us objecting that if we did, our lessons for next day could not be got ready—"Hoot man!" said she, "what o' that! as they used to say in my day—it's only het hips, and awa' again."

The mother of the first Sir David Dundas, a clergyman's wife, was another lady of the old Scottish school. I heard one of her grand-daughters stumbling, in the course of reading the newspapers to her, on a paragraph which stated that a lady's reputation had suffered from some indiscreet talk on the part of the Prince of Wales. Up she of fourscore got, and said with an indignant shake of her shrivelled fist and a keen voice, "The dawmed villain! does he kiss and tell!"—*Lord Cockburn*.

LOCH FYNE FROZEN OVER.

A letter from Inverary, dated December 17, 1786, says, that Loch Fyne was then frozen over, all the way from its head to Otter, which is about thirty English miles, and bears the weight of men all over. This is the more surprising, as it is a branch of the sea, and is in breadth one, two, and three miles, at different places. Loch Fyne was never remembered to have been frozen over before, except once about thirty years ago, when the ice was also so strong as to permit people on foot to pass over it.—*Scots Mag.*

THE "GUEST."

"The Guest" is a name given by the superstitious vulgar in the south of Scotland to any object which they consider

as the prognostic or omen of the approach of a stranger.

"When they sneeze, on first stepping out of bed in the morning, they are from thence certified that strangers will be there in the course of the day, in number corresponding to the times which they sneeze; and if a feather, a straw, or any such thing be observed hanging at a dog's nose or beard, they call that a *guest*, and are sure of the approach of a stranger. If it hang long at the dog's nose, the visitant is to stay long; but if it fall instantly away, the person is only to stay a short time. They judge also from the length of this *guest* what will be the size of the real one, and, from its shape, whether it will be a man or a woman; and they watch carefully on what part of the floor it drops, as it is on that very spot the stranger will sit."

—*Hogg*.

GLASGOW SIGN-BOARDS.

We copy the following inscriptions from sign-boards which were formerly exhibited in Glasgow, from the late Dr Strang's *Glasgow and its Clubs* :—

"Messages run down this close."

"Barney Keir, he does live here,
He'll sweep your vents, and not
too dear;
And should they chance to go
on fire,
He'll put them out at your de-
vice."

"New laid eggs every morning by
me, Janet Stobie."

"Stop and read, to prevent mistakes,
Joseph Howel's beef-steaks;
Good meat and drink make men to
grow,
And you will find them here below."
Joseph's "house" was in a sunk flat.

A POET'S PHILOSOPHY.

Away with disquietudes ! Let us pray
with the honest weaver of Kilbarchan,
"Lord, send us a gude conceit o' our-
sel' !" Or in the words of the auld
sang—

"Who does me disdain, I can scorn
them again,
And I'll never mind any such
foes." —Burns.

THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

The *Caledonian Mercury* of October 1733 gives a droll account of an assembly which existed in Edinburgh, and which had for its object the prevention of an over-severe excise system for Scotland.

"There came on, at the Parrot's Nest in this city, the annual election of office-bearers in the ancient and venerable *Assembly of Birds*, when the *Gamecock* was elected preses; the *Blackbird*, treasurer; the *Glad*, principal clerk; the *Crow*, his depute; and the *Duck*, officer; all birds duly qualified to our happy establishment, and no less enemies to the excise scheme. After which an elegant entertainment was served up. All the royal and loyal healths were plentifully drunk in the richest wines; the glorious 205, all the *Bonny Birds*, &c. On this joyful occasion nothing was heard but harmonious music, each bird striving to excel in chanting and warbling their respective melodious notes." "The glorious 205" were those members of the House of Commons who had recently thrown out a bill for increasing the tax on tobacco.

A SERIOUS "GALRAVICH."

The story of the "galravich," as drinking bouts used to be termed in

Scotland, at which the Laird of Garscadden took his last draught, has been often told, but it will bear repetition. The scene occurred in the wee clachan of Law, where a considerable number of Kilpatrick lairds had congregated for the ostensible purpose of talking over some parish business. And well they talked, and better drank, when one of them, about the dawn of the morning, fixing his eye on Garscadden, remarked that he was "looking unco gash." Upo which the laird of Kilmardinny coolly replied—

"Deil mean him, since he has been wi' his Maker these twa hours! I saw him step awa', but I didna like to disturb guid company!"

The following epitaph on this brated Bacchanalian plainly indicates that he was held in no great estimation among his neighbours:—

"Beneath this stane lies auld Garscad,
Wha loved a neibour very bad;
Now how he fends and how he fares,
The deil ane ke., and deil ane cares."

DRUMLY BUT NOT DEEP.

A lady in Edinburgh once objected to a preacher on the ground that she could not understand him. Another lady, who admired him, insinuated that probably he was too "deep" for her to follow.

But her ready answer was, "Na, na, he's no deep, he's just *drumly*."

THE SHEPHERD ON SHAVING.

Ye see, I hae mony and mony a time thoct that he wha first introduced shaving amang us was ane of the greatest foes o' the human race. Just think, man, o' the awfu' wark it's on a cauld Sabbath morning, when the week's bristles are as sturdy as the

teeth of a horse kame, and the burn watter winna boil, and the kirk-bells ringing, and the wife's a' riggit out, and the gig at the door, and the rawzor haggit like a saw. Trumbull o' Selkirk makes gude rawzors, but the weans are unco fond of playing wi' mine, puir things. Od keep us! it gars me grew, but to think o' the first rasp; and after a' the sark-neck's blacken'd wi' your bluid, and your face is a bonny sicht to put before a congregation, battered ower wi' brown paper, or tufts o' beaver off your hat. Oh! I'm clean for the lang beard.—*Nat's Aul*

POET AND HIS SUBJECT.

The poem of *Tranent Muir* was written by Mr Skirving, a farmer near Haddington. In the ninth stanza, reference, the reverse of complimentary, is made to Lieutenant Smith. This officer coming to Haddington shortly after the publication of the song, sent a challenge to the author.

"Gang awa' back, my man," said the honest farmer, "and tell Mr Smith that I hae na leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I will fecht him; and if no, I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa'."

Stanza ninth, to which the worthy lieutenant took exception, and certainly not without cause, was as follows:—

"And Major Bowie, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full o' dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man!"

A LESSON TO A SHOPKEEPER.

"But," said Miss Menie M'Neil, the milliner, "I hae vera misfortunately

got but one suit of that trimming, and I'm amaisht under a promise to gie the first offer to mair than ane."

"Ready money's ready money, Miss Menie," replied Mrs Goroghan, "and ye'll just lay by the trimming for me. First come first served—folk in a public way shouldna be respecters o' persons, but pleasure a' their customers to the best o' their ability. I won'er what right has onybody in the town o' Greenock to set up for being better than another—arena we a' working for our bread? I'm sure, Miss Menie, I no more gentleness in a pestle and mortar than a tar barrel, and little difference between an ellwand and an ellshin—it's no the cloak that maks the friar; and in a town like ours, where we live by our ettling, trade maks us a sib to ane anither; so that, whate'er fools may think to the contrary, it's very true what I hae heard said, that the change-wife's gill-stoup is full cousin to the spirit-dealer's gallon-pot, the lawful offspring o' the foreign merchant's rum-puncheon. But the making o' stepbairns is an auld faut in Greenock."—*Galt*.

A VERY CLEVER CHIEFD.

"Man," said the celebrated Lord Braxfield to a prisoner at the bar, who had been pleading his own cause with remarkable acuteness and eloquence, "ye're a verra clever chieft; but ye wad be nane the waur o' a hanging."

JOHN DHU.

John, or Shon, Dhu was a famous member of the Edinburgh Town Guard. Although he had been an undaunted soldier, and was a terror to the mobocracy of the city, he was altogether a man of kindly feelings, and by no means overstepped the limits of his duty, unless

very much provoked. His conduct towards juvenile delinquents was not of a very severe description. After detaining them in the guardhouse for a short time, and having administered a little wholesome terror, by way of caution, "should they ever do the like any more," *Shon* would open the half door of the guard-room, and push them out with a gentle *skelp* on the breech, saying, "There noo, pe off; an' I'll say you'll didna rin awa',"—meaning that he would make an excuse for them.—*Kay*.

NIGHTINGALES *versus* "WHAUPS."

A native of Muirkirk being in England was asked out one delightful summer evening to hear the singing of the nightingale, his friend informing him that it was rarely if ever heard in Scotland. After he had listened with attention for some time, he was asked if he was not delighted with the music.

"It's very gude," he answered; "but for my part, I wadna gie the wheeple o' a whaup for a' the nightingales that ever sang."

A LESSON TO COCKNEYS.

A gentleman who was dining with the Duchess of Gordon was boasting that he was a thorough master of the Scottish language. Her grace, however, completely nonplussed him by saying, "Rax me a spaul o' that bubbly-jock."

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.

On the death of Lord Kennet, in 1786, Sir William Nairne was raised to the bench under the title of Lord Dunsinnan—a circumstance which called forth a *bon-mot* from the Duchess of Gordon. Her grace, happening to meet

his lordship shortly after his elevation, inquired what title he had assumed.

"Dunsinnan" was of course the reply. "I am astonished at that, my lord," said the duchess, "for I never knew that you had begun sinning."

FISHING WITH GEESSE.

In former times the sport of fishing with geese was practised, which has long since been discontinued. It was performed after this manner: A boat, containing a party, male and female, lord and lady fair, followed a goose, to a leg of which was tied a baited hook; the goose, thus accoutred, was sent into the deep water on an excursive voyage. By-and-by this knight-errant falls in with an adventure: a marauding pike, snatching hold of the bait, puts his gooseship's mettle to the test; he is sometimes pulled under water, such is the sudden dart which the pike makes at his prey; a combat ensues, in which a display is made on the part of both the contending heroes. The sympathetic hopes and fears of the eager spectators are alternately called into continuous exercise; until at length the long necked, noisy, webfooted champion, vanquishing his wide-mouthed scale-armed foe, drags him exhausted and dying at his heels.—*Charles Mackie*.

PERHAPS THE PROPER REASON.

A minister in the country was preaching his farewell sermon, and took for his text Acts xx. 22, "I go bound in the spirit of Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me."

"Ah!" said one of the elders, who was not much concerned at the ministerial change, loudly enough, "Weel kens he that the stipend is fifty pun better whaur he's gaum than it is here."

A FRIEND AT A PINCH.

One day the Rev. Mr Glass was preaching in the parish church of Crail about the Early Christians at Rome, and how Nero used to punish them. "The persecutor," he went on to say, "would tear the very flesh from their very bones with red-hot—red-hot—red—." The worthy man came to a dead stop, and could not remember what particular instrument Nero employed.

"Pinchers, sir, red-het pinchers," suggested James Kingo, convener of trades, who sat in the Weaver's Loft.

"Thank you, James," said the preacher, quite relieved, "quite richt, James, quite richt; red-het pinchers."

FARNELL?

Nelly Johnson, a "Farfar" lass of about twenty summers, had occasion to make her first journey from home by rail. On arriving at a certain station on the route, the porters called out "Farnell" with that peculiar drawl which distinguishes railway officials in Scotland. Nell, thinking that she was wanted, and anxious that there should be no fault on her side, quickly popped her head out of the carriage window, and answered briskly, "Here I'm just, fa' wants me?"

HORNIE HOLES.

This is a boys' game in which four play, a principal and assistant on each side. A stands with his assistant at one hole, and throws what is called a "cat" (a piece of stick, or a sheep's horn), with the design of making it alight into another hole at some distance, at which B stands; with his assistant, to drive it aside with a rod resembling a walking-stick. The following unintelligible rhyme is repeated by a player on the

one side, while they on the other are gathering in the "cats," and is attested by old people as of great antiquity:—

"Jock, Speak, and Sandy,
Wi' a' their lousie train,
Round about by Edinborra,
Will never meet again.
Gae head 'im, gae hang 'im,
Gae lay him in the sea;
A' the birds o' the air
Will bear 'im companie.

With a nig-nag, widdy—(or worry) bag,
And an e'endown trail, trail,
Quo he."—*Jamieson.*

TAM NEIL AND HIS FIDDLE-CASE.

Tam Neil, than whom no man was more famous, was a precentor and undertaker in Edinburgh fifty or sixty years ago, and many queer stories are told of him.

On one occasion he was employed to make a coffin for a youth who had died at Easter Duddingston, and in the evening he and his apprentice went to take the article home. The coffin was inclosed in a bag, that it might be the more easily carried. On arriving at the village of Duddingston, it being a cold moonlight night in November, Tam felt an irresistible desire to fortify himself with a glass. He and his apprentice accordingly entered the first public-house, and having drank "a gill of the best," the landlady was called in, and Tam began to explore his unfathomable pockets for the odd sixpence upon which he had speculated, but not a bodle was there. Tam looked astonished, apologised for the awkward circumstance, and promised to "look in" as he came past. But "na!" The prudent hostess "didna get her drink for naething, and couldna let it gang that gait." Tam promised, flattered, and threatened, but all would not do. "Weel, weel," said he, "since ye're

sae doubtfu' o' my honesty, as I'm gaun to play at a bit dance out by at Easter Duddingstop the night, I'll e'en leave the case o' my bass-fiddle till I come back." This seemed to satisfy the landlady; and Tam, with the aid of his lad, unbagged the coffin! Inspired with that feeling of awe, if not of terror which that of mortality, under such circumstances, was calculated to produce, the landlady exclaimed, with unfeigned perturbation, "Awa', ye gallows-looking blackguard; gin that be the case o' your bass fiddle, neither you nor it shall stay in my house." Her request, as may be well imagined, was very readily complied with.—*Kay*.

miniously exposed upon a gibbet by his enemies, and having made offer of a great reward to any one who would rescue it and bring it to him, none of his barons could be found possessed of sufficient hardihood to undertake so hazardous an enterprise, till at length an obscure man started forward, exclaiming, "Dal yell," that is, in the old Scots language, I dare. This hero performed the exploit to the king's complete satisfaction, and afterwards was honoured with a permission to bear in his armorial coat the figure of a man hanging on a gibbet, together with the words *I dare* for a motto; both of which the Dal-yells still assume.

DICKSON OF KILBUCKO.

This gallant soldier commanded the 42d Regiment (the famous "Black Watch") in Egypt; and, on account of his generous treatment of the men and his great good humour, he had very great influence over them. He had generally a very red nose, and when he presented himself to George III., the king, who knew him well, or he would not have taken such a liberty, asked him how much he had paid for the painting of his nasal organ?

"I' faith," replied the blunt old soldier, "I cannot tell your majesty at present, because it is not yet finished."

ORIGIN OF THE NAME DALYELL.

Acts of heroism have sometimes been accompanied by very brief and very emphatic expressions. The Scottish surname Dal-yell is said to have originated in one of such. King Kenneth the Second, upon one occasion, having expressed a regret that the body of a near and favourite kinsman was igno-

BETTER BAD THAN NONE AT ALL.

A young married woman was relating to a staid old maid, who had got on the wrong side of fifty, an account of some domestic troubles which had occurred to her, chiefly through the irregularities of her husband.

"Weel, Maggie, my woman," said the uncompromising virgin, "you have just yoursel' to blame: I told you not to marry him; I was sure he would not make a good man."

At this cold comfort the young matron's temper got up, and she replied sharply, "He's no a very guid man, to be sure, Miss Jenny; but he's a hantle sicht better than nane-at-a'!"

A CLUSTER OF CLERICAL ANECDOTES, BY THE REV. DR SMART.

A few years ago, the late Rev. Dr Smart, a venerable and respected United Presbyterian minister in Leith, delivered a lecture on "Clerical Anecdotes" in Edinburgh. The lecture was racy and interesting in the extreme; and the illustrative anecdotes introduced were in a great measure original and well told.

We select the following from the reports which appeared in the newspapers:—

An "Old Light" Cow.

It was my father's lot, as well as that of my paternal grandfather, to be out in the years of the "Old Light" controversy; and he used to regard the perils of the Apocrypha and other modern controversies as perfectly insignificant compared with these wars, not of the "Roses," but of the "Lights." While these were at their worst, however, he could not divest himself of the cares of paterfamilias, and while his bairns were needing milk for their porridge a cow was a desideratum. An elder of his was requested to made the purchase, which was to be made under the necessary stipulation that the cow should be as cheap as possible, and with the judicious precaution that it should be of good moral character. In due time the animal, as ordered, was sent home; but, alas, at the first "craving of extracts" the cow very nearly killed the milkmaid. In disappointment and dismay the obliging elder was sent for, when Charles Pollock—for that was the good man's name—assured that there must be some mistake, boldly saluted Blacky. Without an effort she deposed the elder. Rising from his discomfiture, he exclaimed, "Mr Smart, Mr Smart, that maun hae been an 'Auld Light' man's cow."

A Good Charter.

At a circuit court my maternal grandfather, Robert Campbell, was asked by the judge to state to him the number of parishioners from whom his congregation was drawn, the number of his communicants, and his daily audience, and he named such numbers as 1200 and 2000. The judge next asked the sti-

pend. The minister would have liked to evade this question, but he had to answer it, and he said, "I have £60 a year." The judge expressed himself indignant and surprised, and said, "Pray, Mr Campbell, what security have you even for that £60?" Now Greek met Greek, and each did valiantly. The minister said, "I have the consciences and the hearts of my people, my lord." The judge's answer was, "And a better charter the Court of Session could not give you, if you can keep it."

Public Servants.

In the days of which I am speaking, the royal burgh of Stirling had among its officials a hangman who perambulated the boundaries each New Year time for his "handsel." Among other dwellings, he came in one circuit to the house of my grandfather, when the following colloquy took place. The executioner of the law had that day o'erstepped the bounds of temperance, and was loose in speech and bold in heart even in the presence of the minister. They were town bairns, each from Glasgow; and Jack Ketch, to magnify his office, and also in the hope of increasing his *douceur*, said, "We're just twa Glasgow lads, you and me, and we're baith in public stations."

When censured for his drunkenness, he asked if the minister liked whisky himself; and on being told that he did use it, but rather than abuse it he would drink dub water, he answered, "Surely, sir, ye're nae judge, for there's a fell difference between whisky and dub water."

A Practical Exposition.

A Presbyterian minister once lectured on the passage containing the parable of the lost piece of money. According to

his views, the lost piece of money was the backsliding professor, the candle was a court of the Church, and the besom was its discipline. According to the mode of handling the besom, he ran over the several forms of Church government—Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Congregational—when he declared for Presbyterian, and dismissed the Congregational theory, saying, "As for this way o't, if a' use the besom it can only kick up a stour."

Degrees and Degrees.

I have heard of a father of the Church who, on having submitted to him some public document for signature, found all, or almost all, his predecessors on the page subscribed as "D.D., LL.D., S.T.P.," &c., wrote to his name "A.B.C., &c.," for which piece of waggery he is reported to have moved a competent authority to have conferred on him a University title which he lived long to adorn and enjoy.

Another minister, speaking of his own title, or that of another—for I have heard the story each way—is reported to have said that "the title was very acceptable and fitting; and all the more so as granted in strict accordance with his Calvinistic principle of grace and not of works."

Dr Shaw, of Ayrshire, had an American degree, and Dr Smart, of Stirling, had one conferred on him from Glasgow. When they first met after receiving their degrees, my father said, "Will, I would not have lifted an American degree at my feet." William Shaw responded, giving a most successful rebuff to his brother, who was pluming himself on his British title, "Ah, man, see ye no the difference between us. Your fame has only travelled between Stirling and Glasgow, some twenty miles, while my fame has been ower the Atlantic and back again." The best

defence I have ever heard of American degrees.

How to seek a Wife.

A matron addressed an aged brother, who was a bachelor, pitying his forlorn condition, and showing him how much better it would have been had he wedded in early life. Conscious of his error, the bachelor only pleaded, "I canna say it was a'thegether my ain fau't, for I hae socht a wife on my knees for forty years." With good sense and in faultless theology he was told, "That's a' richt sae far, but ye should hae taken your feet till't tae."

A "Manly Spirit."

Some bachelors like to tell the story of a certain good man who, worsted in domestic warfare, took shelter under the bed, and trusting to the protection and shelter thereof, looked to his spouse and said, "Ye may kill me, but ye shall never quench my manly spirit!"

Before and after Marriage.

It is said of one brother that he preached on the Sabbath previous to his marriage from the text, "He went on his way rejoicing," and that he changed his tune, and preached the Sabbath after his marriage from the words, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" An odd coincidence; and the next Presbytery day the unfortunate preacher was assailed by the combined waggery of his brethren. He implored silence, saying—

"I wish that all men were not almost, but altogether such as I am;" when an arch brother renewed and prolonged the hilarities of the day by crying out, "Finish your quotation: 'except these bonds.'"

A Strict Sabbatarian.

One ministerial brother, convicted or suspected of plagiarism, was thus accosted: "I hear you have become a strict Sabbatarian."

He answered, thinking that the saying might be complimentary, "Have I not always been so?" When the joint in his harness was found, the challenger replied, "Oh, but you have got now beyond us all, for I hear you neither think your own thoughts, nor speak your own words, on that holy day."

An Unwilling Elder.

Mr Shirra, of Kirkcaldy, on one occasion went to a member of his church who had been elected an elder, but who declined the honour, as he had done on several occasions previously. Mr Shirra said he would serve his edict, and call him in the church for ordination. The edict was duly served on the day appointed, and the recusant called byname. The elder rose and said with earnestness and solemnity, that he was not suited for such an office.

Mr Shirra stopped his mouth, saying, "Come awa' down; do ye no ken that the Master had ane need of an ass?"

I know not which prevailed, but if he was victor there was more of rough vigour than of grace in his triumph.

A SLEEPY BEADLE.

A minister, at the conclusion of his sermon one Sunday afternoon, observing that the beadle, the precentor, and several others of the congregation were fast asleep, addressed the beadle's wife in the following words:—

"Jean Gourlay, woman, wauken yer man, and tell him to wauken the precentor."

A BOLD SPEAKING SOLDIER.

On a certain occasion, when Dickson of Kilbucko was in command of the 42d regiment, a soldier was to be flogged for drunkenness. When the regiment was paraded to witness the punishment, the culprit took "heart of grace," and, addressing his colonel, said—

"Eh, Kilbucko, you are surely no gaun to flog a poor drunken devil like yoursel'."

The result of the question was that he was not flogged.

TO AND FOR OURSELVES!

It is the chief glory of Scotsmen that, next to God and their parents, they love their country and their countrymen. It is their chief merit that they study, from their youth till their grey hairs, all that honours their ancestry and kindred; hence every Scotsman is a hero for the glory of Scotland, wise for the glory of Scotland, and virtuous for the glory of Scotland. And it is a distinguishing endowment of Scotsmen, that as they are familiar with their national history, so the virtues and noble deeds of past ages are ever present to their minds, and every Scot, by the influence of example, strives to become an ornament to his race!—*Buchan*.

A SCOTTISH LAIRD.

Lord Gardenstone (Francis Garden) was a man of energy, and promoted improvements with skill and practical sagacity. His favourite scheme was to establish a flourishing town upon his property, and he spared no pains or expense in promoting the importance of his village of Laurencekirk. He built an excellent inn, to render it a stage for posting, and encouraged manufacturers.

of all kinds to settle in the place. For the inn he provided a large volume to receive the contributions of travellers who frequented it. He required the landlady to present this volume to the guests, and ask them to write in it during the evening whatever occurred to their memory or their imagination. In the mornings it was a favourite amusement of Lord Gardenstone to look it over. Professor Stuart of Aberdeen wrote lines as follows:—

"Frae sma' beginnings Rome of auld
Became a great imperial city,
'Twas peopled first, as we are tauld,
By bankrupts, vagabonds, banditti.
Quoth Thamas: then the day may come,
When Laurencekirk shall equal Rome!"

Gardenstone was annoyed, the volume disappeared, and was never seen afterwards. His lordship had two favourite tastes: he indulged in the love of pigs and snuff. He took a young pig as a pet, and it became quite tame, and followed him about like a dog. At first the animal shared his bed; but when, grown up to advanced swinehood, it became unfit for such companionship, he still allowed it to sleep in his room, on a comfortable couch formed of his own clothes. He died in 1793.

A DISRUPTION JOKE.

There was a good deal of tent preaching, particularly in the north, for a few years after the Disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843. On one of these occasions, in the parish of Edzell, a gale of wind rose during the service, which shook the frame-work so much that the congregation were greatly alarmed. The gale increased during the night, but the tent stood till about six o'clock on Monday morning, when a heavy blast levelled it with the ground. Two men in the village—old David Dundas,

who had joined the Free Church, and William Cooper, who continued in the Establishment—were at their doors, and witnessed the catastrophe. William, the Establishment man, said—"David, I hae aye been tellin' ye that ye're a' wrang; ye see the deevil has blawn down your kirk, but hasna touched oors."

"He's no needin' to do't," pawkily answered David; "he got quiet possession o't at the Disruption."

HARD-HITTING.

Dr Kidstone was a favourite preacher with the old women of Aberdeen, although he often gave them some very hard rubs.

"Weel, Jenny," asked a man of one of his hearers, as she was returning from the church one Sunday afternoon, "hoo did the professor preach the day?"

"Preach!" replied Jenny, "he didna preach ava', he joost threw stanes at us, and never missed wi' ane. My certie, it *was* preachin'!"

A COOL GUARD.

When the line of railway between Arbroath and Dundee was first opened, there was as polite a guard as ever blew a whistle. One night the evening train, from some cause or other, required to stop at one of the wet docks before entering the station at Dundee, when an English passenger, thinking that the carriages had reached their destination, stepped out, and fell into the dock below, but, being an excellent swimmer, he kept himself afloat. The guard, hearing the plunge, hastened to the spot, and, holding up his lantern, looked about for a short time to ascertain whether the person was visible. At length he got the beams of his lantern

to fall upon the struggling stranger, whereupon he rather coolly cried—

"Aha, I see ye noo, sir; I see ye noo! Dinna be fear't, but jist hover about a blink, an' we'll sune tak ye oot."

AN "ASTONISHING" COW.

A rather remarkable case came once before the Sheriff of Perthshire. A farmer near Auchterarder had sold a cow to a person near Perth, and the buyer summoned the farmer in order to recover damages, seeing that he had given false information about the cow.

"I asked him," said the plaintiff, "if she was a good milker."

And what was his reply?" asked the sheriff.

He said, "She'll astonish you! I took her home, but she has not a single drop of milk."

"Well," said the sheriff, "I rather think she has astonished you." He had to retain possession of his "astonishing" cow.

ABDUCTING A LADY.

An adventure in which a brother of Lord Gray was engaged in 1593, affords an apt illustration of the rude manners of the times. He had carried off a gentlewoman, the daughter and heiress of one John Carnegie, but by order of the council, she was delivered up to her father. Notwithstanding this, he again carried her off from a house in Edinburgh, where she and her father were residing, and, says Calderwood, "she was hailed down a crosse to the North Loch, and convoyed over in a boat, where there were about ten or twelve men on the other side to receive her. They sett her upon a man's saddle, and convoyed her away, her haire hanging about her face. The Lord Hume kept

the High Street with armed men till the fact was accomplished."

EDINBURGH CADDIES.

These are a society of men who constantly attend the Cross in the High Street, and whose office it is to do anything that anybody can want, and discharge any kind of business. On this account it is necessary for them to make themselves acquainted with the residence and negotiation of all the inhabitants; and they are of great utility, as without them it would be very difficult to find anybody, on account of the great height of the houses, and the number of families in every building. This society is under particular regulations, and it requires some interest to become a member of it. It is numerous, and contains persons for every use and employment, who faithfully execute all commands at a very reasonable price. Whether you stand in need of a *valet de place*, a thief-catcher, or a bully, your best resource is to the fraternity of caddies.—*Topham.*

A. BORDER CHARACTER.

William Dobson, of Galashiels, who died so recently as 1873, was a "character." He was a man of shrewd intellect, somewhat dogmatic in his style of speech; and in conversation his replies to opposition were often more vigorous than refined. One day he was strolling in Gala Parks, when the laird disapproving of his presence in the particular locality, called out to him—

"Hallo, there!" but Dobson walked on quietly and made no response. The laird made up to him, and asked him what right he had to be there.

"Od, man, I hae walkit here lang afore ye was born, and was never found

fast wi', and I'm no gaun to be stoppit noo."

On the laird alluding to his passing on after being called to, Dobson gave as his reason for doing so, that he had a short time before given him the proper salute at Hollybush without acknowledgment; and that he "would be d—d afore he would do it again."

It is said that the laird, after a short conversation, gave him full permission to continue his walks in Gala Parks.

He once encountered the Duke of Buccleuch on Bowhill grounds, and from the way in which his grace was dressed, Dobson took him to be the forester, and consulted him as to the possibility of access to Bowhill House. The duke seeing the mistake, kept up his incognito, and giving his assurance that there was no difficulty in gaining access to the house, was favoured with some pungent and personal criticism on the strictness and alleged insolence of some of his "gatekeeping limmers." The mistake was not discovered till after Dobson visited the house on the strength of an invitation given to him on the occasion.

WADDS AND THE WEARS.

One of the most celebrated amusements of the *ingle-ring*. One in the ring speaks as follows:—

"I hae been awa' at the wadds and the wears,

These seven lang years;

And's come hame a puir broken ploughman;

What will ye gie me to help me to my trade?"

He may either say he's a "puir broken ploughman," or any other trade; but since he has chosen that trade, some of the articles belonging to it must always be given or offered, in order to recruit him. But the article he most

wants he privately tells one of the party, who is not allowed, of course, to offer him anything, as he knows the thing, which will throw the *offerer* in a *wadd*, and must be avoided as much as possible—for to be in a *wadd* is a very serious matter, as shall afterwards be explained. Now, the one on the left hand of the poor ploughman makes the first offer, by way of answer to what above was said: "I'll gie ye a *coulter* to help ye to your trade."

The ploughman answers, "I don't thank ye for your *coulter*, I hae ane already." Then another offers him another article belonging to the ploughman's business, such as the *wool-bred*, but this also is refused; another, perhaps, gives the *sock*, another the *stills*, another the *spattle*, another the *naigs*, another the *naig-graith*, and so on; until one gives the *soam*, which was the article he most wanted, and was the thing secretly told to one, and is the thing that throws the giver in a *wadd*, out of which he is relieved in the following manner:—

The ploughman says to the one in the *wadd*, "Whether will ye hae three questions and twa commands, or three commands and twa questions, to answer or gang on wi', sac that ye may win out o' the *wadd*?" For the one so fixed has always the choice which of these alternatives to take. Suppose he takes the first, two commands and three questions, then a specimen of these may run so:—

"1 command ye to kiss the *crook*," says the ploughman, which must be completely obeyed by the one in the *wadd*—his naked lips must salute the *sooty* implement.

"Secondly," saith the ploughman, "I command ye to stand up in that neuk, and say—

'Here stan' I, as stiff's a stake,

Wha'll kiss me for pity's sake?'

Which must also be done; in a corner of the house must he stand and re-

peat that couplet, till some tender-hearted lass relieves him. Now for the questions which are most deeply laid, or so *touching* to him, that he finds much difficulty to answer them.

"Firstly, then, Suppose ye were sittin' aside *Maggie Lowden* and *Jennie Logan*, your twa great sweethearts, what ane o'm wad ye ding ower, and what ane wad ye turn to and clap and cuddle?" He makes answer by choosing *Maggie Lowden*, perhaps, to the great mirth of the party.

"Secondly, then, Suppose ye were standin' oot i' the cauld, on the *tap o' Cairnhattie*, whether wad ye cry on *Peggie Kirtle* or *Nell o' Killimungie* to come wi' your plaid?"

He answers again in a similar manner.

"Lastly, then, Suppose ye were in a boat wi' *Tibbie Tait*, *Mary Kairnie*, *Sallie Snadrap*, and *Kate o' Minnievie*, and it was to cowp wi' ye, what ane o'm wad ye *sink*? what ane wad ye *soom*? wha wad ye bring to lan'? and wha wad ye marry?" Then he answers again, to the fun of the company, perhaps in this way, "I wad sink *Mary Kairnie*, soom *Tibbie Tait*, bring *Sallie Snadrap* aneath my oxtar to lan', and marry sweet *Kate o' Minnievie*."

And so ends that bout at the *waddie* and *the wears*, to give place to *Hey Willie Wine* and *How Willie Wine*, or the *Dambrod* and *Legendary Stories*.—*Muctaggart*.

A SPIRITUAL FACTORY.

A stranger, on passing a certain church in Glasgow, which, to say the least of it, had as unclerical an appearance as could well be imagined, asked a boy standing near whose *factory* it was.

"Mr Kinnear's," was the answer.

"And what does he make, my man?" was the next question.

"He makes sinners into saints, sir."

A further conversation revealed the facts that Mr Kinnear was a popular and very able preacher, and that the *factory* was his church! . . .

CROFT AND OUTFIELD.

The distinction between *croft* and *outfield* prevailed very generally in the old and imperfect husbandry of Scotland. The *croft*, consisting of a few acres nearest the farm-house, was perpetually in crop, and received the whole manure of the farm. The *outfield* was the open pasture-land, which was occasionally ploughed in patches for oats till they were exhausted, and then left to rest.—*Stat. Account*.

A FOE TO THE EVIL ONE.

One day, during a snowstorm, the Rev. George More was riding from Aberdeen to a village in the vicinity of that town. He was enveloped in a Spanish cloak, and had a shawl tied round his neck and shoulders. These loose garments, covered with snow, and waving in the blast, startled the horse of a "bagman," who chanced to ride past. The alarmed steed plunged, and very nearly threw its rider, who exclaimed—

"Why, sir, you would frighten the very devil!"

"I'm glad to hear that," said Mr More, "for it's just my trade."

"WHAT'S INTIL'T?"

During one of the earlier visits of the Royal Family to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in a simple manner, was crossing one of the Scottish lakes in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and among many other

things, the cooking. Approaching the "galley" where a brawny Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savoury odours of a pot of "hodge-podge," which the Highlander was preparing.

"What is that?" asked the prince, who was not known to the cook.

"Hodge-podge, sir," was the reply.

"How is it made?" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and —"

"Yes, yes," said the prince, "but what is *intil't*?"

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and —"

"Yes, I see; but what is *intil't*?"

The man looked at him, and seeing that the prince was serious, he replied—

"There's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and —"

"Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer; "but what is *intil't*—*intil't*?"

"Man," yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big ladle, "am I no tellin' ye what's intil't. There's mutton intil't, and —"

Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the prince's suite, who fortunately was passing, explaining to his Royal Highness that "*intil't*" simply meant "into it," and nothing more!

PRACTICAL PATRIOTS.

Among other extraordinary effects of the radical distemper which raged in the west of Scotland about 1820, was a solemn resolution, on the part of a patriotic band of weavers' wives, in or near Paisley, to abjure tea and all other excisable articles. In conformity with this, and actuated by the fine frenzy of the time, they seized their teapots, and marching with them in procession to

the bridge, sacrificed them to the goddess of reform, by dashing them, with uplifted arms and intrepid energy, into the river; and afterwards ratified their solemn vows with copious libations of smuggled whisky.—*Galt*.

A SCOTTISH BANQUET.

The dishes were exclusively Scottish. There was the balmy Scots kail, and the hodge-podge, at the two ends of the table to begin with; and both of these was backed by a luxurious healthy-looking haggis, somewhat rolled up like a hedgehog. Then there were two pairs of singed sheep heads smiling on one another at the sides, all of them surrounded by well-scraped trotters, laid at right angles, in the same way that a carpenter lays up his wood to dry; and each of these dishes was backed by jolly black and white puddings, lying in the folds of each other, beautiful, fresh, and smooth, and resembling tiers of Circassian and Ethiopian young maidens in loving embraces. After these came immense rows of wild ducks, teals, and geese of various descriptions, with many other mountain birds that must be exceedingly rare; for though I have been bred in Scotland all my life, I never heard any of their names before. Among them were some called whaups, or tilliwhillies, withery weeps, and bristlecocks.—*Blackwood*.

AN EVENTFUL WEEK.

From the *Caledonian Mercury* of January 21, 1736, we extract the following:—

"A very uncommon chain of events happened here (Lanark) t' other week. Elizabeth Fairy was proclaimed in order to marriage on Sunday, was accordingly married on Monday, bore a child on Tuesday, her husband went and stole

a horse on Wednesday, for which he was banished on Thursday; the heir of this marriage died on Friday, and was decently interred on Saturday—all in one week."

ABERDEEN BUTTER.

An English gentleman supping in a Glasgow coffee-room, ordered the waiter to remove the butter on the table and bring him better. The servant replied that his master had no better, for that was Aberdeen butter; and the Englishman was proceeding to growl in very audible terms at Scottish butter in general, and Aberdeen butter in particular, when a gentleman at a neighbouring table, who afterwards turned out to be the Laird of Culrossie, in Aberdeenshire, addressed him, saying—

"That's nae true; Aberdeen butter is as gude as e'er gaed down your ha'se!"

The consequence may be imagined; a challenge was promptly given and as readily accepted, and the parties met. In the combat, which was with the small sword, Culrossie was worsted; but, after thanking his adversary for his life, he added, "I'll say yet, that better butter than Aberdeen butter ne'er gaed down a Southron's thrapple."—*Book of Bon Accord.*

ROB GIBB'S CONTRACT.

James V. had an excellent fool in Rob Gibb, who was a fellow of much humour and drollery, and by all accounts a wise fool. James, before his death, turned sullen, melancholy, and discontented with the world. In order to amuse the king, and in some measure contribute to relieve him from the numerous solicitations which he saw added to his distress, Rob offered that, if the king would allow him to personate

his majesty on the day appointed for answering the claimants, he would satisfy them all. This being agreed to, Rob took the chair of state in the audience-room, and they being summoned to attend him, he very graciously received and heard all their claims and pretensions. He then addressed them in a very grave and sensible speech; expatiated on the virtue of patriotism, and declared how much his majesty was gratified with their services; but in place of that remuneration which they expected, he offered himself as an example for their imitation. "I have served," says he, "the king the best part of my life without fee or reward. *out of stark love and kindness*, a principle I seriously recommend to you all to carry home with you and adopt." This conclusion, so uncommon and unexpected, uttered with the gravity of a bishop by one in a fool's coat, put them all in good humour, and Rob gained his end. From this proceeds the toast of *Rob Gibb, and stark love and kindness*. The king, who was much pleased and amused with the adventure, soon after made Rob a present of the lands of Easter Carriber, now the property of the late President Blair's family, in whose possession is Rob's original charter.—*Sir Alex. Seton.*

SOLAN GEESE CATCHING AT ST KILDA.

The solan goose, after the hard toil of the day at fishing without intermission, rising high in the air to get a full sight of the fish that he marks out for his prey before he pounces upon it, and each time devouring it before he rises above the surface, becomes so fatigued at night that he sleeps quite sound in company with some hundreds, who mark out some particular spot in the face of the rocks, to which they repair at night, and think themselves secure

under the protection of a sentinel, who stands awake to watch their lives, and give the alarm, by *bir, bir*, in time of danger, to awaken those under his guard.

The St Kildians watch with great care in what part of the island these birds are most likely to light at night; and this they know by marking out on which side of the island the play of fish are, among which the geese are at work the whole day; because in that quarter they are ready to betake themselves to sleep at night. And when they are fairly alighted, the fowlers repair to the place with their panniers, and ropes of thirty fathoms in length, to let them down with profound silence in their neighbourhood—to try their fortunes among the unwary throng.

The fowler, thus let down by one or more men, who hold the rope lest he should fall over the impending rocks into the sea, with a white towel about his breast, calmly slides over the face of the rocks till he has a full view of the sentinel; then he gently moves along on his hands and feet, creeping very silently to the spot where the sentinel stands on guard. If he cries *bir, bir*—the sign of an alarm—he stands back; but if he cries *grog, grog*, that of confidence, he advances without fear of giving an alarm, because the goose takes the fowler for one of the straggling geese coming into the camp, and suffers him to advance. Then the fowler very gently tickles one of his legs, which he lifts and places on the palm of his hand; he then as gently tickles the other, which in like manner is lifted and placed on the hand. He then no less artfully insensibly moves the sentinel near the first sleeping goose, which he pushes with his fingers; on which he awakes, and finding the sentinel standing above him, he immediately falls a fighting him for his supposed insolence. This alarms the whole camp, and, instead of flying off, they all begin to fight through the

whole company; while, in the meantime, the common enemy, unsuspected, begins in good earnest to twist their necks, and never gives up till the whole are left dead on the spot.—*Buchanan*.

FOREIGN GREENS.

When tea was first introduced into Scotland, the worthy Lady Pumphras-ton, a dame of no small quality, had sent to her, as an exquisite delicacy, a pound of *green* tea. Her ladyship, anxious to give the welcome present every justice, had it dressed as a condiment to a rump of salted meat, but she afterwards complained that it was of no use, and that no amount of boiling would render these foreign *greens* tender!

THE KING OF THE HERRINGS.

The fishers and others told me, that there is a big herring, almost double the size of any of its kind, which leads all that are in a bay, and the shoal follows it wherever it goes. This leader is by the fishers called the King of Herring, and when they chance to catch it alive, they drop it carefully into the sea, for they judge it petty treason to destroy a fish of that name.—*Martin*.

RALPH ERSKINE FLOORED.

The Rev. Ralph Erskine, on one occasion, paid a visit to his brother Ebenezer, at Abernethy.

"Oh, man!" said the latter, "but ye come in a gude time. I have a diet of examination to-day, an' ye maun tak it, as I hae matters o' life an' death to settle at Perth."

"With all my heart," quoth Ralph.

"Noo, my billy," said Ebenezer, "ye'll find a' my folk easy to examine

but ane, an' him, I reckon, ye had better no meddle wi'. He has our auld fashious way o' answerin' ae question by putting anither, an' maybe he'll affront ye."

"Affront me!" quoth the indignant theologian; "do ye think he can foil me wi' my ain natural tools?"

"Aweel," said his brother, "Ise gie ye fair warnin', ye had better no ca' him up." The recusant was one Walter Simpson, the parish blacksmith. The gifted divine, indignant to the last degree at the bare idea of such a clown chopping divinity with him, determined to gravel him at once with a grand leading unanswerable question. Accordingly, after putting a variety of simple preliminary interrogatories to the minor clod-hoppers, he all at once, with a loud voice, called "Walter Simpson."

"Here, sir," says Walter; "are ye wantin' me?"

"Tell me," said the minister, "how lang Adam remained in a state of innocence?"

"Just till he got a wife, sir," answered Walter; "but can you tell me how lang he stood after that?"

This question puzzled the divine, and Walter was ordered to sit down.

THEN AND NOW.

In these days of monster daily newspapers, circulated over all parts of the country before most people sit down to breakfast, it is difficult to realize the state of things disclosed by the following brief announcement in the tenth number of an Edinburgh magazine, published in 1782:—

"March 12, 1782. The publication of No. XI. is postponed for *two weeks*, on account of reprinting the first number."

The expectations of the printer proved, however, to be rather sanguine, as *six*

weeks actually elapsed before the new number of his magazine appeared.

HOGG AND SCOTT.

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was one of the first who detected the authorship of the *Waverley Novels* long before the secret was divulged, and had the volumes as they appeared bound, and lettered on the back, "Scott's Novels."

Sir Walter discovered this one day, when visiting Hogg at Altrive, and in a dry, humorous tone of voice remarked, "Jamie, your bookseller must be a stupid fellow to spell *Scots* with two *l's*."

Hogg at once rejoined, "Ah, Watty, I'm ower auld a cat to draw that strae before."

LITERATURE IN GLASGOW A CENTURY AGO.

In 1735 Glasgow, notwithstanding its university, was declared to be "too narrow for two booksellers at a time." Forty years afterwards, an adventurous tradesman set up the calling of a book-auctioneer. At this time the town possessed a population of 34,000 persons, of whom sixteen were engaged either in the sale of books, or of stationery of one kind or other. These sixteen joined in a petition against "the perilous novelty of book-auctions." For a public town library Glasgow had to wait till 1791.—*Edwards*.

"A SLEE HAND."

When Dr Thompson was minister of Markinch, he happened to preach from the text, "Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup," from which he made a most eloquent and impressive discourse against drunkenness, stating

its fatal effects on the head, heart, and purse. Several of his observations were levelled at two cronies, with whom he was well acquainted, and who too frequently poured out libations to the rosy god. At the dismissal of the congregation the two friends met, the doctor being close behind them. "Did you hear what the minister said about us, Johnnie?" quoth the one.

"Did I hear't? Wha didna hear't? I ne'er winked an e'e the haill sermon."

"Aweel, an' what thought ye o't?"

"Deed, Davie, I think he's been a lad in his day himsel', or he wouldna ken sae weel about it! Ah, he's been a sleeve hand, the minister!"

Duke of Queensberry, who no sooner heard his name, than, knowing well he had a will to make, the drawbridge dropped, and the gates flew open, the table was covered anew, his grace's bachelor and intestate kinsman was received with the utmost attention and respect; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that upon his death, some years after, the visitor's considerable landed property went to augment the domains of the ducal house of Queensberry. This happened about the end of the seventeenth century.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

JOHN KNOX AS A PRISONER.

LOCKING THE DOOR DURING DINNER.

The custom of keeping the door of a house or chateau locked during the time of dinner, probably arose from the family being anciently assembled in the hall at that meal, and liable to surprise. But it was in many instances continued as a point of high etiquette, of which the following is an example:—

A considerable landed proprietor in Dumfriesshire, being a bachelor, without near relations, and determined to make his will, resolved previously to visit his two nearest kinsmen, and decide which should be his heir, according to the degree of kindness with which he should be received. Like a good clansman, he first visited his own chief, a baronet in rank, descendant and representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland. Unhappily the dinner-bell had rung, and the door of the castle had been locked before his arrival. The visitor in vain announced his name and requested admittance; but his chief adhered to the ancient etiquette, and would on no account suffer the doors to be unbarred. Irritated at this cold reception, the old laird rode on to Sanquhar Castle, then the residence of the

While on board a French galley, every means was used, in vain, to induce John Knox and other heretical prisoners to renounce their religion. One day a painted image of the Virgin Mary was brought on board, and presented to the Reformer to kiss. He desired the bearer not to trouble him, for such idols were accursed, and he would not touch it. The officers roughly replied that he should put it to his face, and thrust it into his hands. Upon this he laid hold of the image, and threw it into the river, saying, "Let your lady save herself; she is licht enough, let her swim!"

GOOD EITHER WAY.

Before the supplemental grant was made by Government in augmentation of ministers' stipends, the allowance given to widows from the widows' fund was nearly equal to the stipend. A minister of Cranshaws, a parish among the Lammermuirs, having wooed a lass in humble circumstances, the father of the lady, when consulted on the subject, said, "Tak' him, Jenny, he's as gude deid as livin'."

SCORING ABOVE THE BREATH.

It is scarcely thirty years since a miller was tried for his life, for scoring a woman whom he supposed to be a witch. He had long suspected her as the cause of all the misfortunes attending him; and, enticing her into the kiln one Sabbath evening, he seized her forcibly, and cut the shape of the cross on her forehead. This they call "scoring aboon the breath," which overthrows their power of doing them any further mischief.—*Hogg*.

"I'M NO DEED YET!"

Some years ago a block of houses fell down in the High Street of Edinburgh, and thirty-six people were killed. When the workmen had nearly despaired of rescuing a boy who was supposed to be beneath an immense quantity of bricks and timber, his voice suddenly urged them on to fresh exertions: "Heave awa', chaps, I'm no deed yet!" he cried, quite cheerily. In rebuilding the houses the lad has been immortalised. When the houses were rebuilt, the principal doorway was adorned with his bust, and his own brave words were inscribed under it.

'BANDITTI' OF THIEVES.

On Saturday, Nov. 4, 1786, Mr Simpson, cashier of the Aberdeen Bank, passed through Carlisle, having under his convoy a banditti of eight vagrants, men, women, and children, belonging to a gang of travelling tinkers, whose wives and children generally beg about the country. They were pursued into England for the purpose of recovering a part of £1600 of bank-notes, which were lost in a pair of bags about two months ago, in Fifeshire, and which were found by a beggar man; but this

gang coming up, claimed and took possession of the greatest part of the property. The man who found them is now in Glasgow jail, and gave information against this party, who were taken in Preston, and money, notes, and goods to the amount of near £900 recovered. In their progress south they changed their rags for finery; purchased a caravan, and employed a hair-dresser at Penrith, where they purchased £160 worth of millinery goods; and before they left that place they were quite metamorphosed, by their dressing in a superior style. During their stay at Penrith, and in the course of their journey, they behaved with the most foolish generosity, and often refused taking change. When taken, they were making merry over a bowl of punch.—*Scott's Mag.*

THE SOOTY-SCONE.

In the Mearns and Aberdeenshire, among the many superstitious ceremonies that are performed on Fastern's-E'en, by the younger people of both sexes, that of the "sooty-scone" holds a distinguished place. It is the usual custom on that evening to make "skair" scones, which are composed of milk, meal, or flour, and eggs beaten up, and sweetened with sugar, mixed to a thin consistence. When a sufficient quantity of skair-scones is prepared—and they are made more for a treat than for any magical virtue they are considered to possess—as much of the mixture is left as will make a large thick scone, into which a quantity of soot is put, together with a wedding-ring, and in this scone lies all the magic. The person who prepares the sooty-scone must keep a strict silence while it is baking, for if she speak all its virtues are lost; and when it is done it is divided into as many portions as there are unmarried guests, each of whom, blind-folded,

draws a piece. The person who draws the moiety containing the ring is assured of being the first married of the company; and to know who their "intended" will be, the piece of cake is "dreamt upon;" that is, it is placed under the pillow in the left foot stocking, and whatever person is dreamt of, he or she is viewed as the future husband or wife of the dreamer. This power of looking into futurity, however, is not confined to the person who obtained the ring, but, by the mystical virtues of the sooty-scone, is alike equal to all who partook of it; the ring only conferring the privilege of being the *first* married in the company.—*Jamieson.*

PROFESSIONAL ARMOUR.

When the Edinburgh volunteers, during the '45, were ordered to join Sir John Cope at Dunbar, some of the bravest hearts among them were cast down by consternation. One man, a writing-master by occupation, a stout Whig, and a very worthy citizen to boot; esconced his bosom beneath a professional cuirass, consisting of two quires of long foolscap writing-paper; and doubtful that even this defence might be unable to protect his valiant heart from the claymores of the chevalier, amongst which its impulses might lead him, he wrote on the outside sheet, in his best style, with appropriate flourish, "This is the body of J—— M——; pray give it Christian burial!"—*Sir W. Scott.*

A CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

An ancient woman, in Bernera, one of the Hebridean Islands, lost her hearing, and having no physician to give her advice, she would needs try an experiment upon herself, which was thus:—She took a quill with which she ordinarily snuffed her tobacco, and filling it with

the powder of tobacco, poured it into her ear, which had the desired effect, for she could hear perfectly well next day. Another neighbour, about the same age, having lost her hearing some time after, recovered it by the same experiment, as I was told by the natives.—*Martin.*

NO GREAT DIFFERENCE.

As a Scottish minister and an English lawyer were riding together, said the minister to his friend—

"Sir, do you ever mak mistakes in pleading?"

"I do," says the lawyer.

"An' what do ye do wi' mistakes?" was the next question.

"Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go."

"And pray, sir, do you ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Ay, sir, I have dune sae."

"And what do you do with your mistakes?"

"Oh, I dispense with them in the same manner as ye do yoursel'. I rectifie the lairge an' let go the sma' anes. No lang since, as I was preachin', I meant to observe that the devil was the father o' a *liars*, but made a mistake, an' said 'the father o' a *lawyers*.' But the mistake was so sma' that I let it go."

A HIGHLAND BOND.

Formerly, in the Highlands, leagues or bonds of friendship were ratified by drinking a drop of each other's blood, which was commonly drawn out of the little fingers. This was religiously observed as a sacred pledge; and if any person after such an alliance happened to violate the same, he was from that time reputed unworthy of all honest men's conversation.—*Martin.*

DO NOTHING RASHLY.

An old elder of my father's, who was a perfect Nathaniel, and lived more in the next world than in this, once had his house set on fire. He slipped gently into his neighbour's cottage, and found him reading aloud by the blaze of the light coal, leaned over the chair, and waited till his neighbour had closed the book, when he said, "By the by, I'm thinkin' my hoose is on fire!" and out he and they all ran to see the auld biggin' fall in with a glorious blaze!—*Dr John Brown.*

A FORGIVING ENEMY.

On the occasion of the visit of George IV. to Edinburgh, Patrick Grant, a Braemar Highlander, was one of the individuals who came to Edinburgh to give him welcome and kiss his hand. He had (seventy-six years previously to this) fought in favour of Prince Charles, the Pretender, at the battles of Falkirk and Culloden; and was also present at the melancholy embarkation of the defeated prince for France. Patrick, when before George IV., remarked with courtier-like tact that he was perhaps the last of the enemies of his majesty's family now alive! The king was much pleased with the veteran, and settled a pension upon him, which, as might be expected, he did not live long to enjoy, for he died in 1824, at the age of 111. At his funeral three pipers marshalled him to his grave, playing a tune which had been a great favourite amongst the adherents of the Stuarts in 1745.

A CAULD SERMON.

A band of "stravaging" youths from Hawick dandered into the Cameronian meeting-house in the village of Denholm, of which the Rev. James Duncan

was the minister, one Sunday morning during service. They did not remain until the close, but went abruptly out, disturbing the congregation, besides annoying the minister. Mr Duncan, however, not wishing to let their troublesome behaviour pass without special notice, thus addressed them:

"Are your feet cold already?"

"No," replied the last of the erratic band; "it's no our feet that's cauld, it's the sermon that's cauld."

A MODEL REBEL.

It is told of Bowed Joseph (a noted Edinburgh "character" in the middle of last century), that when leader of a numerous mob, occasioned by the scarcity and dearness of oatmeal after a bad harvest, their indignation was chiefly levelled against the dealers in that necessary article of subsistence, then called meal-mongers, under the vulgar notion that they held back the meal from market, and artificially enhanced its price by a fancied crime, still remaining on our statute-book, called *fore-stalling*. The mob proceeded to assail the houses of these dealers, and to seize and distribute their stores of meal among themselves; but Joseph, their ruler, affixed what he presumed to be a just and moderate price, which he took care should be paid into his own hands for every particle of meal carried away, and which he honestly delivered over to the proprietors, who would otherwise have lost all.—*Kerr.*

PROFESSOR DUNCAN.

The Rev. John Duncan, the Hebrew scholar, was very absent-minded, and many curious stories are told of this awkward failing. On one occasion he had arranged to preach in a certain church a few miles from Aberdeen.

He set out on a pony in good time ; but when near the end of his journey, he felt a desire to take a pinch of snuff. The wind, however, blowing in his face, he turned the head of the pony round, the better to enjoy the luxury. Pocketing his snuff-box, he started the pony without again turning it in the proper direction, and did not discover his error until he found himself in Union Street, Aberdeen, at the very time he ought to have entered the pulpit seven miles off.

On another occasion he was invited to dinner at the house of a friend, and was shown into a bedroom to wash his hands. After a long delay, as he did not appear, his friend went to the room, and, behold ! there lay the professor saugly in bed, and fast asleep !

THE ABBEY OF HOLYROOD.

On the place where the Canongate is at present situated, anciently stood the town of Herbergare, at the eastern end whereof King David I., in the year 1128, founded the Abbey of Holyrood House, as 'tis said on the following occasion, viz. :—

In the early times of Popery, nothing of moment was undertaken without a miracle. One of the first magnitude ushered in the founding of this abbey and church ; for King David I., its founder, being a hunting in the forest of Drumsden, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh Castle, on Rood-day or exaltation of the Cross, was attacked by a large hart, who overbore both him and his horse ; but luckily for David, while he was endeavouring with his hands to defend himself from the furious assaults of the buck, a cross from heaven slapt into his hand, which so frightened the stag that he forthwith turned tail and ran away in the greatest confusion, to the great joy of the king and his followers, who congratulated him on his happy delivery. The texture of this

heavenly cross, no wonder, was such, that none could tell whether it was wood or metal.

This attack of the hart's having put an end to the chase, David repaired to his castle of Edinburgh, where, in the night following, he was in a dream advised to erect an Abbey or House for canons regular, on the spot where the celestial cross was put into his hand. In obedience to this visionary command, the king erected a house for the said canons, and dedicating it to the honour of the aforesaid cross, deposited the same therein, where it is said to have remained till the reign of King David II., whom it unluckily could not protect as it did his predecessor, his name's sake, for both he and it were taken by the English at the battle of Durham, in which city it is said to have been held in great veneration for ages after.—*Maitland.*

THE DEAF CRAIG.

In Kyle is a rock of the height of 12 foote, and as much in bredth, called the Deaf Craig, for although a man should cry never so loud to his fellow, from one side to the other, hee is not heard, although hee would make the noyse of a gunne.—*Montipennie.*

A STUDIOUS DIVINE.

The story is told of Dr Lawson, of Selkirk, that when his kitchen chimney was on fire, the servant girl took alarm, and ran into the library, striking to the doctor—

“Oh, sir, the hoose is on fire !”

“Go to your mistress,” he answered ; “you know I have no charge of household matters.”

On another occasion he was journeying on foot to assist at the communion in Liddesdale. He went off the road,

and got bewildered among the hills. Meeting a herd-boy he asked him the way to Newcastle-town. The herd kindly walked with him a mile or two, and, having set him right, returned. When the herd was at dinner in the kitchen, a tap was heard at the door. "Come in," said the boy.

"Can you tell me the road to Newcastle-town, and I will be obliged to you, for I doubt I have wandered?" inquired a stranger.

The boy looked up and saw that it was Dr Lawson. "Sir," said he, "I think ye're baith daft an' donner't. I put ye on the Newcastle-town road this mornin' already, an' what brings ye back this way again?"

The doctor recognised his guide, and simply said, "I daursay I'm donner't enough, but I have reason to thank God that I have lost nane o' my senses yet." The herd thereafter arose, and kindly re-conducted him to the right path.

FINNAN HADDIES.

Fergusson, nearly a century ago, in his poem of "The Leith Races," says:—

"The Buchan bodies through the beach,
Their bunch of Findrams cry;
And skirl out bauld in Norland speech,
Gude speldans, *fa* will buy?"

"Findon," or "Finnan haddies," are split, smoked, and partially dried haddocks. Fergusson, in using the words *Findrams*, which is not found in our glossaries, has been thought to be in error, but his accuracy has been verified, singularly enough, by a worthy octogenarian Newhaven fisherman, bearing the characteristic name of Flucker, who remarked "that it was a word commonly used in his youth, and, above all," he added, "when Leith races were held on the sands, he was like to be deaved wi' the lang-tongued hizzies skirling out, "*Ad! a Findram Speldrains*,"

and they jist ca'd it that to get a better grip o't wi' their tongues."

THE PORTEOUS MOB.

After the execution of one Andrew Wilson, a robber, in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, on the 14th of April, anno 1736, the town-guard which attended the said execution was insulted and pelted with stones by the mob. John Porteous, the captain, was irritated to such a degree, that he commanded his men to fire amongst the populace, whereby divers persons were killed, and many dangerously wounded. For which he was prosecuted at the expense of the city, and condemned to die for the same: but a reprieve being obtained to respite his execution, the mob (in the night preceding the seventh day of September, whereon Porteous was to have been executed pursuant to his sentence) assembled in a very riotous manner, seized and disarmed the city-guard, possessed themselves of the town gates, and destroying the Tolbooth or prison door by fire, brought forth the said Porteous, the criminal, and hung him on a dyer's post or frame in the Grassmarket, on the said seventh day of September, according to his sentence.

For which the magistrates, for not preventing the same, were called to an account by the Parliament, and a bill passed in the House of Lords to take away the town's-guard, and the gate of the Netherbow Port; and by laying the city open, prevent all such wicked, illegal, and dangerous practices in time coming. But great interest being made in the House of Commons to alter the said bill, it was by Parliament enacted, that Edinburgh, for the neglect of its magistrates, be fined in the sum of two thousand pounds sterling, to be given to Isobel Gordon, relict of the said Porteous; who, in consideration of the

numerous favours received by her from the Common Council, since the unfortunate death of her late husband, accepted of the sum of fifteen hundred pounds sterling, in full, for the aforesaid sum of two thousand pounds sterling. To which being added the sum of fourteen hundred and forty-six pounds, two shillings, and sevenpence half-penny, sterling money, disbursed by the city magistrates in their journey to, stay at, and return from London; which, together with lawyer's fees, and other necessary expenses at Edinburgh, this unhappy affair must have cost the Edinburghers a very considerable sum of money.—*Maitland.*

DEATH OF MONTROSE.

His six victories, great as they were, do him less honour than his magnanimity at the hour of his death: he ascended the gibbet with a dignity and fortitude that caused the ignominy of his punishment to vanish: he fell with a gallant contempt of the cruellest insults; with that intrepid piety that blunted the malice of his enemies, and left them filled with the confusion natural to little minds, disappointed in the strained contrivances of mean revenge.—*Pennant.*

"SHERIDAN'S PAUSES."

A Scottish minister had visited London in the early part of the present century, and seen, among other tricks of pulpit oratory, "Sheridan's pauses" exhibited. During his first sermon, after his return home, he took occasion, at the termination of a very impassioned and highly-wrought sentence or paragraph, to stop suddenly, and pause in "mute unbreathing silence." The preacher, who had taken advantage of his immemorial privilege to sleep out the

sermon, imagining, from the cessation of sound, that the discourse was actually brought to a close, started up, with some degree of agitation, and in an audible, though somewhat tremulous voice, read out his usual, "Remember in prayer."

"Hout man!" exclaimed the good-natured orator over his head, placing, at the same time, his hand upon his shoulder; "hout, Jamie, man, what's the matter wi' ye the day? D'ye no ken I hae nae done yet?—that's only ane o' Sheridan's pauses, man!"

"CHANGING THE DRINK."

The Laird of Burniwhistle and his gudewife had been enjoying themselves at a neighbouring farmer's harvest-home. After getting themselves thoroughly "slokkened," their horse was got ready; and, the gudewife mounting behind her husband, they set off for home. Arriving there, the laird dismounted, and called to the servants who were waiting—

"Tak aff the gudewife; kep down your mistress, man, and lay a sheaf o' corn afore the auld mare before ye gang to your bed."

On investigation, however, it was found that the Lady of Burniwhistle was amissing. She had, in fact, slipped off from behind her husband, unperceived by him; and, as their homeward road lay for a considerable way within seamark, there was nothing for it but "ride and run," amongst the numerous dependants of Burniwhistle. The gudewife was happily found at last, lying precisely where she had fallen, upon the soft beach, but up to the very mouth in salt water.

"Na," were the words of her soliloquy, as each succeeding wave urged its way more and more forcibly into her mouth, "Na, sirs, saw onybody ever the like o' that, to gang an' change the

drink upon us at this time o' the night. Na, no anither drap, I tell ye, gude-man, though the house was fu'. Snuff that candle there!"—a cloud had passed betwixt her vision and the full moon,—
 "Snuff that candle there; can ye no snuff it, callant, and no stan' gaping there like a gilly-gawpus, as ye are!"

In due course the lady was properly conveyed home and put to bed; and in the morning she resumed work in the household, not a whit the worse of her "change of drink."

BURNS ON THE DEATH OF FALCONER.

Falconer (says Burns, in a letter to Mrs Dunlop), the unfortunate author of the *Shipwreck*, which you so much admire, is no more. After weathering the dreadful catastrophe which he so feelingly describes in his poem, and after weathering many hard gales of fortune, he went to the bottom with the *Aurora* frigate! I forget what part of Scotland had the honour of giving him birth,* but he was the son of obscurity and misfortune. He was one of those daring adventurous spirits which Scotland beyond any other country is remarkable for producing. Little does the fond mother think, as she hangs delighted over the sweet little leech at her bosom, where the poor fellow may hereafter wander, and what may be his fate. I remember a stanza in an old Scottish ballad, which, notwithstanding its rude simplicity, speaks feelingly to the heart:—

* In the parish records of the city of Edinburgh is the following entry:—"11th February 1732. William Falconer, wig-maker, and Agnes Shand, had a son born named William." The poet's father, says Mitford, "exercised the equally unprofitable trades of barber and wig-maker in the Netherbow, and subsequently of grocer: he got no more by weighing plums than by shaving polls: he was also a fellow of infinite wit, and consequently remained 'an honest poor man' as long as he lived."

"Little did my mother think
 That day she cradled me,
 What land I was to travel in,
 Or what death I should see

GALLOWAY GIPSIES.

"Ah! lads," said the gipsy chief, with a tone of sorrowful reflection, and conscious that he had fallen on evil days and among little men, "the times are sadly changed; and man, once stately and stark, is now stunted and feckless. Where is the fallow now like black Jamie Macall, the game cock of Glenmannah, who threw a fat wether over the West Bow Port of Edinburgh, on a wager of a plack with a porter?"

"And sad and sair he rued it," said Kate Marshall; "the deed was done in anger, and the poor beast bleated as it flew over the wa', thirty feet high and three, and Jamie said he heard the bleat of the waeifu' brute in his lug as he lay on his death-bed!"

"Then there was Jock Johnstone," said the chieftain, heedless of his granddaughter's interruption, "Rab's Jock of the Donkeydubs of Lochmaben, kenned far and near by the name o' Double-ribbed Jock, who fought his way among iron stanchells, with nae better weapon in his hands than the jail-door—it had ance been a harrow—whilk he reft frae the bands, and cleared his way through the seven corporations of King Bruce's borough. He was a rough, unsousie chieft, and lost his life through the fault o' strong hemp, when he was but twenty year auld and twa. But where was there a man like our ain Tam Marshall, kent in his ain sangs by the name o' Galloway Tam, wha had sic a cunning hand that he stole the purse of Sergeant Macraw from his very belt, as he paid him for a new snuff-mull, and a' for a wager o' twal pennies. And, by my faith, he had a hand as strong

as it was cunning, for he fought the het-blooded Highlander wi' a crabtree stick against cauld steel for a round sound hour; and then gae him back his purse to mend his sair banes."

"Ah, grandfather," said Kate Marshall, "my uncle was the pride o' ancient Galloway. Compared wi' him, what are those handless and heartless coofs that carry on the gipsy trade noo—reavers o' auld wive's haddins, and robbers o' hen-roosts. And yet they sackless sinners sigh for the hand o' strong Tam Marshall's niece; of a' the miseries and dools that women are doomed to dree, that of bearing bairns to a gomeril is the saddest and the sairdest."

"And what serves a' this sighing about auld times," said the descendant of the Macgrabs of Galloway; "the days are gane when a stark chap, wi' a drawn sword, brought pleasure and gear. The hempen might o' civil law lies stretched ower the land, and deil soopit it is else but a desperate founmart-trap—a cursed gird-an-girns to grip all kinds of spulziars—*slicht* maun to do, for *might* canna do, sae said Tam Marshall, wight as he was, and sae say I."
—*Allan Cunningham*.

MALEDICTIONS.

In Scotland menaces and imprecations were deemed alike conclusive; whence the death of sheep and cattle was ascribed to one having "prayit evil;" thus giving the utmost latitude to accusation. A woman was called the author of some one's death, who, refused lodging at Christmas, said, "It would be weill if the gudeman of that hous sould make ane other yule blanket." He died in fifteen days.

Elsbeth Cursetter, refused access to the house of a man in Birsay, "sat down befor the dure, and said, 'Ill might they all thryve and ill might they speid;' and

within 14 days thairefter, his best horse fell in that same place quhair scho sat, and brack all his bones, and his thie bone gaid throw his bowells to the vther syd of him."

Jonka Dyneis, offended with one named Olave, "fell out in most vyle cursingis and blasphemous exclamatiounis, saying, That within few dayis his bones sould be raiking about the bankis; and sa, within ane short space thairefter he perished be sey, be hir witchcraft and devilrie."

Malice prepenise in prescience of evil, was alleged as an aggravation of guilt. A culprit having hurt the face of a woman with a snowball, she threatened him—"you sall rew that, for I will sie the hanged and make ane shameful end: conform to the which threatening," he, "within the space of 9 yeires thereafter, wes hanged at Dalkeith; and as he was goeing throw the street to the place of executione, yow cried out, 'Is it not treuth that I spoke of him; their wes nevir any that wronged me, but I got a seing mends of them,'—whairby your sorcerie and witchcraft appeired, ather in procuring, or at leist forscing and foirtelling" his death.

Christian Porteous "coming over the style, her kitt negligently fell off her heid" on another, who exclaimed, "God let her never gett a good marriage, and let her hands doe the never a better turne thereafter." The offender was blown over in consequence of these malevolent anticipations, lost the power of her hand, then of her whole body, and died distracted.—*Dalyell*.

MEMORIALS OF FLODDEN.

The men of the town of Selkirk who answered the call to Flodden were a hundred in number. The martial eye of King James was so delighted with

these stalwart burghers that, previous to the battle, he knighted the town clerk, who led his fellow-townsmen. The burghers of Selkirk are still in possession of a banner—a veritable English banner of green silk, with armorial bearings—which was taken from a doughty English captain by a Selkirk man named Fletcher, and brought home, although not in triumph, by its captor. Surviving the fatal battle, as well as the scouring of the country by the English afterwards, this Fletcher presented his trophy to his own corporation of weavers, and in their keeping it has remained, flourishing periodically in the Selkirk ceremony of “the Riding of the Common.”

A sadder memorial of Flodden is said to exist in the arms of the county town of this portion of the Forest. The representation of a woman and child, to be seen there, is supposed to refer to a legend that the corpse of a woman, wife to one of the hundred, was found, with a living child at her breast, lying by the Ladywood Edge, when the remnant of the expedition returned, stricken and sorrowful, from the lost battle.—*Songstresses of Scotland.*

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

A young Scottish knight named Sir Piers de Curry was slain at the battle of Largs. According to the Norse Chronicle, his helmet and coat of mail were plated with gold, and the former was set with precious stones. In the true spirit of chivalry, he galloped frequently along the Norwegian line, endeavouring to provoke some one to single combat. Andrew Nicolson, one of Haco's chiefs who conducted the retreat, answered his defiance, and after a brief encounter, killed him with a blow which severed his thigh from his body, the sword cutting through his

armour, and penetrating to the saddle. The Norwegians stripped him of his rich armour; but while doing so they were attacked furiously by the Scots, and many fell on both sides.

FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS.

Dr Ranken, of Glasgow, wrote a very ponderous *History of France*. Wishing to learn how it was appreciated by the public, he went to Stirling's Library *incognito*, and inquired “if Dr Ranken's *History of France* was in?” Mr Peat, the caustic librarian, curtly replied, “In! it never was out!”

SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

Lord Kames, so eminent as a judge and as an author, was also an amateur agriculturist of considerable reputation. Among other contemplated improvements, he entertained a notion of the practicability of concentrating the essence of manure, so as not only to render the substance more productive, but the mode of application less laborious. Conversing one day with a tenant, and seeing the immense quantity of manure he was laying on a field, Lord Kames observed that he could make the full of his *snuff-box* go as far in producing a crop. “Gif ye do that, my lord,” said the doubting farmer of the old school, “I'll engage to carry hame the crap in my pouch!”—*Kay.*

BALNAMOON'S WIG.

It was the custom of old Balnamoon, a noted Jacobite, when out drinking at a friend's house, only to go home when he was able to sit upon his horse. If, when the horse was brought out and he was unable to mount it, he remained all night where he was; but if he still pre-

served sufficient strength to enable him to get up, or even to hold by the mane, he trotted off. On such occasions he was always attended by a faithful old servant, who rode behind him, and observed that he did not drop himself by the way.

One night, as the pair were going home in this way, Balnamoon tumbled off into a bog, from which it required unusual efforts on the part of John to extricate him. When he was fished out, a new difficulty arose—he had lost his wig: John immediately began an elaborate search through the quagmire for Balnamoon's wig, and at last he was fortunate enough to find it. He placed it at random on his master's head, and, as it afterwards appeared, with the back part foremost. He was then proceeding to mount his own horse, in order to pursue the way home, when Balnamoon faintly exclaimed through the dripping curls which hung round his face—

"O John, man, this is surely no my wig, for it does na fit me ava!"

"Deil care, Bonnymoon," cried John; "ye maun just be content wi' what ye've got. *There's nae wale o' wigs here.*"

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

Alexander Selkirk, who was rendered famous by Mons. de Foe, under the name of Robinson Crusoe, was born in Largo, 1676. His history, divested of fable, is as follows:—

Having gone to sea in his youth, and in the year 1703, being sailing master of the ship "Cinque Ports," Captain Stradling, bound for the South Seas, he was put on shore on the island of Juan Fernandez, as a punishment for mutiny. In that solitude he remained four years and four months, from which he was at last relieved and brought to England by Captain Woods Rogers. He had with him in the island his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder,

bullets and tobacco, a hatchet, knife, kettle, his mathematical instruments, and Bible. He built two huts of Pimento trees, and covered them with long grass, and in a short time lined them with skins of goats which he killed with his musket, so long as his powder lasted (which at first was but a pound); when that was spent he caught them by speed of foot. Having learned to produce fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together, he dressed his victuals in one of his huts and slept in the other, which was at some distance from his kitchen. A multitude of rats often disturbed his repose by gnawing his feet and other parts of his body, which induced him to feed a number of cats for his protection. In a short time these became so tame that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats, his enemies. Upon his return, he declared to his friends that nothing gave him so much uneasiness as the thoughts, that when he died his body would be devoured by those very cats he had with so much care tamed and fed. To divert his mind from such melancholy thoughts, he would sometimes dance and sing among his kids and goats, at other times retire to his devotion. His clothes and shoes were soon worn, by running through the woods. In the want of shoes he found little inconvenience, as the soles of his feet became so hard that he could run everywhere without difficulty. As for clothes, he made for himself a coat and cap of goats' skins, sewed with little thongs of the same, cut into proper form with his knife. His only needle was a nail. When his knife was worn to the back, he made others as well as he could of some iron hoops that had been left on shore, by beating them thin and grinding them on stones. By his long seclusion from intercourse with men, he had so far forgot the use of speech, that the people on board Captain Rogers's ship could scarce understand him, for he seemed to

speak his words by halves. The chest and musket which Selkirk had with him on the island are now (1790) in the possession of his grandnephew, John Selkirk, weaver in Largo.—*Stat. Acc.*

AN OLD TOPER.

On Deeside there flourished a certain Saunders Paul, an innkeeper at Banchory. He was said to have drank whisky, glass for glass, to the claret of Mr Maule and the Laird of Skene, for a whole evening; and in those days (a hundred years ago) there was a traditional story of his despatching, at one sitting, in company with a character celebrated for conviviality—one of the men employed to float rafts of timber down the Dee—three dozen bottles of porter. Of this Mr Paul it is recorded, that on being asked if he considered porter as a wholesome beverage, he replied, "Oh yes, if you don't take above a dozen." His friend and porter companion was drowned in the Dee, and when told that the body had been found down the stream below Crathes, he coolly remarked, "I'm surprised at that, for I never kenn'd him pass the inn-door before without coming in for a dram,"

DR ADAM SMITH.

This distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind, simplicity of character, and for speaking to himself. It is related of him, that having one Sunday morning walked out of his garden at Kirkcaldy, dressed in little beyond his dressing-gown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he did not awaken till he found himself in the streets of Dunfermline, at least twelve miles off. He had in reality trudged along the king's highway all that distance, in the *parade* of a certain train of ideas; and he was only even-

tually stopped in his progress by the bells of Dunfermline, which happened at the time to be ringing the people to church. His appearance on a crowded street, on a Scotch Sunday morning, without clothes, is left to the imagination of the reader.

It is also told, as an example of the second peculiarity, that on the evenings of those very days which he had devoted to the composition of the *Wealth of Nations*, he would sometimes walk backwards and forwards through his parlour, waiting for an opportunity when he might abstract a lump of sugar from the tea-table, unobserved by his housekeeper, who exercised a great and high-handed control over him.

It used to be related of him, that one day as he was muttering very violently to himself in passing along the streets of Edinburgh, he passed close to a couple of fishwomen, who were sitting at their stalls. At once putting him down for a madman at large, one remarked to the other, in a pathetic tone, "Hech! and he's weel put on too;" *id est*, well dressed; the idea of his being a gentleman having of course much increased her sympathy.—*R. Chambers.*

A PRACTICAL COMMENT.

The Rev. Mr Shirra, of Kirkcaldy, was one day reading the 116th psalm, in which occurs the words, "I said in my haste, all men are liars." He quietly observed, "Indeed, David, my man, an' ye had been i' this parish, ye might hae said it at your leisure."

WATTY DUNLOP.

On one occasion two irreverent young fellows determined, as they said, to "taigle" "Watty Dunlop," a pithy and facetious minister of the south of Scotland. Coming up to him in the High

Street of Dumfries, they accosted him with much solemnity.

"Maister Dunlop, do ye hear the news?"

"What news?"

"Oh, the deil's dead."

"Is he!" said Mr Dunlop; "then I maun pray for twa fatherless bairns."

A USEFUL HELP.

On one occasion one of the Sutherland Fencibles requested Macdonald—better known as Big Sam, from his great size, amazing strength, and good humour—to hand him down a loaf from a shelf which he could not easily get at himself. Sam good-naturedly turned round, and, catching the individual by the "cuff" of the neck, held him up at arm's length, saying, "There, man, take it down for yourself!"

AN APPROPRIATE MOTTO.

Mr Gillespie, the founder of the excellent hospital, at Wright's Houses, Edinburgh, which bears his name, was a tobacco and snuff manufacturer, and accumulated his large fortune by that business. He kept a carriage, and one day meeting Henry Erskine, he asked him for a motto to place upon it. Erskine at once facetiously suggested this couplet:

"Wha wad hae thocht it,
That noses had bocht it."

A NATIVE PARISH.

In the *Statistical Account* of the parish of Drainy, Morayshire, published in 1792, we find the following statement:—

It is perhaps a singular circumstance that in this parish there is no lawyer, writer, attorney, physician, surgeon, apothecary, negro, Jew, gipsy, English-

man, Irishman, foreigner of any description, nor family of any sect or denomination except the Established Church. The population in 1791 was 1040.

"THE GRAY BROTHER."

A tradition exists in Midlothian relative to a house on the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, which has given occasion to the beautiful ballad entitled "The Gray Brother," by Sir Walter Scott, and which is said to be of the following purport:—The building alluded to, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged of old to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbattle, a richly-endowed abbey on the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also that the lovers carried on their intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at the house of Gilmerton Grange. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its unfortunate inmates.

A PROFITABLE PUNISHMENT.

Jamie Reid, the famous piper of Dalkeith, had a son called Jamie, of so forward and frolicsome a disposition, that he was continually falling into one

scrape or another, which sorely grieved his father, who tried both entreaty and punishment to reclaim him, but in vain. At length he adopted a singular expedient. Having a turn for mechanics, among other tools for aiding him in his pursuits, he had a vice, into which, whenever the boy would commit a trespass, he would fix him by the tail of his coat, so that he could not move; and then, placing the drone of his pipes to his ear, would blow until poor Jim became quite subdued and senseless. A neighbour once remonstrated with him on the cruelty of such a punishment, and observed it would be better if he were to apply a rod to his son's back.

"A rod to his back!" answered Jamie; "haith, ye little ken him. Ye may break a' the hazels in the duke's wood ower him, an' he'll no be ae bit better. Na! na! I hae tried a' that; but ye see this mak's the callant as quiet as a pussie; and, besides, dings the music into his head, an' I hae great hopes he will ae day mak' a grand piper, for by this way he has amaist learned a' the tunes already!"

A HIGHLAND SERVANT.

John, the second Lord Reay, son of the unfortunate royalist Donald, the first lord, and chief of the clan Mackay, was long kept in confinement in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, but at length, as is related by tradition, effected his escape in a manner worthy of record. His lady, the daughter of Mackay of Scaur, was uncommonly beautiful and handsome; and having been introduced to the Protector Cromwell, she fell on her knees before him, and in the most impressive manner begged that her husband might be liberated. He was so struck with her beauty and deportment, that he said he would do all that lay in his power to gratify her. Lord Reay, he added, was a state prisoner, and he

could not of himself order his liberation; but if she could manage so as to get him out of prison, he would grant him a protection or pass to secure him from farther trouble, and which he delivered to her accordingly. A great difficulty still remained, how to get his lordship beyond the prison wall. His lady, and his faithful servant John Mackay, it seems, always had free access to him. There were two grenadiers placed before the entry to the prison, as guards—a duty performed in later times by the town-guard. John said, if Lady Reay could get his lordship brought that length, he would, at the hazard of his life, prevent the sentinels from obstructing him in his escape. The lady got her part effected; and as Lord Reay was ready to advance towards the sentinels, John suddenly laid hold of them both, and with the greatest ease laid them prostrate, the one above the other, and then disarmed them. As his master was now under cover of the protection, John surrendered himself, and was immediately put in prison, and laid in irons. He was afterwards brought to trial, at which Cromwell himself assisted. He said that the servant had no doubt forfeited his life; but his conduct, which went to obtain his master's liberty, and perhaps to save his life, was heroic; and if this man was put to death for an act of this nature, which proceeded wholly from his fidelity to his master, and was attended with nothing hurtful in itself, it would discourage their own and other servants from entertaining that degree of attachment to their masters, which a pardon granted to this prisoner would insure. His opinion, therefore, was, that for the sake of justice, the prisoner should be condemned to die; but that, in the circumstances of the case, the punishment should be remitted, which was agreed to unanimously. After the sentence was intimated to Mackay, Cromwell took a full view of his per-

son, and noticing his fierce aspect and athletic frame, exclaimed to those around him—

“May I ever be kept from the devil’s and that man’s grasp.”

A CERTAIN CURE FOR DOCKENS.

Worthy original saddler Halliday was once asked by a gentleman, what was the best method of extirpating dockens out of gardens?

“Take a spade,” quoth the saddler, “and hock them out: dinna leave a single talon o’ a root: wash and lay them on the yard-dyke to dry; then burn them—that’s the best plan I ever kend.”

In truth, it surely was a most effectual cure.—*MacTaggart.*

A QUESTION SETTLED.

On the opening of a new church in Lanark, a dispute arose between the tailors and shoemakers of the congregation respecting a right to certain sittings. The matter in question was referred to the minister, who ended the strife in the following decision:—

“It’s weel kend through a’ the toon, We draw on our hose before our shoon.”

DICKIE OF THE DEN.

Veitch of Dawick, in the upper part of Peeblesshire, a man of great strength and bravery, who flourished in the sixteenth century, was, it seems, upon bad terms with a neighbouring proprietor, Tweedie of Drummelzie. By some accident a flock of Dawick’s sheep had strayed over into Drummelzie’s grounds, at the time when *Dickie of the Den*, a Liddesdale outlaw, was making his rounds in Tweeddale.

Seeing this flock of sheep, Dickie drove them off without ceremony. Next morning, Veitch, perceiving his loss, summoned his servants and retainers, laid a bloodhound upon the traces of the robber, by whom they were guided for many miles, till, on the banks of Liddel, he stayed upon a very large haystack. The pursuers were a good deal surprised at the obstinate pause of the bloodhound, till Dawick pulled down some of the hay, and discovered a large excavation, containing the robbers and their spoil. He instantly flew upon Dickie, and was about to poniard him, when the marauder, with the address for which the border thieves were famed, protested that he would never have touched a *cloot* (hoof) of them, had he not taken them for Drummelzie’s property. This dexterous appeal to Veitch’s passions was the means of saving the life of the freebooter.

FINE SPINNING.

Robert Burns, in reply to the question if the critical literati of Edinburgh had, on the occasion of his visit to that city, aided him at all with their opinions, said—

“The best of these gentlemen are like the wife’s daughter in the west—they spin the thread of their criticism so fine, that it is neither fit for warp nor waft.”

RUMBLEDETHUMPS.

Take a peck of purtatoes, and put them into a boyne—at them with a beetle—a dab of butter—the beetle again—another dab—then cabbage—purtato—beetle and dab—saut meanwhile—and a shake o’ common black pepper—feenally, cabbage and purtato through ither—pree, and you’ll fin’ them decent rumbledethumps.—*Noctes Ambros.*

A WINNING GENERAL.

When Sir John Cope fled from Dunbar, the fleetness of his horse carried him foremost, upon which a sarcastic Scotsman complimented him by saying, "Dod, sir, but ye hae won the race : win the battle wha like !"

"ROBERT BURNS, POET."

It is a curious fact that Burns very often wrote on his books thus : "Robert Burns, Poet." Allan Cunningham remembered a favourite collie at Ellisland having the same inscription on his collar.

BECKY MONTEITH.

It is recorded of Becky Monteith, a celebrated beauty, that being asked how she had not made a good marriage, she replied—

"Ye see, I wadna hae the walkers, and the riders gae'd by."

THE LION IN THE SCOTTISH SHIELD.

Antiquaries have found considerable difficulty in settling at what precise period the Scottish nation began to assume armorial bearings, although the obscure records of tradition assure us that they were first granted to the Scottish kings by Charlemagne. One thing is sufficiently certain, that none of the predecessors of William, who began to reign in the year 1165, adopted a court armorial, and that it was that sovereign who first assumed the cognisance of a lion on his banners, from which circumstance, as well as from his gallant bearing, he was termed *William the Lion*. We are told that the king of the beasts was anciently the cognisance of the Celtic nations, yet it is conjectured by

George Chalmers, that William did not assume the red lion on that account, but rather because it was already the armorial bearing of the earldom of Huntingdon, and, as such, the cognisance of William's father. The lion is first seen on the shield of Alexander the Third, and appeared on gold coins in the reign of Robert the Third. It is said by Nisbet that the double tressure (or border) was anciently used on the royal shields to perpetuate the various leagues betwixt the French and Scottish monarchs. In the reign of James the Third, when the English faction predominated in the country, Parliament was induced to ordain "that in tyme to cum their suld be na *double tressour* about the kingis armys, but that he suld ber hale armis of the lyoun, without ony mair." Yet the double tressure seems to have maintained its place in the armorial bearings of Scotland, even to our own times.

FISHWIVES OF FISHERROW.

The fishwives, as they are all of one class, and educated in it from their infancy, are of a very singular character, and particularly distinguished by the laborious lives which they lead. They are the wives and daughters of fishermen who generally marry in their own caste or tribe, as great part of their business, to which they must have been bred, is to gather bait for their husbands and bait their lines. Four days in the week, however, they carry fish in creels (osier baskets) to Edinburgh; and when the boats come in late to the harbour in the forenoon, so as to leave them no more than time to reach Edinburgh before dinner, it is not unusual for them to perform their journey of five miles, by relays, three of them being employed in carrying one basket, and shifting it from one to another every hundred yards, by which means they

have been known to arrive at the Fish-market in less than three-quarters of an hour.*

From the kind of life these women lead, it may naturally be concluded that their manners are peculiar, as they certainly are. Having so great a share in the maintenance of the family, they have no small sway in it, as may be inferred from a saying not unusual among them. When speaking of a young woman, reported to be on the point of marriage—

"Hout!" say they, "how can she keep a man, wha can hardly maintain hersel?"

As they do the work of men, their manners are masculine, and their strength and activity equal to their work. Their amusements are of the masculine kind. On holidays they frequently play at golf; and on Throne Tuesday there is a standing match at foot-ball, between the married and unmarried women, in which the former are always victors.

Their manner of life, and their business of making their markets, whet their faculties, and make them very dexterous in bargain-making. They have likewise a species of rude eloquence, an extreme facility in expressing their feelings by words or gestures, which is very imposing, and enables them to carry their points even against the most wary; and they are too well acquainted with the world to be abashed when they are detected in any of their arts.†

It is remarkable, that though a con-

siderable degree of licentiousness appears in their freedom of speech, it does not seem to have tainted their morals, in a point where it may chiefly have been expected; there being no class of women, it is believed, who offend less against the seventh commandment, excepting in *words*, than they do. There seems to be no employment that conduces more to health and good spirits than theirs. Some of them have been brought to bed, and have gone to Edinburgh on foot with their baskets within the week. It is perfectly well ascertained that one, who was delivered on Wednesday morning, went to town with her creel on the Saturday forenoon following. There is a charm in the free and active life they lead, which renders them averse to all sedentary employments. They never wear shoes or stockings but on Sundays, which is not to be attributed to their poverty, but to the nature of their employment. Strangers from the south, disgusted at this practice, which more or less prevails among the women of the inferior class in this country, and still more with the custom of trampling linens in washing tubs (which is not yet entirely discontinued, though gradually wearing out), cry out against both as shocking pieces of barbarity. It may be remarked, however, in regard to the former practice, that the Greek and Roman women (even the ladies in the house) wore neither shoes nor stockings.

From such parents, as might be expected, proceeds a race of children healthy, active, and robust.—*Stat. Ac.*

* It is a well attested fact that three of them, not many years ago, went from Dunbar to Edinburgh, which is 27 miles, with each of a load of herrings on her back of 300 lbs. in five hours. They sometimes carry loads of 250 lbs.

† It is not here meant to impeach their honesty, for which they are on a par with all other small traffickers. An eminent merchant of Edinburgh told the writer that he has often dealt with some of them to the amount of £600 in a season, for salt herrings, without one line of writing, and never lost a farthing by them.

THE LAIRD O' WIGGIEWUSSOCK.

Greedy as the grave was he, his gourmand imagination saw an island off his shore a little way, once in seven years. Thus would he describe it:—

"O! it was a bonny big isle; I saw

gran swankies o' nowt on't, feeding on rough claver fields; rare growing corn too, every stalk o't as thick as my wee finger, and ilka head o't wad hae filled my gowpens. Apple trees I saw there, wi' apples hinging swagging on them like warping clues, the haweware o't seemed to be gran' plowable lapd. I cud hae made siller on't like sclate stanes."

And then he would add—"O! if I had got a spunk o' kennelling on't, it a' wad hae become my ain; the Manx-men's Isle was ance enchanted the same way, but a spark o' fire lighted on't ance frae out a sailor's pipe, broke the charm, whilk has hinnered it to sink mair; but were a'the fires at onytime to gang out, it wad just gae whaur it was again; since they went a' out but ae wee bit gleeed in Laxy, and faith the Isle o' Man was begun to shog and quake."—*Mactaggart*.

A FRUGAL TAILOR.

The following obituary notice appears in *The Scots Magazine* of Jan. 1789:—

Lately, at Paisley, a tailor who, during his life, never earned more than fourpence per day and his meat. However, by his rigid economy he has left £250 at interest, and £20 in his house, with a great number of crown and half-crown pieces.

AT LAST!

On a ramble of dissipation the notorious Dr. Gilbert Stuart is said to have taken several days to travel on foot between the Cross of Edinburgh and the town of Musselburgh, a distance of only six miles, stopping at every public house by the way, in which good ale could be had. In this expedition he was accompanied by several boon companions, who were fascinated beyond

their ordinary excesses by his great powers of wit, but who gradually fell off at various stages of the road. The last of these companions, oppressed by the fumes of the ale which he had too long indulged in, staggered in the middle of the night into the ash-pit of a steam-engine which then stood by the road-side, and fell fast asleep. On awakening he observed the mouth of an immense fiery furnace open, several figures all grim with soot and ashes stirring the fire and throwing on fuel—all which, with the whirring and clashing of the machinery, combined to impress his still-confused imagination with the idea that he was in hell. Horror struck, he exclaimed, "Good God! has it at last come to this!"

A FORTUNATE ERROR.

Sep. 14, 1789. Died at Craigforth, John Callander, Esq. of Craigforth, advocate. This gentleman's ancestors acquired the estate by a droll mistake. Being farrier to King James VI. in Scotland, he made out his account in Scots money, agreeable to practice, which being sent to England, an order was made to pay it in sterling money, which he accordingly received, and with which the family estate, enjoyed to this day, was bought.—*Scots Mag.*

THE WAUKING OF THE FAULD.

The Wauking of the Fauld was a practice common in the pastoral districts of Scotland previous to the past changes in rural economy. It was then necessary to keep a nocturnal watch upon the sheepfolds at a particular season of the year, in order to prevent the lambs from getting back to their dams, from which they had been recently weaned. On these occasions the shepherd, who was the watcher, was always allowed

to have the lass of his choice to bear him company; and as his vigils occurred at the pleasantest time of the year, when night is only a shadowy interval of day, the whole affair is said to have been one of the most agreeable duties connected with pastoral life.—*Robert Chambers.*

A FATAL DISPUTE.

March 11, 1596. There chanced a duel or single combat betwixt James Hepburn of Moreham and one Birnie, a skinner in Edinburgh. They were both slain. The occasion and quarrel was not thought to be great nor yet necessary. Hepburn alleged and maintained that there was seven sacraments; Birnie would have but two, or else he would fight. The other was content with great protestations that he would defend his belief with the sword; and so with great earnestness they yoked, and thus the question was decided.—*Patrick Anderson.*

SHAKESPEARE ECLIPSED.

Home's tragedy of *Douglas* procured for its author expulsion from the kirk, and for ever excluded him from the society of the "unco gude." But it was—and is still—nevertheless very popular with the general public, who received it enthusiastically. On one occasion of its performance, when the feelings of the audience burst forth, as usual, at the conclusion of Norval's speech, a voice from the gallery proclaimed the transport of the "gods" by bawling forth the triumphant query—"Whaur's yer Wully Shakspearenoor?"

EARLY LITERARY DIFFICULTIES.

April 9, 1583. James Lowson, minister of God's word at Edinburgh, to

Mr Davidson, informs him of certain piracies committed by Englishmen under circumstances of great barbarity. Among the rest he laments especially the case of Thomas Woltweller [Vautrollier], a Frenchman, who was bringing books and paper to print in Scotland, having privilege to do so, who is almost "heriet." Prays him to look to these matters, lest wicked men hold the two nations at division, when God offers occasion of concord and union.—*Calendar of State Papers.*

THE "BEACON."

A new weekly journal, called the *Beacon*, was started in Edinburgh in January 1821. It was distinguished for its violent politics and severe personalities, and it soon roused such a feeling that the publisher was compelled to discontinue its publication the same year that it started into existence.

[The *Beacon* was notorious for its reckless personal attacks, and, as a consequence, was seldom out of trouble. The printer was tried for a libel on Lord Archibald Hamilton, on 14th June 1821; in the following month, James Stuart of Dunearn, in retaliation for an attack on him, horsewhipped the printer in the street; and shortly afterwards a verdict, with £500 damages, was obtained against him for another libel. This unfortunate newspaper was nominally edited by a Mr John Nimmo, son of a journeyman printer, who in 1825 occupied a house at the Cowgatehead. Nimmo, on the prosecution of the paper, fled to France. The *Beacon* was resuscitated in Glasgow under the name of the *Sentinel*, in the first number of which those libellous articles against Stuart of Dunearn appeared which, on the 26th March 1822, led to the duel which resulted in the death of Sir Alexander Boswell.]

A CONSCIENTIOUS HOST.

Honest Johannie Dowie, the famous Edinburgh vintner, whose tavern was the resort of the literati of the city, and whose name has been immortalised by Burns, was not only an exceedingly decent person in the fashion of observing regular hours in closing his house, but he was really a conscientious and worthy man; witness the following little anecdote:—

David Herd was one night prevented by illness from joining in the malt potations of his friends. He called for first one and then another glass of spirits, which he dissolved, *more Scotico*, in warm water and sugar. When the reckoning came to be paid, the antiquary was surprised to find the second glass charged a fraction higher than the first, as if John had been resolved to impose a tax upon excess. On inquiring the reason, however, honest John explained it thus:—

“Whe, sir, ye see, the first glass was out o’ the auld barrel, and the second ane was out o’ the new; and as the whisky in the new barrel cost me mair than the other, whe, sir, I’ve just charged a wee mair for’t.”—*Robert Chambers*.

“573.”

Dr R. Simson, the mathematician, had the habit of counting his steps as he walked. “One Saturday, while proceeding towards Anderston, counting his steps as he was wont, the professor was accosted by a person who, we may suppose, was unacquainted with his singular peculiarity. At this moment the worthy geometrician knew that he was just *five hundred and seventy-three* paces from the college towards the snug parlour which was anon to prove the rallying-point of the ‘hen-broth’ amateurs; and when arrested in his

progress, kept repeating the mystic number at stated intervals, as the only species of mnemonics then known.

“‘I beg your pardon,’ said the personage, accosting the professor; ‘one word with you, if you please.’

“‘Most happy—573!’ was the response.

“‘Nay,’ rejoined the gentleman, ‘merely one question.’

“‘Well,’ added the professor.—‘573!’

“‘You are really too polite,’ interrupted the stranger: ‘but from your known acquaintance with the late Dr B——, and for the purpose of deciding a bet, I have taken the liberty of inquiring whether I am right in saying that that individual left five hundred pounds to each of his nieces?’

“‘Precisely!’ replied the professor.—‘573!’

“‘And there were only four nieces, were there not?’ rejoined the querist.

“‘Exactly!’ said the mathematician; ‘573!’”—*Dr Strang*.

A THOROUGH SCOT.

August 18, 1790. Died at London, Mr John Stalker, of the Half-moon public-house, Piccadilly. He was a native of Scotland, which he left at an early period. To a life of many oddities, he, dying, exhibited a remarkable instance of the *amor patriæ*, which is the characteristic of his countrymen, being, by express desire, buried in a full suit of the Highland uniform, excepting the *plaid*, which is reserved for his wife’s winding-sheet.—*Scots Mag*.

A SIMPLE BEAUTY.

A lovely young lady, at the time when *belles* were scarcer in Glasgow than they are now, was talking with a gentleman from a distance about that city and its gaieties. The conversation

turned upon balls and the attenders of them, when the gentleman laughingly asked the question—

"Have you many beauties in Glasgow, Miss——?" On which the young lady naively replied—

"Oh yes, sir, there are five of us!"

A POET'S TESTIMONIAL.

Burns procured a pair of pistols as a portion of his exciseman's outfit. They were made by Blair of Birmingham, and, in acknowledging them, the poet wrote to him—

"I have tried them, and will say for them what I would not say of the bulk of mankind—they are an honour to their maker." These pistols were afterwards bequeathed to Dr Maxwell.

NOT SO VERY SURE.

"Do you think, Hamish, that the bullets hit him?" said an English sportsman to his attendant, after having discharged the contents of both barrels of his Manton at a stag.

"Weel, she took it very easy if she got it," said Hamish, with a sly wink at his companion.

"Ay, ay, if she be kilt, she'll send word; but I'm no thinking she'll be sending any word to-night."

A "DISPENSATION."

1641, Sep. 5. That day, Alexander Drysdale, merchant, desir'd a seat in the kirk for his dochter to heir God's word, and therefore is licentiate be y^e session to cause make a new furme to be set next before y^e pulpit (where the brides and bridegrooms y^e day y^e they are mariet uses to sit) to be possest be the said Alex. his dochter in all tyme coming,
—*Dunfermline Kirk Sess. Records.*

A LEGEND OF THE DOW LOCH.

The farmer of Auchen Naight, near the Dow Loch, was not in opulent circumstances. One day, during the pressure of some unusual calamity, he observed, with surprise, a cow browsing quietly by the side of the loch; and, upon nearer inspection, found it to be a beautiful animal of large size, and perfectly white. She allowed herself to be driven home by him without resistance, and soon commended herself greatly to his wife by her quietness and richness of milk. The result of her good qualities, and also her fruitfulness, was that a blessing seemed to have come with her to the house. The farmer became rich in the possession of twenty fine cattle, all descended from the original white cow.

After some years had elapsed, and all his other cattle had been used up, the farmer had to consider how he was to provide a winter's "mart" for his family; that is, a cow to be killed and salted according to the then universal practice of the country. Should it be the mother, or one of her comely daughters? The former was still in fine condition, highly suitable for the purpose; but then the feeling connected with her—should they sacrifice in this manner the source of all their good fortune? A consideration that she might fail in health, and be lost to them, determined them to make her the "mart" for the year. It is said that, on the morning which was to be her last, she showed the usual affection for her mistress, who came to bid her a mournful farewell; but when the butcher approached with his rope and axe, she suddenly tore up the stake, and broke away from the byre, followed by the whole of her progeny. The astonished goodman and his wife were only in time to see the herd, in which their wealth consisted, plunge into the waters of the Dow Loch, from which they never re-emerged.

SHOP !

A tailor who had fallen asleep in church during service, one Sunday afternoon, suddenly awoke at the close of the sermon, and, forgetting where he was, startled the congregation by exclaiming aloud—

"Say what ye like, but a'boddy kens that it taks twa hanks o' thread to mak a waistcoat."

The tailor no doubt had been dreaming of a customer resisting an over-charge.

A QUESTIONABLE COMPLIMENT.

A wealthy tobacco lord, who in early life had been a soldier, was one day pacing the *Plainstones* of Glasgow, when he was accosted by a poor woman. Turning to her disdainfully, he said—

"Don't speak to me here, woman ; I gie nae charity on the street."

"It wasna charity, Sir Bailie, that I was seeking," said the woman ; "I was only wanting to thank you for the great service you did to my laddie."

Somewhat mollified by the expected praise, the scarlet-cloaked aristocrat stopped and said—

"And what did I do for him, good woman ?"

"Oh, Sir Bailie," she replied, "when you were fechtin' at the head o' your company at the battle of Dettigen, and ran away, my son, wha was next you, ran after you, and so saved his life !"

A SANITARY REFORMER.

In 1735, an Edinburgh merchant and magistrate, named Sir Alexander Brand, presented an overture to the Estates for the cleaning of the city. The modesty of the opening sentence will strike the reader :—

"Seeing," it states, "the nobility

and gentry of Scotland are, when they are abroad, esteemed by all nations to be the finest and most accomplished people in Europe, yet it's to be regretted that it's always casten up to them by strangers, who admire them for their singular qualifications, that they are born in a nation that has the nastiest cities in the world, especially the metropolitan."

He offered to clean the city daily, and give five hundred a-year for the refuse ; but his views do not seem to have been carried into effect.

THE KIND GALLOWES OF CRIEFF.

This celebrated gibbet was, in the memory of the last generation, still standing at the western end of the town of Crieff, in Perthshire. Why it was called the *kind* gallows we are unable to inform the reader with certainty ; but it is alleged that the Highlanders used to touch their bonnets as they passed a place, which had been fatal to many of their countrymen, with the ejaculation—

"God bless her nainself, and the tiel tamn you !"

It may therefore have been called *kind*, as being a sort of native or kindred place of doom to those who suffered there, as in fulfilment of a natural destiny.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

INTESTINAL WARDROBE.

An ancestor of Sir Walter Scott joined the Pretender, and with his brother was engaged in the unfortunate adventure, which ended in a skirmish and captivity at Preston, 1745. It was the fashion of those times for all persons of the rank of gentlemen to wear scarlet waistcoats. A ball had struck one of the brothers, and carried a part of his dress into his body ; and in this condition he was taken prisoner, with a number of his companions, and stript,

as was too often the practice in these remorseless civil wars. Wounded, and nearly naked, having only a shirt on, and an old sack about him, the ancestor of the great poet was sitting, along with his brother and a hundred and fifty unfortunate gentlemen, in a granary at Preston. The wounded man fell sick, as the story goes, and vomited the scarlet, which the ball had forced into the wound.

"Oh, man, Watty!" cried his brother, "if you have got a wardrobe in your wame, I wish you would throw me up a pair of breeks, for I have meikle need of them."

The wound afterwards healed.

INFLUENCE OF THE BAGPIPES.

A piper in Lord M'Leod's regiment, seeing the British army giving way before superior numbers, played the well-known "*Cogadh-na-Sith*," which filled the Highlanders with such spirit that, immediately rallying, they cut through their enemies. For this fortunate circumstance, Sir Eyre Coote, filled with admiration, and appreciating the value of such music, presented the regiment with fifty pounds to buy a stand of pipes.

At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, the troops were retreating in disorder, and the general complained to a field officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad conduct of his corps.

"Sir," said the officer, with some warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play."

"Let them blow in God's name, then," said the general; and the order being given, the pipers with alacrity sounded, on which the Gaels formed in the rear, and bravely returned to the charge.

George Clark was piper to the 71st at the battle of Vimiera, where he was wounded in the leg by a ball as he advanced at the head of his regiment.

Finding himself disabled he sat down, and putting his pipes in order, called out—

"Weel, lads, I am sorry I can go nae farther wi' you, but deil hae my saul if ye sall want music," and struck up a favourite pibroch with the utmost unconcern for anything but the delight of sending to battle his comrades with the animating sounds.

It is a popular tradition that the enemy anxiously levelled at the pipers, aware of the power of their music; and a story is related of a piper who, at the battle of Waterloo, received a shot in the bag before he had time to make a fair beginning, which so roused his Highland blood, that, dashing his pipes to the ground, he drew his sword and attacked the foe with the fury of a lion, until his career was stopped by death, by a ball too surely aimed.

It is also related of the pipe-major of the 92d, that on the same occasion, he placed himself on an eminence where the shot was flying like hail, and, regardless of his danger, proudly sounded the battle air to animate his companions. And on one occasion during the Peninsular war, the same regiment came suddenly on the French army, and the intimation of their approach was so suddenly given by the pipers bursting out their "*gathering*," that the enemy fled and the Highlanders pursued.

THOMSON AND THE WOOLIE GHOST.

The poet Thomson had a great horror of the supernatural, and his fear of ghosts and goblins afforded much amusement to his fellow-collegians. His bed-fellow, knowing that he was afraid to remain alone in the dark, quietly left him one night while he was asleep. On waking, he rushed out of the room like a frightened child, and calling loudly upon his landlady for assistance. Dr Somerville, who relates this anecdote upon

the authority of Mr Cranston, late minister of Ancrum, who lodged in the same room with the poet at Edinburgh, attributes his weakness on this subject to the following circumstance:—

"The belief in ghosts, witches, fairies, &c., was so exceedingly prevalent at the beginning of this century, that it would have been deemed heretical in any clergyman to have called in question their existence, or even their palpable interposition. One of the last appearances of these tremendous agents happened (I am speaking in the language of the vulgar) at Woolie, in the parish of Southdean, where Mr Thomson was minister. Even since I entered into life, it was necessary to speak guardedly upon the subject of the Woolie Ghost, as I myself have more than once given offence by my silence upon the subject. The sequel of the story I have heard, not at second-hand, but from the lips of a person, and that of rank and education, above the vulgar. Mr Thomson, the father of the poet, in a fatal hour, was prevailed upon to attempt laying the evil spirit. He appointed his dict of catechising at Woolie, the scene of the ghost's exploits, and beheld, when he had just begun to pray, a ball of fire strike him upon the head. Overwhelmed with consternation, he could not utter another word, or make a second attempt to pray. He was carried home to his house, where he languished under the oppression of diabolical malignity, and at length expired. Only think what an impression this story—I do not say fact, I say this story, for of it there can be no doubt—must necessarily have made upon the vigorous imagination of our young poet."

PROFESSOR AYTOUN'S COURTSHIP.

After Professor Aytoun had made proposals of marriage to Miss Emily

Jane Wilson, daughter of "Christopher North," he was, as a matter of course, referred to her father. As Aytoun was uncommonly diffident, he said to her, "Emily, my dear, you must speak to him, for me. I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on this subject."

"Papa is in the library," said the lady.

"Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait here for you."

There being apparently no help for it, the lady proceeded to the library, and, taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa; he is so shy and diffident, that he cannot speak to you himself?"

"Then we must deal tenderly with him," said the hearty old man. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it on your back."

"Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Wilson, as she re-entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted swain read these words: "With the author's compliments."

A LONG "SEDERUNT."

The taverns to which Edinburgh lawyers of former days resorted were generally very obscure and mean—at least they would now be thought such; and many of them were so peculiarly situated in the profound recesses of the old town as to have no light from the sun, so that candles were continually in use. A small party of lawyers happened one day to drop into one of these dens; and as they sat a good while drinking, they at last forgot the time of day. Taking their impressions from the candles, they supposed that they were enjoying an ordinary evening debauch.

"Sirs," said one of them at last, "it's time to rise: ye ken I'm a married man, and should be early at hame." They all rose and prepared to stagger home through the lamp-lighted streets; when, lo and behold! on their emerging from the tavern, they found themselves suddenly projected into the blaze of a summer afternoon, and, at the same time, under the gaze of a thousand curious eyes, which were directed with surprise to their tipsy and negligent figures. How they got home, under such circumstances, through a crowd of sober and unsympathising spectators, is left to the imagination of the reader.

—*R. Chambers.*

TARRAS MOSS.

One of the most famous places of refuge of the border marauders was the Tarras-moss, a frightful and desolate marsh, so deep that two spears tied together could not reach the bottom.

MEG DODS ON ART.

Tyrrel's painting, as Meg called it, went on slowly. He often, indeed, showed her the sketches which he brought from his walks, and used to finish at home; but Meg held them very cheap. What signified, she said, a wheen bits of paper, wi' black and white scarts upon them, that he ca'd bushes, and trees, and craigs? Couldna he paint them wi' green, and blue, and yellow, like the other folk? "Ye will never mak your bread that way, Maister Francie. Ye suld munt up a muckle square of canvas, like Dick Tinto, and paint folk's ainsel's, that they like muckle better to see than ony craig in the hail water; and I wadna muckle object even to some of the Wallers coming up and sitting to ye. They waste their time want, I wis—and, I warrant, ye

might mak a guinea a-head of them. Dick made twa, but he was an auld used hand, and folk maun creep before they gang."—*St Roman's Well.*

NOT THE SAME POWDER.

Dr Moore, professor of Greek in Glasgow, was rather a natty as well as a learned man—that is to say, he was particular in the cut of his dress, and most particular to the curl and powder of his wig. Strutting about one day, as he was wont, apparently pleased with his own appearance, he was noticed by a young spark of an officer, not long in commission, who, thinking to annoy the professor, whispered to his companion in passing, loud enough, however, for the doctor to hear—

"He smells strongly of powder."

Upon which the doctor at once turned round and said—

"Don't be alarmed, my brave young soldier, it is not gunpowder!"

"FEAL AND DIVOT."

A legal gentleman of Edinburgh showed a friend several poems which he had written, and asked his opinion of them. The referee glanced over the manuscript, but was quickly struck with the extensive and wholesale plagiarisms which he saw had been committed upon the classical writers of Greece and Rome, and pointed out this to his friend.

"Oh," said the poet, "I am something of Fielding's opinion, as expressed in *Tom Jones*, that the ancients are a commonity, where every modern poet is entitled to pasture his Pegasus."

"Ay, man," responded the critic, with a happiness of thought which, unfortunately, none but a Scotch lawyer can appreciate to its full extent, "your title may give you a *servitude of pastur-*

age upon the commonty of the ancients, but, surely, ye never gat ane of *feal and daint*."

A GOOD SCHOOL.

Miss Jenny Graham, authoress of a version of "Bide ye yet," was a maiden lady who lived to a good old age. She was troubled with an asthma, the pain of which she alleviated by singing and composing humorous Scottish songs. She was a fine dancer in youth. On one occasion a young nobleman was so much charmed with her graceful movements, and the music of her feet, that he inquired at what school she was taught.

"In my mother's washing-tub, my lord," was the quick and ready answer.

MACNAB AND THE GAUGERS.

The Laird of Macnab was proceeding from the west, on one occasion, to Dunfermline, with a company of the Breadalbane Fencibles, of which he had the command. In those days the Highlanders were notorious for incurable smuggling propensities, and an excursion to the Lowlands, whatever might be its cause or import, was an opportunity by no means to be neglected. The Breadalbane men accordingly contrived to store a considerable quantity of the genuine "peat reek" into the baggage-carts. All went well with the party for some time. On passing Alloa, however, the excisemen there having got a hint as to what the carts contained, hurried out by a shorter path to intercept them. In the meantime, Macnab, accompanied by a gillie, in the true feudal style, was proceeding slowly at the head of his men, not far in the rear of the baggage. Soon after leaving Alloa, one of the party in charge of the carts came running back and informed their chief

that they had all been seized by a posse of excisemen. This intelligence at once roused the blood of Macnab.

"Did the lousy villains *dare* to obstruct the march of the Breadalbane Highlanders?" he exclaimed, inspired with the wrath of a thousand heroes; and away he rushed to the scene of contention. There, sure enough, he found a party of excisemen in possession of the carts.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded the angry chieftain.

"Gentlemen of the excise," was the answer.

"Robbers! thieves, you mean; how dare you lay hands on his Majesty's stores? If you be gaugers, show me your commissions."

Unfortunately for the excisemen, they had not deemed it necessary in their haste to bring such documents with them. In vain they asserted their authority, and declared they were well known in the neighbourhood.

"Ay, just what I took ye for; a parcel of highway robbers and scoundrels. Come, my good fellows" (addressing the soldiers in charge of the baggage, and extending his voice with the lungs of a stentor), "prime! load!"

The excisemen did not wait the completion of the sentence; away they fled at top speed towards Alloa, no doubt glad they had not caused the waste of his Majesty's ammunition.

"Now, my lads," said the laird, "proceed—your whisky's safe."—*Kay*.

A HAPPY SIMILE.

Dr Scot of St Michael's, Dumfries, was once assisting at the communion in Urr, where the other officiating clergymen were great guns from Edinburgh. Though highly distinguished in his own locality, he exerted himself so as not to be eclipsed by the strangers from a distance. He gave one of his best dis-

courses as a table address, the subject of which was the resurrection, which he treated under the three divisions : it is possible—probable—certain. It commanded the most solemn attention and interest. In the tent he preached from the text, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," and made a great impression. A little band of old women on their way home in the evening, shortened the road by discussing the merits of the several preachers who had addressed them, when a worthy dame, who had not spoken before, on being applied to for her opinion, gave it honestly thus :—

"Leeze me abune them a' for yon auld, beld, clear-headed man that spoke sae bonnie on the angels, when he said, Raphael sings, and Gabriel tunes his goolden herp, and a' the angels clap their wings wi' joy. O but it was gran' ! It just put me in min' o' our geese at Dunjarg, as they turn their nebs to the south an' clap their wings when they see the rain coming after lang drooth."

—*Rev. D. Hogg.*

EDINBURGH MARKETS.

The markets for provisions in Edinburgh had no fixed places assigned them till 1477, when James III., by letters patent, granted a charter confirming the places then fixed by the magistrates, and which is historically curious, as indicating the principal localities of Edinburgh at that early period. The hay, straw, grass, and horse-meat markets were to be held in the Cowgate, from Forrester's Wynd down to Peebles Wynd, which latter was pulled down three centuries afterwards, to make way for the South Bridge ; the fish market, from the Friar Wynd to the Nether Bow, in Market Street or High Street ; the salt market, in Niddry's Wynd ; the camp of chapmen, from the Bell-

house down to the Tron ; the hat-makers and skinnors, opposite to them on the south side of the street ; the wood and timber market, from Dalrymple Yard to the Greyfriar's and westward ; the shoe market, from Forrester's Wynd westward ; the milt or flesh market, about the Tron ; the poultry market, at the Cross ; the cattle market, at the King's Stables, back of Castle ; the meal and corn market, from the Tolbooth up to Liberton's Wynd ; from there to the Tresep, the cloth and lawn market. Butter, cheese, wool, and all goods, to be weighed at the Upper Bow, and a tron or weigh to be set there—the ancient weigh-house ; cutlers and smith work, beneath the Nether Bow, about St Mary's Wynd ; all saddlery work, at the Greyfriar's, Grassmarket. What a lively graphic picture this scene presents of the ancient city of Edinburgh !

REAL INDEPENDENCE.

A Kincardineshire husbandman, in expressing to his minister a favourable opinion of his personal virtues, concluded his eulogy in these words :—

"An' I especially admire your sterling independence, sir : I have always said, sir, that ye neither feared God nor man !" —*Dr Rogers.*

BURNS AS AN EXCISEMAN.

The poet and a brother exciseman one day suddenly entered a widow woman's shop in Dunscore, and made an extensive seizure of smuggled tobacco.

"Jenny," said the poet, "I expected this would be the upshot ; here, Lewars, take note of the number of rolls as I count them. Now, Jock, did ye ever hear an auld wife numbering her threads before check reels were invented ? 'Thou's ane, and thou's no ane, and

thou's ane a' out—listen.” As he handed out the rolls, he went on with his humorous enumeration, but dropping every other roll into Jenny's lap. Lewars took the note with as much gravity as he could muster, and saw the merciful conduct of his companion as “if he saw it not.”

EPITAPH ON A GLASGOW MAGISTRATE.

Here lyes—read it with your hats on—
The bones of Bailie William Watson,
Who was famous for his thinking,
And moderation in his drinking.

AN APPROPRIATE TITLE.

Lord Newton, an eminent judge in the Court of Session, about the beginning of the present century, was an extraordinary bacchanal, even at the time when all were bacchanalian. He was proposing to buy an estate; and he mentioned to a friend and crony, that he should like it to be one with a well-sounding name, as he might perhaps take his title from it.

“Weel, my lord,” answered his friend, “there's the yestate o' *Drunkie* in the mercat: buy it, and then ye'll no need to tak it amiss when folk say ye're *drunk aye*.”

DUTCH DEGREES.

Dr Alexander Pitcairne, who died in 1713, but who was long remembered in Scotland for his strong Jacobitism, his keen wit, and his eminence as a physician, studied his profession in Holland, where he was for some time the preceptor of Boerhaave. His political principles causing him to be no friend to the republican Dutch, he amused himself with satirising them in verse. Dull, however, as the Dutch are gene-

rally esteemed, they once paid him very smartly in his own coin. Pitcairne, it seems, took great offence at the facility with which the University of Leyden conferred degrees upon those applying for them. To ridicule them, he sent for a diploma for his footman, which was granted. He next sent for another for his horse. This, however, was too gross an affront for even a Dutchman to swallow. In a spirit of resentment, an answer was returned to the effect that “search having been made in the books of the University, they could not find one instance of the degree of doctor having ever been conferred upon a horse, although, in the instance of one Dr Pitcairne, it appeared that the degree had once been conferred on an ass.”

THE DUKE AND THE JUSTICE.

James Rocheid of Inverleith was an enthusiastic agriculturist, and brought his lands to a high state of perfection. He had also a very dignified manner, coupled with no small idea of his own consequence. Proceeding between Musselburgh and Dalkeith one morning after a heavy fall of rain, he thought proper to ride on the footpath. Meeting a plainly-dressed old gentleman walking, in his usual haughty manner to supposed inferiors, he ordered him out of his way. The unknown person remonstrated, observing, that a gentleman of his appearance ought to know that the footpath was set aside for pedestrians.

“Fellow!” said Rocheid, “do you know who I am?”

“No, sir,” was the reply; “I have not that honour.”

“Why, sir, I am James Rocheid, Esquire of Inverleith, justice of the peace, and one of the trustees of this road; and who are you, sir, that presumes to question my conduct?”

“Sir,” replied the old gentleman,

"you may be a justice of the peace, although you seem more likely to break the peace than keep it—you may be a road trustee, although a worse can hardly be figured—and as to who I am—why, I happen to be George, Duke of Montague."

The confusion of Rocheid may easily be imagined. He attempted an apology; but the duke coolly turned upon his heel, and walked on.

"WHISKY TACKETS."

A *Kircubrie* carter, having brought a cart of coals to a certain very abstemious medical man in the village, he received a very small glass of whisky to aid him in the unloading. He drank it off in a moment, making his wee finger twirl above the quickly emptied glass.

The doctor said to him with emphasis, "Saunders, my man, I doubt that's another nail in your coffin."

"It may be sae, sir," replied Saunders; "I wish it were fu' o' sic tackets."
—*MacTaggart*.

THE PEER OF ABERDEEN.

During a jury trial at Jedburgh, in which Messrs Moncrieff, Jeffrey, and Cockburn, three of the first luminaries then at the bar, were engaged as counsel, while the former was addressing the jury, Jeffrey passed a slip of paper to Cockburn with the following case for his opinion:—

"A legacy was lately left by an old lady to the *Peer* of Aberdeen. As the will was written by the dowager herself, and by no means distinguished for correctness of orthography or expression, a dispute has arisen as to the intent of the testator, and the following claimants have appeared for the legacy: 1st, The Earl of Aberdeen; 2d, The Commissioners for erecting the pier at Aberdeen;

and 3d, The manager of the charity workhouse, who grounds his right on the fact that the old lady was in the habit, *more majorum*, of pronouncing poor, *peer*. To which of the parties does the money belong?" Cockburn immediately wrote in answer—

"To none of the three; but to the Horticultural Society of Scotland, for the purpose of promoting the culture of a sort of fruit called, or to be called, the Pear of Aberdeen."

A DOUBLE SUCCESS.

A country minister, on the occasion of his marriage, had been presented with a carriage, and his "man" John was commissioned to purchase a horse. Driving out with his wife, the minister said to John, in starting, "You've got us a capital horse."

"Weel, sir," replied John, with a flush of conscious pride on his countenance, "it's just aboot as difficult to choose a good minister's horse as to get a good minister's wife; but we've been geyan lucky wi' baith this time, I think."
—*Dr Rogers*.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE VENTRILOQUIST.

When Alexandre, the celebrated French ventriloquist, was in Scotland, he paid a visit to Abbotsford, where he entertained his distinguished host, and the other visitors, with his unrivalled imitations. Next morning, when he was about to depart, Sir Walter Scott felt a good deal embarrassed as to the sort of acknowledgment he should offer; but at length resolving that it would probably be most agreeable to the young foreigner to be paid in professional coin, if in any, he stepped aside for a few minutes, and, on returning, presented him with the following epigram. To

English readers it must be explained, that Sir Walter then held the situation of sheriff of the county of Selkirk.

"Of yore, in Old England, it was not thought good

To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folk say to *you*? who have
faces such plenty

That from under one hood you last night
show'd us twenty!

Stand forth, arch-deceiver, and tell us in
truth,

Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in
youth?

Man, woman, or child—a dog or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the
house?

Each live thing did I ask?—each dead im-
plement too,

A workshop in your person—saw, chisel,
and screw!

Above all, are you one individual? I know
You must be at least Alexandre & Co.

But I think you're a troop—an assemblage
—a mob,

And that I, as the sheriff, should take up
the job,

And instead of rehearsing your wonders in
verse,

Must read you the riot act, and bid you
disperse."

A USEFUL MINISTER.

The Rev. John Anderson, minister of Fochabers, had a turn for business, and was accordingly appointed by the Duke of Gordon his local factor and a county magistrate. His pluralities were thus rhymed upon:

The Rev. John Anderson,
Factor to his grace,
Minister of Fochabers,
And justice o' the peace.

MENIE TROTTER'S DREAM.

Miss Menie Trotter, of the Morton-hall family, was a great character in her way, and many queer stories are told of her. On one of her friends asking her, not long before her death, how she was,

she said, "Very weel—quite weel. But eh, I had a dismal dream last night! a fearfu' dream!"

"Ay! I'm sorry for that—what was it?"

"Ou! what d'ye think! Of a' places i' the world, I dreamed I was in heeven! And what d'ye think I saw there? Deil ha'et but thoosands upon thoosands, and ten thoosands upon ten thoosands, o' stark naked weans! That wad be a dreadfu' thing! for ye ken I ne'er could bide bairns a' my days!"
—*Lord Cockburn.*

SCOTLAND IN THE REIGN OF JAMES IV.

An author of an account of Scotland about the time of James IV. says:—

"Husbandmen are very poor; they are a kind of slaves, and pay in a manner to their lord all the commodities that come of their labour, reserving to themselves at the year's end nothing but to live. Of lawyers there are but few, and these about the Sessions at Edinburgh; for in the shires all matters are settled at the great men's pleasures."

BURYING THE PLAGUE.

In a wild and secluded spot in Teviotdale, a considerable mound of earth is shown, under which, it is said, "the plague was buried." There is a singular and awful distinctness in the tradition connected with this spot. It was originally, say the people, a cottage, which contained the large family of a poor shepherd. At the present time, no trace of a place of habitation is discernible; it is a plain, ordinary-looking hillock, upon the surface of which the sward grows as green, and the field-daisy blooms as sweetly, as if it were not, what it is, the tomb of human misery

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and mortal disease. The plague was introduced into this house by a piece of finery which the shepherd's wife purchased from a wandering pedlar, and wore for some time upon her head. She was speedily seized with the dreadful distemper, and took to her bed. Some of the children also beginning to feel affected, the shepherd himself went to the nearest farm-house to seek assistance. The inhabitants of this place, alarmed in the highest degree for their own safety, rose in a body, and instead of attempting to relieve the infected family, spread the intelligence to the neighbours, who, being equally apprehensive with themselves, readily joined them in the dreadful decision that mercy to individuals should be postponed to a regard for the general health. With this resolution, and disregarding the entreaties of the poor shepherd, they went *en masse*, and, closing the door upon the unfortunate family, proceeded to throw up earth around and over the cottage, till it was buried at least five feet beneath the surface. All the time of this operation, about half a day, the inmates, aware of their fate, cried dreadfully; and it was not till a large turf had been laid upon the top of the chimney, and a deep stratum of earth deposited over all, that their wallings were heard finally to subside. The shepherd is described as having for some time gone round and round the place like one demented, uttering fearful cries, and invoking Heaven to save his family, till at last, being driven away by the people, he departed from the awful scene in a state of distraction, and was never more heard of or seen in that district.—*R. Chambers.*

DEATH BED OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.

Buchanan employed the last twelve years of his existence in writing in Latin his History of Scotland. He

survived the publication of this, the last and greatest of his works, scarcely a month. Shortly before his death (which occurred on the 20th November 1582, in the 77th year of his age), some of his friends having gone to the printing-office to look at his history, found the impression had proceeded as far as the passage relative to the interment of David Rizzio; and being alarmed at the boldness with which the historian had there expressed himself, they returned to Buchanan's house, whom they found in bed, and stated to him their apprehensions that it would give offence to the king.

"Tell me, man," said Buchanan, "I have told the truth?"

"Yes, Sir," replied his nephew, "I think so."

"Then," rejoined the dying historian, "I will abide his feud, and all his kin's. Pray to God for me, and let Him direct all!"

"CRAPPIT-HEADS."

A north country minister having died, his executors were examining his papers. On looking over a diary they found the following entry:—"Ate crappit-heads for supper last night, and was the waur o't. See when I'll do the like o' that again!"

"Crappit-heads" is a dish peculiar to the north of Scotland: it consists of cod or haddock heads, stuffed with oatmeal, onions, suet, and liver—a sort of piscatorial haggis.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

A well-known Highland laird used to express himself with great indignation at the charge brought against hard drinking, that it had actually killed people. "Na, na," he would say, "I never knew onybody killed wi' drink-

ing. I hae kend some though that dee'd in the training."

EPIITAPH IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ABERNETHY.

The world is a city full of streets,
And death's a market where every
one meets;
But if life were a thing money could
buy,
The poor could not live, and the
rich never die.

CLARET AND PORT.

Home, the author of *Douglas*, was very partial to claret, and could not bear port. He was exceedingly indignant when the government laid a tax upon claret, having previously long connived at its introduction into Scotland under very mitigated duties. He embodied his anger in the following epigram, which, by the way, was a favourite one of Sir Walter Scott's:—

"Firm and erect the Caledonian
stood,
Old was his mutton, and his
claret good;
'Let him drink port,' an English
statesman cried;
He drank the poison, and his
spirit died."

HOW TO PREVENT A DUEL.

At a convivial meeting of the Golfing Society at Bruntfield Links, Edinburgh, on one occasion, a Mr Megget took offence at something which Mr Braidwood, father of the lamented superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, had said. Being highly incensed, he desired the latter to follow him to the Links, and he "would do for him."

Without at all disturbing himself, Mr Braidwood pleasantly replied—

"Mr Megget, if you will be so good as go out to the Links, and wait till I come, I will be very much obliged to you."

This produced a general burst of laughter, in which his antagonist could not refrain from joining; and it had the effect of restoring him to good humour for the remainder of the evening.

A DREARY PROBATION.

The equivocality of many of the names of places in Scotland gave occasion to a very amusing saying regarding a clergyman. "He was born in the parish of *Dull*, brought up at the school of *Dunse*, and finally settled as minister in the parish of *Drone!*"

JAMIE JINKER'S STRATAGEM.

"Ye mainn ken the laird there bought a' thir beasts frae me to munt his troop, and agreed to pay for them according to the necessities and prices of the time. But then he hadna the ready penny, and I hae been advised his bond will not be worth a bodle against the estate, and then I had a' my dealers to settle wi' at Martinmas; and so as he very kindly offered me this commission, and as the auld Fifteen wad never help me to my siller for sending out naigs against the government, why, conscience! sir, I thought my best chance for payment was e'en to *gae out mysel'*; and ye may judge, sir, as I hae dealt a' my life in halters, I think nae mickle o' putting my craig in peril of a St Johnstone's tippet."

"You are not, then, by profession, a soldier?" said Waverley.

"Na, na; thank God!" answered this doughty partisan, "I wasna bred at sae short a tether: I was brought up

to hack and manger. I was bred a horse-couper, sir; and if I might live to see you at Whitson-tryst, or at Stagshawbank, or the winter fair at Hawick, and ye wanted a spanker that would lead the field, I'll be caution I would serve ye easy; for Jamie Jinker was ne'er the lad to impose upon a gentleman."—*Waverley*.

HUME AND HOME.

John Home, of Kilduff, was a very intimate friend of David Hume. They constantly differed, however, on one small matter—David maintained that Home should spell his name *Hume*, and Kilduff as resolutely asserted the contrary. The historian, unable to convince his opponent that he was wrong, determined therefore to have "the last word of flying," and accordingly inserted the following codicil in his will:—

"I leave to my friend, Mr John Home, of Kilduff, ten dozen of my old claret, in his choice; and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave to him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his hand, signed John *Hume*, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession, he will at once terminate the only difference that ever arose between us concerning temporal matters."

A MUTUAL SERVICE.

Gilbert Elliot of Craigend, and afterwards of Minto and Headshaw, ancestor to the ennobled family of Minto, was a "writer" in Edinburgh towards the end of the seventeenth century. In that capacity he was of such service to the Rev. William Veitch, a persecuted Presbyterian clergyman, as to save his life. The *Act* which he acquired by this

event brought him into favour and practice. He afterwards became an advocate, and, subsequent to the Revolution, was raised to the bench under the designation of Lord Minto. When Lord Minto visited Dumfries, of which Mr Veitch was minister after the Revolution, he always spent some time with his old friend; and their conversation often turned on the perils of their former life. On these occasions his lordship was accustomed facetiously to say—

"Ah! Willie, Willie, had it not been for me, the pyets had been picking your paw on the Netherbow Port."

To which Veitch replied—

"Ah! Gibbie, Gibbie, an' had it not been for me, ye would hae been writing papers yet for a plack a page."

BRIEF DESPATCHES.

When Sir Colin Campbell obtained possession of Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny, he is reported to have telegraphed the information to headquarters briefly thus—"I am in *luck now!*"

Sir Charles Napier, in the capture of Scinde, announced his success in an equally laconic and witty manner. His entire message consisted of the word "*peccavi*" (I have sinned)!

A LITERAL THEOLOGIAN.

In the *Correspondence* of the Rev. John Campbell, a friend, Mr Ritchie, writing to him, says:—

"We must watch against unbelief. One day when I was a boy, my mother heard me weeping in my room at prayer. She asked me why I wept. I said, 'The Lord will not give me a new heart.' She answered, 'Dinna fear that; turn to Ezekiel xxxvi. 26.' 'Ay, but,' said I, 'it is no said there that He will give it to Jock Ritchie.'"

FERRYING COWS.

The way of ferrying cows in the narrow ferry called the Kyle, is thus : They tie a with about the cow's lower jaw, and so bind five of them together, after which a man in the end of a boat holds the with that ties the foremost and so rows over, carrying in the space of a few hours, at low-water, 300 or 400 cows.—*Chamberlayne*.

"MUCKLE-MOUD MEG."

Everybody is familiar with the mode of life practised some two or three hundred years ago on the Scottish borders. When a housewife ran out of butcher-meat, she either presented a pair of spurs under cover at dinner, as a hint that her sons and husband should ride out to obtain a supply ; or, if inclined to be a little more provident, informed them, in the afternoon, that the "hough was in the pot," thereby insinuating that her beef-barrel was reduced to its last and worst fragment. It is told that Scott of Harden, the ancestor of a very respectable family which still flourishes on the border, was one day coming home with a large drove of cattle, which he had "lifted," as the phrase went, in some of the dales of Cumberland, when he happened to spy a large haystack in a farm-yard by the wayside, which appeared to him as if it could have foddered his prey for half the winter. Vexed to think that this could not also be "lifted," the chieftain looked at it very earnestly, and said, with bitter and emphatic expression—

"By my saul, if ye had four feet, ye should gang too."

A member of this family was what might have then been called *unfortunate* in one of his enterprises. Having invaded the territories of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, ancestor of the noble family of that name and title, he

was inveigled, by the latter into an ambuscade, and taken, as it were, in the very act. Murray, being an officer of state, thought himself bound to make an example of the offender, and he accordingly gave orders to the unfortunate Harden to prepare for immediate execution. Elated with his victory, he went home and communicated his intention to his wife.

"Are you mad?" said her ladyship ; "would you hang the young Laird of Harden, you that has sae mony unmarried daughters? Na, na ; it'll be a handle mair wiselike to mak the young laird marry ane o' them."

The eloquence of the lady prevailed ; and, as young Harden was in perilous circumstances, and was expected gladly to accept of any alternative to avoid an ignominious death, it was resolved that he should wed "Muckle-Mou'd Meg," the third daughter of the family, who was distinguished by what, in modern phraseology, is termed an "open countenance ;" that is, in less metaphorical language, her mouth extended from ear to ear. The alternative was accordingly proposed to the culprit, but, to the astonishment of all concerned, it was at once rejected.

"Weel, weel, young man," said the Laird of Elibank, "ye's get till the morn's mornin' to think about it ;" and so saying, he left the young laird in his dungeon to his own agreeable reflections.

In the morning Harden, after a sleepless night, looked out from the window, or rather hole of his cell, and saw the gallows erected in the yard, and all the apparatus of death prepared. His heart failed him, and he began to think that life, even though spent in the society of "Muckle-Mou'd Meg," was not a thing to be rashly thrown away. He declared his willingness, therefore, to accept of the maiden's hand. There were no marriage laws in those days—no proclamation of banns—no session-clerk's fees. The priest was sent for, and the indis-

soluble knot was tied. Nor did Harden ever repent of his bargain; for Meg, notwithstanding the deformity from which she took her name, was, in fact, one of the best creatures in existence, possessed of a great fund of excellent sense, and withal a handsome *personable* woman. She turned out an admirable wife, and managed the household of Harden with the utmost propriety; and a union which had taken place under such extraordinary circumstances, and with such very unpromising auspices, was in the highest degree cordial and constant.

DRAWING AN INFERENCE.

"John," said a gentleman to the beadle of a country parish, "ye hae been sae lang about the minister's hand that I daresay ye could preach a sermon yersel' now."

"Ah, no, sir," replied John, "I couldna preach a sermon, but maybe I could draw an inference."

"Weel, John," said the querist, humouring the quiet vanity of the beadle, "what inference could ye draw frae this text: 'A wild ass snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure?'"

"Weel, sir, I wad draw this inference—he wad snuff a lang time before he wad fatten upon't."

A DRY PREACHER IN A DRY PLACE.

The celebrated Dr Macknight, although a learned and profound scholar and commentator, was not distinguished as a preacher; an able writer, but a dull speaker. His colleague, Dr Henry, well known as the author of a *History of England*, was, on the other hand, a man of great humour, and could not resist a joke when the temptation came upon him. On one occasion, when coming to the church, Dr Macknight had been caught in a shower, and

entered the vestry soaked with rain. Every means were employed to relieve him from his discomfort; but as the time drew nigh for divine service, he became much distressed, and ejaculated over and over—

"Oh, I wish that I was dry; do you think I'm dry? do you think I'm dry enuch noo?"

His jocose colleague could resist no longer, but, patting him on the shoulder, comforted him with the sly assurance, "Bide a wee, doctor, and ye'se be dry enuch when ye get into the pu'pit!"

AN OBLIGING DEPOSITOR.

A countryman having read in the newspapers accounts of different bank failures, and having one hundred pounds deposited with a respectable banking company in Aberdeen, he became alarmed for its safety, hastened to town, and, calling at the bank, presented his deposit-receipt, and, on demanding his money, was paid, as is customary, with notes of the bank; he grasped them in his hand, and having counted them carefully, and found the number correct, he flourished them over his head, and exclaimed—"There now, sir, fail fan ye like!"—*Dr Rogers.*

HALIBUT OR TURBOT.

There are living, or were living lately, in one of the coast towns, several poor people who were wont to derive great part of their subsistence from the turbot which the fishermen threw away on the beach, because nobody could be found to purchase them. It was a general officer, noted for his wealth and good cheer, who first taught the people of Fife that they were eatable, and astonished the fish cadgers by offering a shilling a-piece for the largest of them.—*Sibbald.*

A POWERFUL REPROOF.

A poor old deaf man, residing in Fife, was visited one day by the parish minister, who had recently resolved to pay such visits regularly to his parishioners, and therefore made a promise to the wife of this villager that he would call occasionally and pray with him. The minister, however, soon fell through his resolution, and did not visit the deaf man again till two years after, when, happening to go through the street in which he lived, he found the wife at the door, and therefore could not avoid inquiring for her husband.

"Weel, Margaret," said he, "how is Thamas?"

"Nane the better o' you," was the rather curt answer.

"How, how, Margaret?" inquired the minister.

"Ou, ye promised two years syne to ca' and pray ance a fortnight wi' him, and ye hae never darkened the door sin' syne."

"Well, well, Margaret, don't be so short. I thought it was not so very necessary to call and pray with Thamas, for he's deaf, you know, and cannot hear me."

"But, sir," rejoined the woman, "*the Lord's no deaf.*" And the indolent clergyman shrunk abashed from the cottage.

A FRIENDLY CAUTION.

A wet and witty advocate of Edinburgh one Saturday encountered an equally accomplished friend in the course of a walk to Leith. Remembering that he had a good gigot of mutton roasting for dinner, he invited his friend to accompany him home; and they accordingly dined together *secundum morem solitum*. After dinner was over, wine and cards commenced; and as the two were alike fond of each of these

recreations, neither ever thought of reminding the other of the advance of time, till next day, as it happened, about a quarter before eleven o'clock. The friend then rising to depart, the other walked behind him to the outer door, with a candle in each hand, to show him out.

"Tak care, tak care," cried the kind host, most anxiously holding the candles out of the door into the sunny street, along which the people were pouring churchwards; "tak gude care; there's twa staps."

FELLOW-SUFFERING.

During a very inclement season all the members of a certain family in the Lothians, save one, were at the same time troubled with rheumatic complaints. The favoured individual who escaped was continually being asked by the others whether he, like them, was suffering from anything. At last one of them, having interrogated him as to whether he had toothache, earache, or some other complaint, and received the usual stolid answer in the negative, lost all patience and exclaimed, "Od, man, hae something the matter wi' ye, just to be neighbour-like." This is the most agreeable view of suffering, we believe, which was ever taken.

HIGHLAND CATTLE STEALERS.

Taking "spreaths" or herds of cattle from their hereditary enemies, the inhabitants of the low countries, or from adverse clans, did not in the least disturb their conscience. Yet, when it was found necessary for the political regulations of a country they regarded as conquered to make examples of cattle stealers, the ignominy of their punishment soon affixed the stain of infamy to the crime. Yet, even under these cir-

circumstances, a Highlander, whose cattle had been plundered, and who risked his life to recover them, would rather die than inform against the thieves, who, in a bold and desperate manner, came down in small numbers from the heights of Lochaber, and the wilds of Glenroy, to plunder their own friends and countrymen. In the very centre of the Grampians, the mountains midway between the east and west sea rise to their greatest height. There the rivers, which run in different directions, have their sources; and there the climate is so wet and stormy, the mountains so lofty and abrupt, and the glens so narrow and gloomy, and cut through with ravines and swelling waters, that one would wonder human beings, able to remove, should think of residing. There was a set of thieves by profession, however, to whom these dreary and inaccessible fastnesses were a favourite residence. These "minions of the moon" were very little ashamed of their calling, and as little afraid of the laws. The shielings where the cattle of the neighbouring districts grazed in summer, were in the vicinity of Glenroy and Glenspean, their chosen refuge. The smallest mark of hostility to one of the confederacy would be punished by merciless plunder of these defenceless herds. There was, therefore, a kind of tacit convention between this horde of established professional thieves and their immediate neighbours. Therefore they brought their plunder from a greater distance; often from Strathspey and the lower end of Badenoch. It was the fashion to arm one's followers, and pursue those thieves, though they should have taken away only three or four head of cattle; not for the value of that number, but because it was accounted most disgraceful not to fight for one's property. Not satisfied with resisting these plunderers, it was necessary, for supporting a man's reputation, that he should pursue them to their fastnesses, and attack them in

their strongholds. This was done on one occasion by a fine spirited Highland gentleman, then in the prime of life. He and his followers ran to their arms to pursue some of the Glenroy thieves, who were driving off a herd of their cattle. They traced them, entered their gloomy den, and saw the thieves drive the cattle into a shieling, where they hoped to conceal or defend them. They entered this building with them, attacked them, and met with a furious resistance.

The gentleman and his followers fought with equal rage, in this darksome den: and he was so hurried away by the heat and eagerness of the conflict, that it was not till he came out that he missed his left hand, which had been cut off by one stroke of a dirk. Yet this brave injured man would much rather have lost his other hand, than to have been the means of bringing these culprits to an ignominious death.

Something was necessary to be done to avoid contumely that might attach to one's family. A gentleman named Mungo, of no small note in Strathspey, had a very remarkable animal stolen from him: it was a white ox—a colour rare in these northern countries. Mungo was not accounted a man of desperate courage; but the white ox being a great favourite, there was, in this case, no common stimulus. Mungo had no numerous *lume na chris*, but he took his servant with him, and went to the shieling of Laymen, at the foot of Corryavich, where he was credibly informed his white favourite might be found. He saw this conspicuous animal quietly grazing unguarded and alone; but, having thought better of the matter, or supposing the creature looked very happy where he was, he quietly returned without him. Being as deficient in true Highland caution as in courage, he very innocently told, when he came home, that he had seen his ox and left it there.

The disgrace attending this failure was beyond the powers of a Lowland heart to conceive. He was, all his life after, called "Mungo of the white ox;" and to this day it is accounted very ill-bred to mention an ox of that colour to any of his descendants. It is but justice to the Lochaber horde to say, that whoever went unarmed among them was treated with great kindness; and that they dealt their beef to all travellers, with the most courteous hospitality.

A PRECATOR IN A PREDICAMENT.

So lightly were clergy and divine worship esteemed some time after the Reformation, that in the days of Mr Cumming, the last Episcopal minister in the parish of Halkirk, in Caithness-shire, there was no singer of psalms in church but the lettergae, as they called the precator, and one Tait, gardener in Braal. Thus Tait sung so loud, and with such a large open mouth, that a young fellow of the name of Iverach was tempted to throw a small round stone into his mouth, whereby his teeth were broke, and his singing stopped at once, and he himself almost choked. Iverach immediately took to his heels; the service was converted to laughter; two of Tait's sons chased and overtook him; and the scene was closed with a most desperate fight.—*Stat. Account.*

THE GREYBEARD.

The greybeard is a bottle of the larger class made of earthenware; it is made to hold generally about three gallons, but whiles they have *double-lugs* and hold a much larger quantity. The *whusky pig*, in farm-houses, is a *pig* of this kind. "Hae ye ought i' the *pig* the day?" is a common salutation when friendly neighbours meet at others' houses; and although *whisky* be not

mentioned, it is well understood to be the thing wanted. Answers to salute are various, such as, "I-dafesay there is a *dreeping*;" "Ay, I heard the gude wife say it could *pinkle pinkle*," &c.—*Mactaggart.*

AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

During the American revolutionary war, a country laird made his appearance in a certain market town on the border. A few idlers were lounging in front of the shop of the bailie of the burgh, amongst whom the laird espied the village Aesculapius, who was his political oracle, and thus addressed him: "How's a' wi' ye the day, doctor? Ony political news?"

"Nothing very particular," replied the doctor; "only it is said that the Dutch have taken umbrage at ———." Here the doctor got a touch on his shoulder from his shop-boy, who acquainted him that a valuable patient was waiting for him, and he broke off abruptly from his political friend.

"Taken *Umbrage*!" exclaimed the laird; "mercy upon us! hae they ta'en Umbrage? Bailie, ken ye if it's a wa'd town or no?"

"A wa'd town!" answered the bailie; "nae sic thing; it's a sugar island, and ane o' the sweetest o' them; the *article's* up already; but ye shall hae a stane weight hame wi' ye at the auld price."

"Weel minded, bailie, weel minded! —we'll talk about that o'er a half mutchkin. —Hech, sirs! the Dutch ta'en Umbrage, and General Burgoyne tint at Saratogo! Od, the country's in a hopefu' way!"

HIGHLAND BEAUTY.

The men in the Highlands have more regard to the comeliness of their posterity than in those countries where a

large fortune serves to soften the hardest features, and even to make the crooked straight; and indeed their definition of a fine woman seems chiefly to be directed to that purpose; for after speaking of her face they say, "She's a fine, healthy, straight, strong, strapping lassie." — *Burt.*

A VERY PROPER REASON.

Nothing galls the national pride of a true-blue Scot more than the liberties that have been taken with that article of the Union, which expressly declared, that Britain should be the only recognised designation of the United Kingdoms of Scotland and England. The King of England, the English ambassador, the English army, the English fleet, &c., are therefore terms particularly offensive to a Scottish ear. An instance of this feeling occurred at the battle of Trafalgar. Two Scots, messmates and bosom cronies, from the same little clachan, happened to be stationed near each other, when the celebrated intimation was displayed from the admiral's ship.

"For gudesake look up, and read yon, Jock," said the one to the other; "'England expects every man to do his duty'—no a word for puir auld Scotland on sic a day as this!"

Jock cocked his eye at the object for a moment, and, turning to his companion, thus addressed him—"Man, Geordie, is that a' your sense?—Scotland kens weel enough that her bairns will do their duty without being tell't—that's just a hint to the Englishers to put them in mind to do theirs!"

CHECK-MATED.

The Reverend Dr M'C—, minister of Douglas, in Clydesdale, was one day dining with a large party, when Henry

Erskine and several other eminent lawyers were present. A great dish of cresses being presented after dinner, Dr M'C—, who was extravagantly fond of vegetables, helped himself much more largely than any other person, and, as he ate with his fingers, and with a peculiar voracity of manner, Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give him a hit for the apparent grossness of his taste and manner of eating, the wit addressed him with, "Dr M'C—, ye bring me in mind of the great king Nebuchadnezzar;" and the company were beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion, when the reverend vegetable devourer replied, "Ay! do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I'm eating *among the brutes!*"

TAX ON BACHELORS.

A lady lately remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on the single state. "Yes, madam," rejoined a gallant Colonel who was present, and who was a most notable specimen of the uncompromising bachelor; "as on all other luxuries."

THE STORY OF GABRIEL'S ROAD.

The street, or rather narrow lane, formerly called Gabriel's Road, and in which was situated (previously to its removal to Picardy Place) the celebrated Ambrose's Tavern, made famous by the *Noctes Ambrosiana* of Christopher North, stood on the site now occupied by the New Register House, at the east end of Princes Street, Edinburgh. It derived its name from a tragic occurrence which took place in the locality some time during the last century.

A preacher and licentiate of the church, named Gabriel, held a position

as domestic tutor in a gentleman's family in Edinburgh, where he had for pupils two fine boys, one eight and the other about ten years of age. The tutor, it seems, entertained a regard for the servant of his mistress, and one of his pupils saw him kiss her one day as he was passing through an ante-room. The little fellow carried this interesting piece of intelligence to his brother, and both of them mentioned it, as a good joke, to their mother, the same evening. Whether the lady had dropped some hint of what she had heard to her maid, or whether she had done so to the preacher himself, is not known; but so it was, that he found he had been discovered, and by what means also. The idea of having been detected in such a trivial trespass was enough to poison for ever the spirit of this juvenile presbyterian; his whole soul became filled with the blackest demons of rage, and he resolved to sacrifice to his indignation the instruments of what he conceived to be a deadly disgrace. It was Sunday, and after going to church, as usual, with his pupils, he led them out to walk in the country (for the ground on which the new town of Edinburgh now stands was then considered as the country by the citizens). After passing calmly, to all appearance, through several green fields which have now become streets and squares, he came to a place more lonely than the rest, and there, drawing a large clasp-knife from his pocket, he at once stabbed the elder of the boys to the heart. The younger one gazed on him for a moment, and then fled with shrieks of terror, but the murderer pursued with the bloody knife in his hand, and slew him also, as soon as he was overtaken. The whole of this shocking scene was observed distinctly from the old town by a number of people who saw every motion of the murderer, and heard the cries of the infants, although the deep ravine (formerly the North Loch, and now the Railway Station) between

them and the place of blood was far more than sufficient to prevent any possibility of rescue. The tutor sat down upon the spot, immediately after having concluded his butchery, as if in a stupor of despair and madness, and was only roused to his recollection by the touch of the hands that seized him. It so happened that the magistrates of the city were assembled together in their council-room, waiting till it should be time to walk to church in procession, when the crowd drew near with their captive. The horror of the multitude was communicated to them, along with their intelligence, and they ordered the wretch to be brought at once into their presence. It was an old law of Scotland, that when a murderer was caught in the very act of guilt, or, as it was called, *red-handed*, he could be immediately executed without any formality or delay. Never, surely, it was concluded, could a more fitting occasion be found for carrying this old law into effect. Gabriel was hanged within an hour after the deed was done, the knife, still reeking with the blood of his victims, being suspended from his neck, and the screams of the innocents still ringing in his ears.

"CLERK UPON STAIR."

On returning from a dinner of the Bannatyne Club at which Sir Walter Scott had presided, and where wit and wine had contended for the mastery, John Clerk (Lord Eldin) had the misfortune to tumble down stairs, and, *mirabile dictu*, broke his nose—an accident which compelled him to confine himself to the house for a day or two. He re-appeared, however, with a large patch on his olfactory member, which gave a most ludicrous expression to his face. On some one inquiring how this had happened, he said it was the effect of his studies.

"Studies!" ejaculated the inquirer, with a sly smile.

"Yes," growled the judge; "ye've heard, nae doubt, about *Coke upon Littleton*, but I suppose you never heard before of *Clerk upon Stair*?"

A GEOLOGIST REBUKED.

A geologist, more celebrated for his scientific attainments than for religious orthodoxy, was chipping rocks one Sunday at Dura Den. An old woman came up to him and asked angrily what he was doing.

"Don't you see, woman," said the geologist, "that I am breaking and examining these stones."

"I think ye're doing mair than that," said the woman; "ye're breaking the Sabbath-day."—*Dr Rogers.*

AN HONEST LAWYER.

In his professional character, Hugo Arnot had a most punctilious sense of honour. He would not accept of a case unless perfectly convinced of its justice. On one occasion being offered a cause, regarding the merits of which he entertained a bad opinion, he asked the person desirous of employing him—

"Pray, Sir, what do you suppose me to be?"

"Why," replied the would-be client, "I understand you to be a lawyer."

"I thought," said Arnot, sternly, "you took me for a scoundrel!" and indignantly dismissed the litigant.

ON SAFE GROUND.

A sheep-stealer, being once conveyed from Forfar to Brechin, on a very wet and stormy day, felt quite relieved when at last he got into the jail, and, shaking

himself, said with fervour, strangely in antithesis to his situation, "Thank God, we're now within biggit land!"

A VALUABLE TESTIMONIAL.

There was some humour to be found even in the Scottish kirk a hundred years ago. This is a minister's testimonial to one of his parishioners:

"To all his Majesty's loving subjects who can feel for a fellow-sinner in distress, I beg to certify that the bearer, W. J——, is the son of my old bellman, a man well known in this neighbourhood for his honest poverty and excessive sloth, and the son has inherited a full share of the father's poverty and a double portion of his indolence. I cannot say that the bearer has many active virtues to boast of; but he is not altogether unmindful of scriptural injunctions, having striven, and with no small success, to 'replenish the earth,' though he has done but little to subdue the same. It was his misfortune to lose his cow lately, from too little care and too much bare chaff; and that walking skeleton, which he calls his 'horse,' having ceased to 'hear the oppressor's voice, or dread the tyrant's load,' the poor man has now no means of repairing his loss but the skin of the defunct and the generosity of a benevolent public, whom he expects to be stimulated to greater liberality by this testimonial from—theirs, with respect, &c.,

WILL. LESLIE."

NO DOUBT!

An English gentleman visiting Speyside remarked to a shopkeeper that it must have been very awkward for the people of the north to be cut off for nearly a week by the snowstorm from all communication with London and other large towns.

"Vera true, sir," was the reply; "but ye maun mind that it was just as awkward for London an' the ither touns as it was for us."

A PAIR OF SNUFFERS.

Dr Johnson, when on one of his visits to the Hebrides, had two English gentlemen accompanying him on his tour. They went into a public-house on the roadside to have some refreshment, and, it being after nightfall, they were ushered into a miserable room, with a little piece of candle stuck into the mouth of a bottle; for in that part of the country nothing could be found in these public-houses but oatmeal and whisky. There being no snuffers, they burned their fingers by applying them for that use. Two days after or so, the doctor and suite, returning the same way, was determined to give the hostess a public insult for the scorching of his fingers. One of the gentlemen sent a note apprising her of the doctor's intentions. Accordingly she procured two old men, and besmeared their noses all over with snuff. The doctor, after being seated, immediately inquired for a pair of snuffers. The landlady ushered in the *worthy pair of snuffers*, saying, "There are a pair o' the auldest snuffers in the toun." The doctor was forcibly struck with the retort—"Noo, Dr Johnson," said the Meg Dods of her period, proud of the success of her stratagem, "you can tell the English bodies when you gae hame what excellent snuffers we hae in Scotland."

WELL CAUGHT.

"Ah, ye're at the schule now, are ye?" was the interrogatory of a countryman to a little nephew, who had a short time before commenced his education. "An' d'ye like the schule, my man?"

"Yes," whispered the boy, looking extremely bashful, and wiping his mouth with the cuff of his jacket.

"That's right! ye'll be a braw scholar, I'se warrand; how far are ye up noo?"

"Second dux."

"Second dux, say ye? od man, ye deserve something for that—(thrusting two whole penny pieces into the hand of the delighted urchin)—an' hoo mony's in ye'r class?"

"Me an' a lassie," was the triumphant reply of the pawky youth, and the discomfiture of the querist followed as a matter of course.

ESCAPE OF PRINCE CHARLES.

One night after the battle of Culloden Prince Charles slept at Moy, a castle belonging to the chief of the clan Mackintosh, about two leagues from Inverness. Lord Loudon, lieutenant-general in the service of King George, and colonel of a regiment of Highlanders, being at Inverness with about two thousand regular troops, the prince intended to wait the arrival of the other column before approaching nearer to that town. In the meantime Lord Loudon formed the project of seizing by surprise the person of the prince, who could have no suspicion of any attempt of the kind, conceiving himself in perfect security in the castle of Moy; and his lordship would have succeeded in this design but for the intervention of that invisible Being who frequently chooses to manifest His power in overturning the best contrived schemes of feeble mortals. His lordship, at three o'clock in the afternoon, posted guards and a chain of sentinels all round Inverness, both within and without the town, with positive orders not to suffer any person to leave it on any pretext whatever, or whatever the rank of the person might be. He ordered, at the same time, fifteen hundred men to hold

themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning; and having assembled this body of troops without noise and without alarming the inhabitants, he put himself at their head, and instantly set off, planning his march so as to arrive at the castle of Moy about eleven o'clock at night.

While some English officers were drinking in the house of Mrs Bailey, an innkeeper at Inverness, and passing the time till the hour of their departure, her daughter, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who happened to wait on them, paid great attention to their conversation; and from certain expressions dropped from them she discovered their designs. As soon as this generous girl was certain as to their intentions, she immediately left the house, escaped from the town, notwithstanding the vigilance of the sentinels, and immediately took the road to Moy, running as fast as she was able, without shoes or stockings, which to accelerate her progress she had taken off, in order to inform the prince the danger that menaced him. She reached Moy quite out of breath, before Lord Loudon; and the prince with difficulty escaped in his *robe de chambre*, nightcap, and slippers, to the neighbouring mountains, where he passed the night in concealment. This dear girl, to whom the prince owed his life, was in great danger of losing her own from excessive fatigue on this occasion; but the care and attentions she experienced restored her to life, and her health was at length re-established. The prince, having no suspicion of such a daring attempt, had very few people with him at the castle of Moy. As soon as the girl had spread the alarm, the blacksmith of the village of Moy presented himself to the prince, and assured his royal highness that he had no occasion to leave the castle, as he would answer for it with his head; that Lord Loudon and his troops would be obliged to return faster

than they came. The prince had not sufficient confidence in his assurances to neglect seeking his safety by flight to the neighbouring mountains. However, the blacksmith, for his own satisfaction, put his project in execution. He instantly assembled a dozen of his companions, and advanced with them about a quarter of a league from the castle, on the road to Inverness. There he laid an ambuscade, placing six of his companions on each side of the highway, to wait the arrival of the detachment of Lord Loudon, enjoining them not to fire till he should tell them, and then not to fire together, but one after the other. When the head of the advancing party was opposite the twelve men, about eleven o'clock in the evening, the blacksmith called out with a loud voice—

“Here come the villains who intend carrying off our prince; fire, my lads; do not spare them: give no quarter!”

In an instant muskets were discharged from each side of the road, and the detachment seeing their project had taken wind, began to fly in the greatest disorder, imagining that the whole army of the Scots was laying in wait for them. Such was their terror and consternation that they did not stop till they reached Inverness. In this manner did a common blacksmith, with twelve of his companions, put Lord Loudon and fifteen hundred regular troopers to flight. The fifer of his lordship, who happened to be at the head of the detachment, was killed by the first discharge, and the remainder did not wait for the second.

SALMON FISHING IN PERTHSHIRE.

There is, at a little distance from Ratray, a cascade or fall of water, about ten feet high, over a rugged rock, which forms a pool below, where salmon are caught. It goes by the name of the Keith Fish-

ing. The mode of fishing is curious : they make what they call a *drimuck*, resembling thin wrought mortar, which they throw into the pool to disturb the clearness of the water. The fishers stand upon the point of the rock, with long poles and nets upon the end of them, with which they rake the pool and take up the fish.—*Stat. Account.*

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The meanest servants, who are not at board wages, will not make a meal upon salmon if they can get anything else to eat. I have been told it here (Inverness) as a very good jest, that a Highland gentleman who went to London by sea, soon after his landing passed by a tavern where the larder appeared to the street, and operated so strongly upon his appetite that he went in ; that there were, among other things, a rump of beef, and some salmon ; of the beef he ordered a steak for himself ; "but," says he, "let Duncan have some salmon." To be short, the cook who attended him humoured the jest, and the master's eating was eightpence, and Duncan's came to almost as many shillings.—*Burt.*

A TOWN-CLERK OF OLD.

In the year 1694, Provost Anderson of Glasgow kept the town's books for £15 per annum, a tolerable proof of the extent of the corporation business, and the value of money at that period.—*Cleland.*

SCOTTISH TROOPS IN 1642.

I observed that these parties had always some foot with them, and yet if the horse galloped, or pushed on ever so forward, the foot was as forward as they,

which was an extraordinary advantage. Gustavus Adolphus, that king of soldiers, was the first that ever I observed, who found the advantage of mixing small bodies of musquetters among his horse, and had he had such nimble strong fellows as these, he could have proved them above all the rest of his men. These were those they call Highlanders : they would run on foot with their arms, and all their accoutrements, and keep very good order too, and yet keep pace with the horses, let them go at what rate they would. When I saw the foot thus interlined among the horse, together with the way of ordering their flying parties, it presently occurred to my mind, that here was some of our old Scots come home out of Germany, that had the ordering of matters : and if so, I knew that we were not a match for them. I confess the soldiers made a very uncouth figure, especially the Highlanders, the oddness and barbarity of their arms seemed to have in it something remarkable. They were generally tall swinging fellows ; their swords were extravagantly, and I think insignificantly broad, and they carried great wooden targets, large enough to cover the upper parts of their bodies. Their dress was as antique as the rest ; a cap on their heads, called by them a bonnet, long hanging sleeves behind, and their doublet, breeches, and stockings of a stuff they call plaid, striped across red and yellow, with short cloaks of the same. There were three or four thousand of these in the Scots army, armed only with swords and targets ; and in their belts some of them had a pistol, but no muskets at that time amongst them.—*Defoe.*

BREWSTER'S EPIGRAM.

When Sir David Brewster was bordering on eighty years of age, he was solicited by Miss Phoebe L., a young

lady from Fife, to inscribe some lines in her album. In vain did the philosopher protest that verse-making was not his *forte*. The lady would admit of no excuse—lides she would have; so, to release himself from her importunities, Sir David took a pen and wrote thus:—

"Phœbe,
Ye be
Hebe,
D. B."

MAN O' LAWYER.

John Clerk (Lord Eldin) was about as plain looking a man as could well be imagined. His inattention to dress was proverbial. In walking he had considerable halt, one of his legs being shorter than the other. Proceeding down the High Street one day, from the Court of Session, he overheard a young lady saying to her companion rather loudly—

"There goes Johnnie Clerk, the lame lawyer."

Upon which he turned round, and, with his usual face of expression, said—

"No, madam; I may be a lame man, but I'm not a lame lawyer!"

A HIGHLAND AIDE-DE-CAMP.

At the battle of Killiecrankie, Lochiel was attended by the son of his foster-brother. This faithful adherent followed him like his shadow, ready to assist him with his sword, or cover him from the shot of the enemy. Soon after the battle began, the chief missed his friend from his side, and turning round to look what had become of him, saw him lying on his back, with his breast pierced by an arrow. He had hardly breath before he expired to tell Lochiel, that, seeing an enemy, a Highlander in

General Mackay's army aiming an arrow at him from the rear, he sprang behind him, and thus sheltered him from instant death. *This is a species of duty not often practised by our aide-de-camps of the present day!*—Stewart.

A FLAGRA SPOT.

Near Nether Menzion, on the banks of the river Fruid, is the grave of Marion Chisholm, who is said to have come hither from Edinburgh, while the plague was raging there, and to have communicated the pestilential infection to the inhabitants of three different farms in the parish, by means of a bundle of clothes which she brought with her. In consequence, a number of persons died, and were buried in the ruins of their houses, which their neighbours pulled down upon their dead bodies.—*Stat. Account.*

PREACHER GEORDIE'S PRAYERS.

"Preacher Geordie," an itinerant minister and a great character in his way, famous all over Scotland seventy or eighty years ago, on one occasion ascended to the pulpit of a country church with his fiddle under his arm. He then very devoutly set about aiding the precentor, by means of the stringed instrument, in raising the tune. Observing some little tittering among the congregation—for the vigilance of his suspicion was extreme—he took occasion in his prayer, where, as he often said, he found himself least *straitened* to express himself in these or the like terms:—

"Good Lord, Thy people—Thine own peculiar chosen people of old—were wont to praise Thee with tabor, and with harp, and with sackbut, and with psaltery; and Thy douce and loyal servants were seen dancing and skipping, and snapping their fingers to Thy

praise, and weel were they rewarded for it. But now-a-days, nothing will serve us but sighing and graining, and squeaking and howling out dismal psalm-tunes, wi' feet nailed to the yird, an' faces an ell lang, an' muckle disloyalty in our hearts after a'. Gif Thy blessing reach us, it maun surely be mair by Thy favour than our ain gude guiding, I trow."

Geordie's prayer for the magistracy of Lochmaben was formerly far-famed.

"Lord," said he, "we pray Thee to rememiber the magistrates of Lochmaben, such as they are!"—*Blackwood*.

EXPLODING A FALLACY.

There is an ancient tradition among the natives of Taransay, in the Western Islands, that a man must not be buried in St Tarran's, nor a woman in St Keith's, because otherwise the corpse would be found above ground the day after it is interred. I told them this was a most ridiculous fancy, which they might soon perceive by experience, if they would but put it to a trial. Roderick Campbell, who resides here, being of my opinion, resolved to embrace the first opportunity that offered, in order to undeceive the credulous vulgar; and accordingly a poor man in this island, who died a year after, was buried in St Tarran's Chapel, contrary to the ancient custom and tradition of this place, but his corpse is still in the grave, from whence it is not like to rise until the general resurrection. This instance has delivered the credulous natives from this unreasonable fancy.—*Martin*.

A REAL DISSENTER.

One day a gentleman entered an hotel in Glasgow, and finding that the person who appeared to act as waiter could not give him certain information which he wanted, put the question,

"You do not seem to belong to the establishment?" "Deed no, sir," said the man, "I belong to the Free Kirk."

A HAPPY PARODY.

Lieutenant Charles Gray, of the marine corps, and author of a volume of *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish language*, was once obliged by the boatmen at Deal to pay an exorbitantly high fee for carrying him on shore from his vessel. Recollecting that this was the scene of Gay's well-known ballad, he immediately penned the following epigram:—

"When Black-eyed Susan came on board—
If from the beach the Deal-men barged
I wish it had been on record,
How much those smuggling fellows charged her."

A LINGING "MEMENTO MORI."

When Queen Victoria visited Dundee, some years ago, the town council provided a piece of crimson cloth for her majesty to pass from the steamer to the royal carriage. At a subsequent meeting a discussion arose as to what should be done with the cloth, when a learned councillor proposed to preserve it "as a *memento mori* of the royal visit!"

THE ANTIQUITY OF WHISKY.

There is good evidence for supposing that no less a person than Osiris, the great god of Egypt, was the *first distiller of whisky* on record; for the Egyptians had, from time immemorial, a distillation or brewage from barley, called by the Greeks barley-wine, not inferior, they say, in flavour, and superior in strength, to wine. Allusion is made to

this liquor in several passages of ancient writers. The poor people of Egypt drank it instead of wine, and were wont to intoxicate themselves with it, just as our poorer people do with whisky. It seems also to have been no stranger to the Hebrews; for reference is certainly made to it in the Old Testament, under the name of "strong drink," stronger than wine, and resorted to by determined drinkers for the sake of inebriation. Among the Celtæ in Spain and France, it seems to have been common as a substitute for wine; Polybius speaks of a certain Celtic king of part of Iberia, or Spain, who affected great court pomp, and had in the middle of his hall golden and silver bowls full of this barley-wine, of which his guests and courtiers sipped or quaffed at their pleasure—a custom which, it is said, for many a century prevailed among his Celtic descendants, the reguli chiefs of our Scottish Highlands. The antiquity of this distillation is proved by the Egyptian tradition which ascribed its invention to Osiris. It may not improbably be supposed that the Egyptians communicated the invention to the Babylonians and Hebrews, who transmitted it northwards to the Thracians and Celtæ of Spain and Gaul, who, in their migrations north-westwards, carried it along with them into Ireland and our Scottish Highlands. Aristotle entertained an extraordinary notion of this potation. Those intoxicated with it, he says, fall *on the back part of their heads*; whereas those drunk with wine fall *on their faces*!—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE DOINGS AT "THE WELL."

My Leddy Penelope Penfeather had fa'an ill, it's like as nae other body had ever fell ill, and sae she was to be cured some gate naebody was ever cured, which was naething mair than

was reasonable; and my leddy, ye ken, has wit at wull, and has a' the wise folk out from Edinburgh at her house at Windywa's yonder, which it is her leddyship's will and pleasure to call Air-castle; and they have a' their different turns, and some can clink verses, wi' their tale, as weel as Rob Burns or Allan Ramsay; and some rin up hill and down dale, knapping the chucky stanes to pieces wi' hammers, like sae mony roadmakers run daft—they say it is to see how the world was made!—and some that play on all manner of ten-stringed instruments; and a wheen sketching souls, that ye may see perched like craws on every craig in the country, c'en working at your ain trade, Maister Francie; forby men that had been in foreign parts, or said they had been there, whilk is a' ane, ye ken, and maybe twa or three draggie-tailed misses, that wear my Leddy Penelope's follies when she has done wi' them, as her qucans of maids wear her second-hand claitches. So, after her leddyship's happy recovery, as they ca'd it, down cam the hail tribe of wiif geese, and settled by the well, to dine thereout on the bare ground, like a wheen tinklers; and they had sangs, and tunes, and healths, nae doubt, in praise o' the fountain, as they ca'd the Well, and of Leddy Penelope Penfeather; and, lastly, they behoved a' to take a solemn bumper of the spring, which, as I am tauld, made unco havoc among them or they wan hame; and this they ca'd Picknick, and a plague to them! And sae the jig was begun after her leddyship's pipe, and mony a mad measure has been danced sin' syne; for down cam masons and murgeon-makers, and preachers and player-folk, and Episcopalians and Methodists, and fools and fiddlers, and Papists and pie-bakers, and doctors and drugsters; by the shop-folk, that sell trash and trumpery at three prices; and so up got the bonny new Well, and down fell

the honest auld town of St Ronan's, where blythe decent folk had been heartsome enough for mony a day before ony o' them were born, or ony sic vapouring fancies kitted in their cracked brains.—*St Ronan's Well.*

AN ENGLISH NOTION OF HIGHLANDERS.

In Merchant's *History of the Rebellion*, published in London in 1746, we find him thus expressing his astonishment at the conduct of the Highlanders at Derby: "To see these savages, from the officer to the commonest man, at their several meals, first stand up and pull off their bonnets, and then lift up their eyes in a most solemn and devout manner, and mutter something in their own gibberish, by way, I suppose, of saying grace, *as if they had been so many Christians!*"

A "CLED SCORE."

A few years ago (1790), in the parish of Parton, Kirkcudbright, a man died above ninety, who, about eight months before his death, got a complete set of new teeth, which he employed till near his last breath to excellent purpose. He was four times married, had children by all his wives, and at the baptism of his last child, which happened not a year before his death, with an air of complacency he expressed his thankfulness to his Maker for having "at last sent him the *cled score*," i.e., twenty-one.—*Stat. Account.*

A LIVING WONDER.

Captain Basil Hall was dining at the house of a friend in Scotland; the party was large, and an errand boy from the kitchen had been arrayed in a sort of livery, and promoted for the nonce to

assist in waiting at table. The party was rather a dull one, as often happens when a number of guests are brought together promiscuously, and the captain was striving hard to break the ice by relating some of his most wonderful adventures by sea and land. At length he told them one story which seemed to himself almost to exceed the bounds of credibility, for he stopped short, and said, "Now, did ever any of you hear anything equal to that?" At that moment his eye happened to fall on the errand-boy, who, believing the question addressed specially to himself, without the least hesitation, replied, "Hoot, ay, sir, there's a lass in our kitchen that has a sister that has three thooms!"

"FAL-LAL WARK."

Old Jean M—— was as fine a specimen of the faithful attached Scottish domestic servant as you could wish to see. She was a strict Cameronian, and would quote Scripture with Mause Headrig any day.

The marriage of a lady connected with the family taking place, Jean desired to be present, and accordingly was admitted to witness the ceremony, which was celebrated according to the rites of the English Church. After it was over, she met one of the gentlemen in the hall, and indicating with a nod the room where the party was assembled, she thus expressed her opinion of the Episcopal wedding, "Awfu' fal-lal wark thon!"

FELLOW BLACK-COATS.

In the town of Beith, in Ayrshire, there was an original character who followed the vocation of a chimney sweeper. One day he had occasion to clean the chimneys of the manse; and, after the job was completed, he was called upon by the minister to state his

charge. In doing so, however, he overstepped the amount charged by the "sweep" who had formerly cleaned them. The minister said to him—

"John, man, yer aboon — wi' your price."

His darkness, however, patted the shoulder of his customer, and quietly said—

"I'm sure, sir, ye should ken us black-coated gentry are aye gey ill to pay."

A LESSON IN SPELLING.

John Clerk was arguing a Scotch appeal case before the House of Lords. His client claimed the use of a mill-stream by prescriptive right. Mr Clerk spoke broad Scotch, and argued that "the *watter* had run that way for forty years. Indeed, naeboddy kened how long, and why should his client now be deprived of the *watter*," &c. The chancellor, much amused at the pronunciation of the Scottish advocate, asked him, in rather a bantering tone, 'Mr Clerk, do you spell water in Scotland with two t's?'

Clerk was a little nettled at this hit at his national accent, and answered, "Na, my lord, we dinna spell *water* with twa t's; but we spell *mainners* wi' twa n's."

OPERATIC DUTIES.

Mr Taylor, at one time manager of the Opera House in London, was an Aberdeen man, and on one occasion his father paid him a visit. On his return home he was eagerly questioned about the great metropolis, and the profession which his son was following. To the latter query he answered, "He just keeps a *curn* o' queanics and a wheen widdifous, and gars them fussle, and loup, and mak murgeons to please the

great fowk." The English of this is, as near as possible, "He keeps a number of young girls and gallows birds, compels them to make whistling noises, jump about, and make fools of themselves before the audience."

SCOTTISH LAIRDS AND GERMAN PRINCES.

Mine reverend original Nathan M'Kie was once obliged to leave his rural abode, the manse of Baulmagie, and go to London on some important business; his friends in the mighty metropolis were glad to see him, and introduced the worthy eccentric everywhere as a piece of great curiosity. A young German lady, hearing of Nathan in some of her gay circles, wished very much to be some evening where he was, to see the rare Scotch clergyman, the which wish she was soon gratified with. After chatting with the strange man, in rather a saucy way, she asked at him if he knew "what kind of an animal a Scottish laird was?" adding, at the same time, that she had "read Buffon, Linnæus, and other naturalists, without finding any satisfaction." Nathan turned his queer phiz towards her, and quoth—(giving himself a *hursle* or twa at the same time)—"Wi' faith, madam, I'm nae great naturalist mysel' either, but I believe the Scottish laird is an animal unco like your petty German prince at hame, in being baith d—d poor, and just as proud."—*Mac-taggart*.

THE NUN OF HADDINGTON.

On Christmas eve, 1358, there happened an inundation in Lothian, great beyond example. The rivers, swollen by excessive rains, rose above their banks, and swept away many bridges and houses. Tall oaks, and other large trees, that grew on the banks, were

undermined by the waters, and carried off to the sea. The sheaves of corn laid out to dry in the fields were utterly lost. The suburb of Haddington, called the Nungate, was levelled to the ground. When the water approached the nunnery at Haddington, a certain nun snatched up the statue of the Virgin, and threatened to throw it into the river unless Mary protected her abbey from the inundation. At that moment the river retired, and gradually subsided within its ancient limits. "This nun," says Fordun, "was a simpleton, but devout, although not according to knowledge." If, however, she perceived any abatement of the inundation before she uttered her threats, she was not a simpleton.--*Dalrymple*.

A SOUND CRITIC.

religious old lady, when asked her opinion of the organs of a church, the first time she had seen or heard one, replied: "It's a very bonny kist fu' o' whistles; but, sirs, it's an awfu' way of spending the Sabbath-day!"

THE LAIRD OF BALMAWHAPPLE'S ELEGY.

Balmawhapple, mounted on a horse as headstrong and stifnecked as himself, pursued the flight of the dragoons above four miles from the field of battle, when some dozen of the fugitives took heart of grace, turned round, and, cleaving his skull with their broadswords, satisfied the world that the unfortunate gentleman had actually brains, the end of his life thus giving proof of a fact greatly doubted during its progress. His death was lamented by few. Most of those who knew him agreed in the pithy observation of

Ensign Maccombich, that there "was mair tint (lost) at Sheriff-muir." His friend, Lieutenant Jinker, bent his eloquence only to exculpate his favourite mare from any share in contributing to the catastrophe. "He had tauld the laird a thousand times," he said, "that it was a burning shame to put a martingale upon the poor thing, when he would needs ride her wi' a curb of half-a-yard lang; and that he couldna but bring himself (not to say her) to some mischief, by flinging her down, or otherwise; whereas, if he had had a wee bit rinnin-ring on the snaffle, she wad ha' rein'd as cannily as a cadger's pownie."

Such was the elegy of the Laird of Balmawhapple.—*Waverley*.

A BETHERAL'S OPINION.

In the town of Falkirk there lived a very notorious infidel, who gloried in profanity. On one occasion he was denouncing the absurdity of the doctrine of original sin. The betheral thought himself officially bound to put in his word, although the other was his superior. "Mr H., it seems to me that you needna fash yoursel' about original sin, for to my certain knowledge you have as much akwal sin as will do your business."

A PREMATURE GOOD WISH.

On one occasion an old beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, the author of "Tullochgorum," and other well-known Scottish songs, said to him, by way of thanks: "Oh, sir, I houp that you and a' your family will be in heaven the night."

"Well, well, my woman," said he, "I am very much obliged to you; only you need not have been just so particular as to the time; there's no need of being in such a great hurry."

“A FEARFUL ECLIPSE.”

February 25, 1597. Betwixt nine and ten forenoon, began a fearful eclipse which continued about two hours. The whole face of the sun seemed to be covered and darkened about half a quarter of an hour, in such measure that none could see to read a book. The stars appeared in the firmament. Sea, land, and air were still, and stricken dead as it were. The ravens and fowls flocking together, mourned exceedingly in their kind. Great multitudes of paddocks (frogs) ran together, making an uncouth and hideous noise; men and women were astonished, as if the day of judgment had been coming. Some women swooned. The streets of Edinburgh were full of cries. Some men ran off the streets to the kirk to pray.—*Culderwood.*

THE FIRST SCOTTISH STEAMBOAT.

On October 14, 1788, a boat was put in motion by a steam-engine, upon Mr Millar of Dalswinton's piece of water at that place. That gentleman's improvements in naval affairs are well known to the public. For some time past his attention has been turned to the application of the steam-engine to the purposes of navigation. He has now accomplished, and evidently shown to the world, the practicability of this, by executing it upon a small scale. A vessel, twenty-five feet long and seven broad, was, on the above date, driven with two wheels by a small engine. It answered Mr Millar's expectations fully, and afforded great pleasure to the spectators. The success of this experiment is no small accession to the public. Its utility in canals, and all inland navigation, points it out to be of the greatest advantage, not only to this island, but to many other nations in the world. The engine used is Mr Symington's patent engine.—*Scots Mag.*

LIKE DRAWS TO LIKE.

An idiot boy, or “natural,” who resided with his parents in Glasgow, used to disappear at intervals, and was generally found to turn up at Greenock. Being asked one day what peculiar attraction that town had to make him so fond of it, Jamie replied, with all the earnestness of a daft laddie

“It's a fine fell place Greenock, and 'the folk in't are just like mysel'!”

AN ANTITHESIS.

There was something very pungent in the incidental remark of a good man, in the course of his sermon, who had in a country place taken to preaching out of doors in the summer afternoons. He used to collect the people as they were taking air by the side of a stream outside the village. On one occasion he had unfortunately taken his place on a bank, and fixed himself on an *ant's nest*. The active habits of those little creatures soon made the position of the intruder upon their domain very uncomfortable, and afraid that his audience might observe something of this discomfort in his manner, apologised by the remark—

“Brethren, though I hope I have the word of God in my mouth, I think the deil himself has gotten into my breeks.”

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

There was an ancient of the name of Saunders in a village in the west, whose wit was held in repute as very sharp and *snell*. The laird, who was also a wag, met him one day driving a pig to market—

“Weel, Saunders,” quoth he, “ye're driving yer kizzen to the market.”

“Na, na, laird, he's jist an auld acquaintance like yersel'.”

A CANNY NOOK.

I knew an old woman who spoke Scotch, idiomatic and pure. Hearing that a young "probationer" whom she knew had fallen ill in my father's house—

"Weel, weel," said she, "the lad was in a canny nook when the tout cam."—*Dr Clason.*

A SILENT WOMAN.

There is a woman alive in Carluke at present (1793), who has for more than thirty years been occasionally possessed with a dumb spirit. When this spirit of dumbness, indeed, leaves her, she makes ample amends for her long silence. But she is generally seized with it again in a year or two. She then appears to have forgot the use of speech; and for years her teeth are so fixed together that it is with the utmost difficulty she can receive the necessaries of life.—*Stat. Account.*

BOWED DAVIE RITCHIE,

As the prototype of Sir Walter Scott's "Black Dwarf" was called, died in 1811, and lies buried in Manor churchyard. All of him is not there, however. Many years ago the bones of his legs were exhibited in the farmhouse of Woodhouse, in the neighbourhood. These bones possess a history, besides having from their curvature acquired for their owner his descriptive *sobriquet*. A rumour had gone abroad in the resurrectionizing times that Davie's body had been disinterred soon after his death, and taken to Glasgow to be dissected; when his sister died, 1821, the occasion of her burial was naturally considered a suitable opportunity for testing the truth of the rumour, which was then discovered to have had no foundation.

The leg bones, being objects of curiosity, were detained above ground, and at length found their way into reality to Glasgow, where the proprietor of Woodhouse was then resident, but they were afterwards returned to that place. In *Flora Subseiva*, by Dr John Brown, there is a curious account of the Black Dwarf's bones, with a figure of the *femur* and *tibia* of the left limb. Dr Brown says: "They were given to me many years ago by the late Andrew Ballantyne, Esq. of Woodhouse, and their genuineness is unquestionable." A friend who furnished him with some particulars of Davie's life, stated that "his legs bent all power of description; they were bent in every direction, so that Mungo Park, then a surgeon at Peebles, who was called to operate upon him, said he could compare them to nothing but a pair of cork-screws." His arms were of uncommon strength. This forlorn and misanthropic creature was introduced, in 1797, by Dr Ferguson to Walter Scott, then a barrister of six-and-twenty years of age, and on a visit to Hallyards. Robert Chambers, in one of his earliest writings, a little volume of *Illustrations of the Waverley Novels*, narrated some particulars he had learned of this interview, which took place in Davie's cottage. Scott's appearance produced a decided impression upon the recluse. "After grinning upon him for a moment with a smile less bitter than his wont, the dwarf passed to the door, double-locked it, and then, coming up to the stranger, seized him by the wrist with one of his iron hands, and said, 'Man, hae ye ony poo'er?' By this he meant magical power, to which he had himself some vague pretensions. Scott disavowed the possession of any gifts of that kind. But Davie's diagnosis had led him to a different conclusion. 'He has poo'er,' said the dwarf, in a voice which made the flesh of his hearers thrill. Scott was observed to be pale and agitated when he emerged from the hut,

the poor inhabitant of which as little wotted of the real magic of his visitor as that he himself would be immortalized by its potency."

NOT TO BE WONDERED AT.

A peace officer was brought before Provost Webster of Forfar, and convicted of having appropriated to his own use a sum of money, which, in the discharge of his official duty, he had recovered for behoof of a creditor. The worthy magistrate, in the course of administering a reproof to the delinquent, remarked, "that it was singular they could not get honest men to transact the business of the court;" to which the noways abashed offender made this brief but characteristic reply: "There need be nae wonder about it, sir; nae honest man wad do't."

On the 1st of May the herdsmen of every village hold their *Beltein*, a rural sacrifice. They cut a square trench on the ground, leaving a turf in the middle; on that they make a fire of wood, on which they dress a large caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk; and bring, besides the ingredients of the caudle, plenty of beer and whisky; for each of the company must contribute something. The rites begin with spilling some of the caudle on the ground, by way of libation: on that every one takes a cake of oatmeal, upon which are raised nine square knobs, each dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of their flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them. Each person then turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, and flinging it over his shoulders, says, "This I give to thee, preserve thou my horses; this to thee, preserve thou my sheep."

and so on. After that they use the same ceremony to the noxious animals: "This I give to thee, O Fox! spare thou my lambs; this to thee, O hooded Crow! this to thee, O Eagle!"

When the ceremony is over, they dine on the caudle; and after the feast is finished, what is left is hid by two persons deputed for that purpose; but on the next Sunday they re-assemble, and finish the reliques of the first entertainment.—*Pennant*.

A GOOD CAUTIONER.

Patrick Forbes, bishop of Aberdeen, had lent an unlucky acquaintance a sum of money, but instead of repaying it, he asked for an additional accommodation, and promised security. The bishop on that condition consented to the new loan, "but where is your security?" said he; when the poor fellow replied: "God Almighty is my bondsman in providence: He is the only security I have to offer." So singular a reply of a despairing man smote the feelings of the bishop, and he answered—

"It is the first time certainly that such a security was ever offered to me; and since it is so, take the money, and may Almighty God, your bondsman, see that it does you good."

AN UNSOPHISTICATED SERVANT.

A notable lady had long been annoyed and fretted by her town servants, and being no longer able to bear their manifold tricks and malpractices, she intimated to her friends her purpose of getting an unsophisticated girl from the country, whom she could train to her mind. She was fortunate enough in securing a young woman from a remote corner of the land, thoroughly recommended for activity, honesty, and good-nature. How the process of train-

ing went on, may be judged from the following specimen. The girl having seen something very wonderful going on in the street, in a tone of *unsophisticated* familiarity called to her mistress—

"Eh! woman, come here and see this."

"Woman! do you presume to call me, your mistress, a woman?"

"Ay—if ye are no a woman, what are ye? Are ye a *speerit*?"—*Dr Clason*.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

Peter Drummond, beadle and minister's man at St Monance, was one of the most amusing and eccentric characters of his class. The minister, Mr Gillies, had reproved Peter for giving a short day's work, as he "left of at sunset, while his neighbours were known to thrash their grain with candlelight."

"Weel, sir," said Peter, "gin ye want the corn flailed by cannie-light, I'll dae your wull."

Next day, at noon, Mr Gillies was passing the barn, and hearing the sound of Peter's flail, he stepped in. A candle was burning on the top of a grain measure.

"Why this folly and waste, Peter?" said the minister, pointing to the candle.

"Dinna ye mind, sir," said Peter, "that ye wanted the corn thrashed by cannie-light!"

The minister replied, angrily, "Peter, you shall have no more candles."

Some days after, Mr Gillies had to set out on horseback to visit a sick parishioner. He requested Peter to saddle the horse. It was evening, and Peter, after remaining some time in the stable, led out the *cow* saddled and bridled.

"I wish I haena made a mistake, sir," said Peter; "but since I've got nae cannie, it's no muckle wonder that I hae put the saddle on the wrang beast."

Fairly overcome by Peter's drollery, Mr Gillies withdrew his restriction from the candles.—*Dr Rogers*.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

At a criminal trial, just as the counsel for the prisoner was about to open his address, Lord Braxfield, who was president, muttered loud enough to be heard by a considerable part of the court—

"Ye may spare your pains; we're determined to hang the scoundrel at ony rate!"

A BETTER CROWN.

Archibald, first marquis of Argyle, on being condemned for high treason, lifted up his eyes and said:

"I had the honour to set the crown upon the king's head, and now he hastens me to a better crown than his own." He was beheaded with the Maiden at the Cross of Edinburgh, May 27, 1661.

THE KNIGHT AND THE CATARAN.

Sir David Lindsay, first Earl of Crawford, who proved the victor in the celebrated tournament with John Lord Welles at London-bridge in 1390, about two years after, nearly lost his life in an affray with some of the clan Donachie, who, with Duncan Stewart, natural son of the Wolf of Badenoch, were ravaging Glenisla, the north-west of Angus; and were encountered at Glenbrerith, about eleven miles north of Gasklune, by the Lindsays and Ogilvies. Armed at all points, and on horseback, Sir David made great slaughter among the catarans, but having pierced one of them with his lance, and pinned him to the ground, the latter writhed his body upward on the

spear, and collecting all his force, with a last dying effort, fetched a sweeping blow with his broadsword, which cut through the knight's stirrup-leather and steel boot—

"Three ply or four above the foot,"
to the very bone,—

"That man na straik gave but that ane,
For there he deit; yet nevertheless
That guid Lord there wounded wes,
And had deit there that day,
Had not his men had him away,
Agane his will, out of that press."

—*Wyntoun's Cronykil.*

A CAUTIOUS UPBRAIDER.

The Earl of R. was so weak in his mind, or rather so unmanageable, that his relations had to confine him in the Canongate jail, there being then no other asylum for the reception of lunatics at Edinburgh. Some English officers, belonging to the Duke of Cumberland's army, happening to visit the prison, and being informed that it had no less distinguished a tenant than an earl, asked his lordship, in much surprise, how he got into such a place as this.

"Deed, gentlemen," replied the lunatic, whose mind, like that of other idiots, occasionally gave forth strange flashes of wit, as the darkest nights are illuminated by the brightest lightning, "I got in here, in somewhat the same manner that you got into the army—less by my ain deserts than by the interest of my friends."

His lordship, being brother-in-law to Lord Lovat, was suspected of Jacobitism, and, after the Highland army had gone to England, was examined on that account by some of the state officers. On its being imputed to him that he had wished well to the rebels while they remained in Edinburgh,—

"Me!" he cried, "me wish them weel! a pack o' nasty, lousy, low-lived scoundrels—as I tell'd them they were—they would never do any gude in this

world; but gang to the next on a widdy."

"How!" cried the examiners; "did you really tell them so, my lord?"

"That I did, indeed," said the earl; to which, however, he added *sotto voce*, only I loot them be twa mile awa' first."

A CORNET CAUGHT.

An English regiment stationed at Peterhead, not long after the Rebellion of 1745, received such polite attentions from the inhabitants, that the colonel determined, by way of expressing his gratitude, to invite the principal inhabitants to dinner. Among those selected for invitation was Bishop Dunbar; but some one, on being told so by the colonel, remarked that that person was only a Scotch bishop, and perhaps unworthy of the honour he designed to confer upon him.

"Oh, never mind that," cried the Englishman; "my father was a bishop, and I respect the title, by whatever countryman it may be borne."

Not satisfied with this, he called upon the bishop in person, and requested, in very respectful terms, the honour of his company. The bishop, who was a man of a very modest and retired mode of life, desired to be excused, on the plea of his age and infirmities, and also represented to the colonel, that, as his principles forbade him to join in certain public toasts, it would perhaps be just as agreeable to all parties that he should not attend. The colonel would by no means listen to any excuses, and at last succeeded in obtaining the old man's consent, though not before he had promised that no toast should be given at all calculated to offend the feelings of the guest. At dinner everything proceeded well; but on "The King" being given, after the withdrawal of the cloth, and the bishop drinking it with the pre-

liminary addition of the word "rightful," a coronet swore a violent oath, and exclaimed—

"That is not King George, sir."

"I take you all to witness," said the old clergyman, placidly, but with triumph beaming in his eye, "this young gentleman says King George is not our rightful sovereign!"

This good thing was hailed by a burst of laughter at the coronet's expense.

ABERDEEN CATHEDRAL.

The high altar of the cathedral at Aberdeen, a piece of the finest workmanship of the kind in Europe, was hewn to pieces in 1649, by order of the parish minister. The carpenter employed for this infamous purpose, struck with the noble workmanship, refused

to lay a tool on it, till the more than Gothic priest took the hatchet from his hand, and struck the first blow. So violent was the zeal of that reforming period against all monuments of idolatry, that perhaps the sun and moon, very ancient objects of false worship, *wined their safety to their distance.*—*Douglas.*

WILL BROWN OF MUIRKIRK.

There formerly lived at Muirkirk, in Ayrshire, a natural fool called Will Brown, of whom many droll anecdotes are related. Whether Will possessed a vein of real wit, or only said good things by chance, is uncertain; but assuredly some of his sarcasms, if pronounced by a sane man, would have been esteemed in the highest degree.

Will, for instance, was one day present at the edge of a frozen lake near his native town, where some gentlemen, fond of the sport of curling, had assembled, but were in some doubt as to the

validity of the ice. Thinking that Will would make an excellent cat's-paw, they asked if he would be the first to go on, and they would immediately follow.

"Oh no," said the natural, "I hae mair manners than to gang afore gentlemen."

On another occasion, some gentlemen of the neighbourhood of Muirkirk were deliberating with a number of engineers as to the proper place for sinking a coal pit. In the midst of their anxious deliberations, Will thrust in his advice.

"Gentlemen," said he, "what d'ye say to Airmoss?"—a deep morass not far off—"if ye dinna get coal there, ye're sure o' peat at ony rate."

It is recorded of Will, that, calling once at a farm-house in a moorland part of the country, the goodwife fed him with a piece of bread and butter, to conduct to the next town a blind man, who had, in a similar manner, been led to her house that forenoon. Will went away with the mendicant and the piece; and as long as any part of the latter remained uneaten, the former had no reason to complain. When the piece was done, however, all sense of the duty which he had undertaken was done too; and he said to his travelling companion, "Blind man, d'ye see yon peat-stack? hand straight for it, and ye'll find a house." And the blind man, like Lord Ullin, "was left lamenting," Will immediately striking off towards his own home.

ALE-HOUSES.

Dram-drinking is common; alehouses numerous. They are the resort of the vagrant, the idle, and the profligate; they gradually become a snare to the sober and industrious, and are producing the worst effects upon the health, the morals, and domestic comfort of the people. This growing evil might, in

some measure, be stopped, by limiting the number of alehouses, and imposing some restraints as to the hours during which they should be kept open. The justices have power to do so. The steady exertion of these powers is what is wanting.—*Stat. Account.*

THE CITY WATCH.

1625. In Edinburgh the nightly guard of thirty men being laid down, the city watch by night was put upon the ancient footing, whereby the citizens by turns were to watch every twenty-fifth night.—*Maitland.*

A ROGUE OUTWITTED.

1329. Thefts had become so frequent in Scotland, that husbandmen were obliged to house their ploughshares every night. Randolph, regent in the minority of David II., ordered that all ploughshares should be left in the fields, and, if stolen, that the country should refund their value. A certain husbandman hid his ploughshare, and, pretending that it had been stolen, obtained its value from the sheriff of the county. The cheat happened to be discovered, and the husbandman was hanged for theft.—*Dalrymple.*

A TRANSMOGRIFICATION.

A worthy tradesman of the gravely pleasant town of Peebles, having been elected as a magistrate at the morning meeting of the local town council, took a walk up the Tweed, by way of Neidpath Castle, in the cool of the evening, to cogitate upon his newly-acquired greatness. Overcome with his own importance, he stumbled upon a cow which was being milked. The cow made a move, and the milker, in wrath,

cried out, "Man, can ye no keep off my cow?"

"Woman," exclaimed the burghess, "I'm no a man, I'm a baillie!"

A PUNNING PREACHER.

The Rev. Hamilton Paul, an Ayrshire minister, better known as the writer of a memoir of Burns, was a reviver of Dean Swift's walk of wit in the choice of texts. When he left the town of Ayr, where he was understood to have been a great favourite with the fair sex, he preached his valedictory sermon from this passage, "And they all fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him." And at another time, when he was called on to preach before a military company, who were clothed in green uniforms, he preached from the words, "And I beheld men like trees, walking."

A GOOD EATER.

A lady in the north having watched the proceedings of a guest, who ate long and largely, she ordered the servant to take away his plate, as he had at last laid down his knife and fork. To her surprise, however, he resumed his work, and she apologised to him, say, "I thought, Mr —, you had done."

"Oh, so I had, mem," said he; "but I just fand a doo in the redd o' my plate!"

CORN AND CHAFF.

Here is a characteristic saying which, I fear, will rather shock the feelings of our Free Kirk brethren, but I trust they will pardon the sentiment expressed for the sake of the pithy expression at the time of the Disruption. One old worthy was told, like many another, by the local agents of the outgoing

party, that if she remained in the church she would be left with only the chaff of the summer thrashing wheat—all the goodly grain would be gone.

"I weel then," said she, "I'm feared ye maun be some o' the licht corn o' Egypt; for I never heerd tell o' corn that flee't awa' and cauff that bided ahint in a' my time."

CATCHING A TARTAR.

Lord President Campbell, after the fashion of those times, was somewhat addicted to browbeating young counsel; and as bearding a Judge is not a likely way to rise in favour, his Lordship generally got it all his own way. Upon one occasion, however, he caught a tartar. His Lordship had what are termed little pigs' eyes, and his voice was thin and weak. Corbet had been pleading before the Inner House, and, as usual, the President commenced his attack, when his intended victim thus addressed him: "My Lord, it is not for me to enter into any altercation with your Lordship, for no one knows better than I do the great difference between us. You occupy the highest place on the Bench, and I the lowest at the Bar; and then, my Lord, I have not your Lordship's voice of thunder,—I have not your Lordship's rolling eye of command."—*Court of Session Garland.*

A HATTER IN LAURENCEKIRK.

About eighteen or nineteen years ago (1790), a hatter went from Edinburgh to settle in the town of Laurencekirk. Having arrived upon a Saturday, he attended public worship on Sunday; but seeing only three hats in the whole church besides his own, he was so discouraged that he dropped his scheme, and left the place on Monday. But

were he now here he would hardly see a single bonnet in the whole congregation.—*Stat. Account.*

CHAMPED POTATOES.

Mashed potatoes in milk and butter—one of the very best of dishes. I defy the most skilful French cook that ever lived to make a dish of a more delicious nature; and no confectioner's shop in the kingdom has anything to compare with them: they are truly glorious *dolly timmer*.—*Mactaggart.*

AN OMINOUS HINT.

A Fifeshire youth, recovering from sickness, solicited help from an aged landowner of miserly habits. Meeting with a rough refusal, he said—

"Ye're no very young, an' ye canna carry ony o' ye're gowd awa' wi' ye; and even though ye could, it wad a' be melted in five minutes."

THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES.

A member of the Glasgow Gaelic Club was so proud of his Celtic origin, that he was continually boasting of it. On one occasion he exclaimed in the hearing of Samuel Hunter, the famous editor of the *Herald*—

"I thank God that there is not a single drop of Lowland blood in my veins!"

Hunter slyly rejoined: "My friend, I am glad to ken that ye are certainly thankful' for sma' mercies."

GAUN TO A HOUSE.

About forty or fifty years ago (1824), *visiting* in the country was a very serious matter; that is to say, there was no such

thing as *hisre neebours* going to see how others were at their houses, unless there was some urgent business in hand between the parties, and even if there were, the visitor would seldom go into the house, but execute his mission, or what not, on the green, in the open air; for if he had, he would not have come out again, if a young man, without having himself *and* with one of the daughters of that establishment, which, being done, marriage had to ensue. The natives waited for the pair to be *crised* every Sabbath-day that came, in the *kirk*, and if no proclamation took place, the fellow was badgered and bantered about the girl wherever he went; at *shootings*, *kirns*, *prantice-loosings*, &c. The poor lassie would never be matched to another, so his soul would give way to the foolish scandal and *country clash* afloat, and he would enter the matrimonial state to get clear of them; thus, gaun to a house, as it was called, proved to be a sad matter often, if the lads and the lasses had not previously engaged other at *kirk-style*, or some such famous courting *howffs* or haunts.—*Mactaggart*.

A DRILL-SERGEANT ON SOLDIERS.

Gould, a famous drill-sergeant of the old Edinburgh Volunteers, on one occasion called out to his regiment, "Steady, gentlemen, steady; a soldier is a mere machine! He must not move—he must not speak; and, as for thinking, no! no!—no man under the rank of a field-officer is allowed to think!"

THE LUCKENBOOTH.

The *Luckenbooth* row, which contains the *Talbooth*, or city prison, and the weighing-house, which brings in a revenue of £500 per annum, stands in the middle of the High Street (Edin-

burgh), and, with the guard-house, contributes to spoil as fine a street as most in Europe, being in some parts eighty feet wide and finely built.—*Pennant*.

NEW WARK AND AULD WARK.

The old Presbyterian general, David Leslie, as is well known, chose at the Restoration to repent of all the deeds of his youth, and express himself a sound and zealous royalist. Charles II., it is also well known, made him a peer, under the title of Lord Newark. A loyalist of older standing, and who had perhaps experienced some sound blows from Leslie's troopers in his younger days, is said to have remonstrated with the king upon a proceeding which showed so much disrespect for his old friends.

"By my soul," said this bold cavalier, "instead o' raising him to the peerage for his new wark, there wud hae been mair justice if your majesty had raised him to the gallows for his auld wark."

A GREEDY GRAVEDIGGER.

John Somerville, the bellman and sexton of Manor, in Peeblesshire, a singularly greedy old man, used to haunt people, who were likely soon to require his services, like a shark following a fever-ship at sea. Whenever he heard of any person in the parish being seized with anything like mortal illness, he would draw towards the house, inquire with great apparent concern for the sufferer, and repeat his visits every day, till the event of either death or recovery. If admitted to see the sick, or informed of the particulars of the disorder, no physician could draw more accurate conclusions as to what the result would be. He tracked disease in all its steps with as much fidelity as the vulture or the carrion-crow follows an

army, and with the same purpose. A death was a good thing to him, both *in prospectu* and *in esse*. He lived upon it before as well as after its occurrence. John, it must be understood, was very fond of broth and fat meat, and kept a register in his mind of every person's day for having the pot on in the parish. Now, this predilection of his was prodigiously gratified by these visitations to the houses of the sick; for the people always gave him a share of the food which they might have in preparation, as a sort of part-payment beforehand for his services. He had a trick, dependently of these professional visits, of dropping into people's houses about the dinner-hour, and was endowed with what may be called a natural propensity for pot-lucking; but though the hospitality of his hosts could not have permitted him, under any circumstances, to fare poorly, it was quite remarkable that when his official services were likely to be necessary, he was always better treated than at other times.

On a family having removed from the neighbouring parish of Stobo to that of Manor, John was rejoiced to hear that among the new settlers there was one who, in all probability, would soon, as he phrased it, "come his road." A single customer procured in this unexpected way was to John as good as other ninety-nine who could not have gone past him. Yet the joy of his mind was not altogether unalloyed. Busy fancy suggested to him the possibility of the family retaining an affection for the burying-ground of their former parish, which might, perhaps, prove the means of depriving him of his victim after all. To settle the important point, he one day made bold to step up to Caverhill, where the family in question resided. He asked for Mrs S——, of whom he had some previous acquaintance, and was shown into a room. Mrs S. was too unwell to see him, but Miss S., her daughter, came in her place. John in-

troduced himself with a thousand bows and scrapes, and began a long string of well-learned condolences upon the subject of Mr Walter's illness. "How did she think he was? Was there any chance of his *winnin' through*? What hopes did the doctor gie them?" &c. &c. After half an hour of tiresome commonplace, and when the young man's illness had been amply discussed, and considerable hopes of his recovery expressed by his sister, John terminated the conversation with the decisive question—

"But, dear me, Miss S., where do you bury? Have ye ground in Stobo, or do you intend to take up wi' Manor?"

Miss S., confounded at the atrocious impudence of the wretch, permitted him to depart without gratifying his curiosity.

BURNS AND THE LAWYER.

A writer who happened to be present in a company along with Robert Burns, when the conversation turned on "Tam o' Shanter," and stung, perhaps, with that sarcastic touch on the legal fraternity—

Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
With lies scam'd like a beggar's clout,

remarked, that he thought the witches' orgies obscure.

"Obscure, sir!" said Burns; "ye know not the language of that great master of your own art, the devil! If you get a witch for a client, you will not be able to manage her defence."

LUNCHEONS.

Luncheons are the disturbers o' a' earthly happiness. In my hauns it becomes an untimorous dinner; for after a hantle o' cauld meat, muirfowl pies, or even butter and bread, what reasonable cretur can be ready afore gloamin' for

a het denner? So, when'er I'm be-trayed into a luncheon, I mak it a luncheon wi' a vengeance; and then order in the kettle, and finish aff wi' a jug or twa, just the same as gin it had been a regular denner wi' a table-cloth. Bewaur the tray.—*Noctes Ambros.*

A CONJUGAL REBUKE.

Doctor Kidd of Aberdeen once gave his wife money to purchase a chest of drawers, but the lady being "glamoured" with the sight of a new bonnet, invested part of the cash for it, returning home minus the drawers. On the following Sabbath she came to church late, with her new bonnet on, whereupon, on her approaching her scat, the minister audibly remarked from the pulpit: "Here comes Mrs Kidd with a chest of drawers on her head!"

A HAPPY TITLE.

Mr Matthew Ross, a former Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, though a lawyer of reputation, was rather of diminutive stature. About the time General Kerr's estate of Littledean was advertised for sale, John Clerk made up to Mr Ross, and told him that this property would be a very desirable purchase for him, "as you know, in that case, you would be Little Dean of that ilk."

A PROCEEDING IN EQUITY.

Dr Stewart, the founder of Stewart's Hospital, Edinburgh, had no near relations. It happened, however, in the latter part of his life, that he became acquainted with a mason of his own name, who proved to be a distant kinsman. This man, who was in humble circumstances, had a family of twelve

children, all of whom had arrived at maturity. To each of eleven of these, the twelfth being probably omitted by oversight, the doctor bequeathed a legacy of £100. The mason having got notice of the particulars of this will, was naturally anxious that his children should partake equally of the doctor's bounty. He took an early opportunity, therefore, of calling his whole family together, and having informed them that Dr Stewart had left £100 to each of them except one, whom he did not name, recommended them to sign an agreement that the £1100 should be equally divided among the twelve. To this proposal all parties cheerfully consented, as no one could tell on whom the loss would fall, if any one should refuse to concur in such a measure. Thus the whole twelve were very nearly as well provided for as if each had been left £100.

THE LOUPING AGUE.

Twenty or thirty years ago (1797), what is commonly called the *loup-ague* greatly prevailed in Forfarshire. This disease, in its symptoms, has a considerable resemblance to *St Vitus's dance*. Those affected with it, when in a paroxysm, often leap or spring in a very surprising manner, whence the disease has derived its vulgar name. They frequently leap from the floor to what, in cottages, are called the *baulks*, or those beams by which the rafters are joined together. Sometimes they spring from one to another with the agility of a cat, or whirl round one of them with a motion resembling the fly of a jack. At other times they run, with astonishing velocity, to some particular place out of doors, which they have fixed on in their minds before, and perhaps mentioned to those in company with them, and then drop down quite exhausted. It is said that the clattering

of tongs, or any noise of a similar kind, will bring on the fit. This melancholy disorder still makes its appearance; but it is far from being so common as formerly. Some consider it as entirely a nervous affection; others as the effect of worms. In various instances, the latter opinion has been confirmed by facts.—*Stat. Account.*

COACHES IN EDINBURGH.

The first introduction of coaches into Edinburgh seems to have been in 1610, when Henry Anderson, a native of Pomerania, offered to bring from the continent coaches and waggons, with horses to draw them, and servants to attend. A patent was granted to him, conferring the exclusive privilege for fifteen years of keeping coaches to run between Edinburgh and Leith, he agreeing not to take more than twopence sterling for each passenger.—*Anderson.*

SCOTLAND LONG AGO.

A German Diet; or, the Balance of Europe, by James Howell, Esq., London, 1653. In a work bearing the above title, with a perusal of which we have been favoured by a friendly correspondent, we find the following passage, in which the author "speaks his mind" about Scotland in a manner more free than complimentary:—

"Now for Scotland. Good Lord, what a pittifull poor country is it! It were no petty kinde of punishment to be banisht thither, for it is a country onely for those to dwell in that want a country, and have no part of the earth besides to dwell upon. In some parts the soyl is such, that it turns trees to stones, and wheat to oats; apples to crabbs, and melons to pumpions. In some places as you pass along, you shall

see neither bird in the aire, nor beast on the earth, nor worm creeping on the ground, nor scarce any vegetall, but a black gorsie soyl, a raw rheumatique air, or some craggy and squalid wild disconsolate hills: And touching Woods, Groves, or Trees, as *Stephen* might have 'scaped stoning in *Holland* for want of stones, so if *Judas* had betrayed Christ in *Scotland*, he might (as one sayd) have repented before he could have found out a tree to have hang'd himself upon."

THE BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN.

The battle of Camperdown was fought between the British and Dutch fleets, on October 11, 1797. The former was commanded by Admiral Duncan, a citizen of Edinburgh, who resided in George Square. He captured nine sail of the line, and took the Dutch admiral, De Winter, prisoner. The city of Edinburgh was splendidly illuminated in honour of this victory, on the 16th of the same month; and a few days afterwards, Duncan was created a British peer. The word "Camperdown" became the fashionable name in Edinaburgh. Everything was styled "Camperdown;" and it became so general that common salt was actually cried through the streets—

"Wha'll buy Camperdown salt?"

AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

A coach horse belonging to President Dalrymple, whose share in this odious transaction is well known, happening to *hang itself*, as the stable phrase goes, in the stall, an old testy coachman, of the name of John, was deputed from the stable to acquaint his lordship with the fact. The president, unable to comprehend how the animal should have accomplished its own death, and per-

haps suspicious of negligence on the part of its attendants, questioned the man a good deal as to the manner of the accident, the great burden of his inquiries being—

"But how, John, should the horse have hanged himself?"

Quite out of patience with so many frivolous questions, John at length exclaimed, "It certainly is a strange thing, my lord, that the puir beast should hae hanged himsel': I'm sure he had naething to do wi' either the Revolution or the massacre o' Glencoe!"

A FORMIDABLE WEAPON.

Snap, a sharp noise. A veteran soldier once told me that he would not be afraid to take a whole corps of gentlemen yeomanry cavalry prisoners with a *snap* candlestick!—*MacLaggart*.

A PRACTICAL EYE.

A commercial traveller from Glasgow having occasion to visit Germany in the course of his wanderings, wrote home to his "house" to the following effect:—"Elberfeld is a most beautiful valley, and has evidently been intended by Providence for Turkey-red dyeing establishments."

A QUEEN IN THE TOLBOOTH.

It may be seen from the popular song, entitled "The wee, wee German Lairdie," with how much contempt the Jacobites beheld the first prince of the Brunswick dynasty. Unfortunately, his majesty's domestic circumstances supplied them with an incident which gave ample scope to their satire. This was the alleged infidelity of his consort, who, on account of a supposed intrigue with a German count, was said, at the period

of King George's accession, to be suffering imprisonment in one of his foreign castles. The frequent allusions to this affair in their songs go far to induce a supposition that they almost revenged, by its means, the absurd but annoying state fiction which asserted their own king to be a supposititious child. They have been heard to relate, with peculiar satisfaction, a remark which an Aberdeen magistrate is said to have made upon King George's consort. At the first occurrence of the king's birthday after his accession, the public functionaries of this ancient city being assembled to drink his health, one of them, who, it appeared, was ignorant of the domestic history of the royal family, rose up and asked, in his peculiar dialect—

"Fat was to hinder them to drink the queen's health tre?"

"Hout, awa' man," replied the provost, pulling him back into his seat; "*she's i' the Towbeeth!*"—*R. Chambers*.

THE ROCKING STONE.

In the countrie of Stratherne, upon the Water of Farge, by Balward, there is a stone, called the Rocking Stone, of a reasonable bignesse, that if a man will push it with the least motion of his finger, it will moove verie lightly, but if hee address his whole force, hee profits nothing, which mooves many people to bee wonderfull merrie, when they consider such contrariety.—*Monipennie*.

A CONSCIENTIOUS WIDOW.

A widow of a few weeks' standing was one day seen by a man crossing the churchyard with a watering-pot and a bundle.

"Ah, Mistress MacTavish," said the man, "what's yer bus'ness wi' siclike gear as that ye are carryin'?"

"Aweel, Mr MacLachlan," replied

the widow, "I'm jist goun to my gudeman's grave. I've got some haystods that I'm goun to sow upon; an' the water; the pan is jist to gie them a spring, like!"

"The seeds winna want waterin'," rejoined Mr MacLachlan; "they'll spring fine o' themself's."

"That may be," said the widow, "but ye dinna ken that my gudeman, as he lay deein', just got me to promise that I'd never marry again till the grass had grown abune his grave; an' as I had a good offer made me but yestreen, ye see, I dinna like to brak my promise, or to be keepit a lane widow, as ye see me!" The man was rather taken aback by this remark, but he speedily recovered himself, and added with a hearty laugh—

"Water him weel, widow; water him weel," said he; "Mac was aye a drouthy ane!"

A venerable Scotch divine, who in his day and generation was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighbouring parish. On her proposing to make some beef tea, he inquired what it was, and being informed, he promised to get some prepared. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to take a certain quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterward, when the lady was surprised to see the beef tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent.

"Ay, ay," quoth the divine, "the tea may drink well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream as I did!"

A FLOOD EXTRAORDINARY.

An inhabitant of an upper flat in the highest part of the town of Glasgow was in company one evening, where a good deal of conversation passed on the subject of the Clyde overflowing its banks, and inundating the lower part of the houses of the Bridgegate (a street near the river). Next morning when he awoke, it being quite dark, and the former night's discussion still engrossing his thoughts, the first step he made out of bed was into a tub of water, which had accidentally been placed at the side of the bed. He could not help exclaiming—

"If the water is at this height up here, Heaven hae mercy upon the folk; i' the Briggate."

PLOUGHMAN VANITY.

What a consequence ploughmen assume sometimes when they meet at forges, giving directions to Vulcan how they want their *airns set*—how the *couter* must hang to the *sock*—how the *beam* and *head* agree—if land be *scanty* or *plenty*, and what not—to plough as *d'en as a die*—and put a *skin* on the *furr* as *sleek as a salmon*.—*MacTaggart*.

AN ELOQUENT AYRSHIRE MAN.

There once lived—it is believed about Maybole—a peasant named Will Dick, who, though only a thatcher of cottages, possessed a flow of language and a turn for fanciful caricature altogether surprising. He had a full, sonorous way of speaking, as if he had been taking large bites of something, and this peculiarity lent an additional characteristic charm to his sayings, but which, it is to be feared, cannot be conveyed along with them in print.

"Man," said Will, in describing a

country church he had been visiting, "there was a big sermon-greedy wife, that sat at the end o' the aisle; and she laid hersel' a' abreed to catch what fell frae the poopit. She sat just this way, man (laying himself back in his chair), wi' her apron spread down on her knees, and her head back on her seat, and her bannet and her mouth wide agape—exactly forment the minister. Man, I dinna believe that the folk ahint her got a single word o' what was gaun—it gaed a' swoofin down the thrapple o' that greedy wife, like reek pourin' out at a window."

On another occasion he was describing a harvest feast, at which he had been present.

"Ye see, we were a' put into the barn, and set down at twa lang tables; and they brought in the kail in things they ca'd tur-hecns. And sae we a' set to our wark wi' micht and main, and there was sic rattlin' o' spunes upon plates as the like was never heard sin' the warld was begun. Howanawbee, there was ae chiel there—he couldna be content wi' a dish, but he wad hae a tur-heen to himsel'; and, man, ye never saw sic a supper o' kail in ye'r born days! Od, they just ower his throat like dougs driving sheep, or cluds gaun ower the mune, or the kirk-port when it's skailin'!"—an accumulation of similes, all of which are so appropriate, that the sentence might be owned with pride by any living author.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

The curiousest thing to observe about the lasses, when they are gettin' drowsy during sermon, is their een. First a glazedness comes ower them, and the lids fa' down, and are lifted up at the rate o' about ten in the minute. Then the puir creatures gie their heads a shake, and, unwillin' to be overcome, try to find out the verse the minister

may be quotin'; but a' in vain, for the hummin stillness of the kirk subdues them into sleep, and the sound o' the preacher is in their lugs like that o' a waterfa'. Then, a' thegither unconscious o' what they're doin', they fix their glimmerin' een upon your face, as if they were dyin' for love o' you, and keep nid-noddin' upon you for great part o' ane o' the dizen divisions o' the discourse. You may gie a bit laugh at them wi' the corner o' your ee, or touch their fit wi' yours aneath the table, and they'll never sae much as ken you're in the same seat; and, finally, the saft rounded chin draps down towards the bonny bosom; the blue-veined violet eyelights close the twilight whose deny fall it was sae pleasant to behold; the rose-bud lips, slightly apart, reveal teeth pure as lily leaves, and the bonny innocent is as sound asleep as her sister at hame in its rockin' cradle.—*Noctes Ambros.*

DAFT RAB HAMILTON.

This poor creature for many years wandered about Ayr and the towns adjacent. He was a perfect idiot; but still there was a sort of shrewdness about him, especially in money matters, peculiar to those labouring under a similar malady. His mother lived in Ayr, but he himself was migratory. To-day he was in Ayr, to-morrow in Kilmarnock, the next in Mauchline, and so on. Of the genuineness of copper coin he was a perfect judge, at a time when that department of the currency was in no sound state. Little urchins in their waggeries tried him with old halfpence and lead penny-pieces; but Rab was wide awake to their tricks. "It's no gude," was the simple but emphatic judgment he pronounced on such occasions. Rab had a dash of the rogue about him too. An individual once gave him a twopenny copper-piece.

After squinting at it over his right shoulder, which was his ordinary mode of viewing anything, he said, "The colour's gude, but it's ower big." With a view to ascertain "whorlar it was a gude penny or no," he slipped into a baker's shop, and asked for "a bawbee bap." This he got, and three halfpence in change. He bolted out of the shop, and ran home with the utmost speed, thinking he had cheated the baker out of a penny. The baker happened to be running the same way; Rab thought he was in full pursuit, and immediately roared out as he ran, "I gat nae mair nor a bawbee—I gat nae mair nor a bawbee!"

For a long time, although a perfect adept in copper, Rab was totally ignorant of silver coin. One day, however, he happened to be in a grocer's shop, and saw a girl get six penny-pieces for a sixpence. Hitherto he had been in the habit of refusing silver, and people used to offer it to him in the perfect certainty that he would not accept it. Soon after the above incident, a gentleman having held out a sixpence and a penny-piece, and offered him which he pleased, Rab was not long in deciding which of the two to choose. "To show ye I'm no greedy, *I'll tak the wee ane.*"

The sixpence which he had got *fleshed* him to new energies. He pretended that he wanted to get a Bible, and levied contributions upon the public for so laudable a purpose in sixpences to a considerable amount. It often happened that he applied to the same individual more than once, or even twice, until he had got more than would have bought a score of Bibles. Mr C—— of Kilmarnock, upon being a third time applied to, was somewhat sceptical about Rab's appropriation of the money, and asked him "if he had not got the Bible yet?" "Ay," said Rab; "No—ay—I *maybe* may hae gotten the Bible; but losh, man, *I hae lost my Psalm-Book.*"

Rab was a regular attendant at Mr Peebles's church in Ayr; but some freak led him to go one Sunday, to hear Dr Auld, one of the Established clergy. Having posted himself close by the pulpit, he stuck his head through the railing which surrounded it. On finding he could not get it out again as easily as he put it in, he kept wriggling and whinnying till half the sermon was over. At last he roared out for help, and cried, "This is a judgment on me for leavin' Mr Peebles." After he had been extricated and quieted, he was asked why he put his head in there at all? "It was," he answered, "just to look on wi' anither woman."

A Highland regiment happening to come into Ayr a great many years ago with a poor ill-starred "Daft Jamie" at its head, Rab, recognising a brother in intellect, went up to him. After viewing each other "with lack-lustre eye," and contorting their faces in such a manner as to remind a beholder of the words of the poet,

"Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at the
other,
And wags his empty noddle at his brother."

Rab accosted Jamie with, "Are ye Mister James?"

"Ay; and I reckon ye are Daft Rab Hamilton?"

"Ou ay; losh, man, 'am dry."

"Weel," said Jamie, "I hae thrip-pence."

The two slunk into the inn, and called for a bottle of porter. The waiter, however, had by mistake brought a bottle of ink, which Rab decanted into a jug and drunk to the bottom, whilst Jamie was looking at the troops from the window.

"The porter wur gude, but uncommon sour, Mister James. Hae, there's the joug."

On perceiving it empty, Jamie threw it at the head of his companion, who now made a dash downstairs, screaming

with terror, "Catch me drinkin' wi' daft folk again!"

It is reported that this unfortunate being was some years ago deprived of life by poison administered by some ruffians, whom the public authorities, in despite of the most indefatigable exertions, could not discover. — *Robert Chambers.*

WASHING DAY AT COURT.

A Paisley bailie, whose cranium doubtless had a larger bump of ideality than of consciousness, was asked, as a joke, on his return from London, whether he had seen the king, and been invited to dine with him. He coolly replied—

"Of course, I saw the king; and while he was very happy to see me, he added, 'that he was very sorry indeed to say that he could not ask me that day to my dinner, as the queen was thrang wi' a washing.'"

"TAKE UP YOUR HAND."

The Edinburgh lawyers of fifty years ago were a race very much addicted to hard drinking. Drinking indeed intruded itself into every scene of their lives; and as much of their business was necessarily performed in taverns, on account of the wretched accommodations of their own houses in the old town, the ink-glass and the claret-stoup were alike dear to them; and they could scarcely attempt to take a supply from the one, but the pen was in danger of being immersed in the other. A gentleman, who will be long remembered for his talent of saying good things, was one night engaged with a judge in a tremendous "bouse," which lasted all night, and till within a single hour of the time when the court was to meet next morning. The two cronies

had little more than time to dress themselves in their respective houses, when they had to meet again, in their professional capacities of judge and pleader in the Parliament House. Mr C——, it appears, had in the hurry of his toilet thrust the pack of cards he had been using over night into the pocket of his gown; and thus, as he was about to open the pleadings, in pulling out his handkerchief, he also pulled out fifty-two witnesses of his last night's debauch, which fell scattered within the bar.

"Mr C——," said his judicial associate in guilt, with the utmost coolness, "before you begin, I think ye had better tak up your hand."

A GOOD REASON.

Tam Neil was questioned one day by a lady, at whose house he was employed in making some repairs, as to the reason why people of his profession were so extravagant in their charges for coffins. 'Tam looked very mysterious, and agreed to inform her of the secret for the matter of a good glass of "Athole brose;" which moderate stipulation being immediately implemented, he told her, "Weel ma'am," he said, "ye see the way we charge sae muckle for coffins, is because they're ne'er brought back to be mended!"

THE BEST CRAP.

A baby was out with its nurse, who walked it up and down a garden.

"Is't a laddie or a lassie, Jess?" asked the gardener.

"A laddie," said the maid.

"Weel," said he, "I'm glad o' that; there's ower many lasses in the world already."

"Hech, man," said Jess, "div ye no ken there's aye maist sawn o' the best crap?"

COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

One night, sitting later than usual, sunk in the profundities of a great folio tome, the Rev. Dr Wightman of Kirkmahoe imagined he heard a sound in the kitchen inconsistent with the quietude and security of a manse, and so taking his candle he proceeded to investigate the cause. His foot being heard in the lobby, the housekeeper began with all earnestness to cover the fire, as if preparing for bed—

"Ye're late up to-night, Mary."

"I'm jist rakin' the fire, sir, and gaun to bed."

"That's right, Mary; I like timeous hours."

On his way back to the study he passed the coal-closet, and turning the key took it with him. Next morning at an early hour there was a rap at his bedroom door, and a request for the key to put a fire on.

"Ye're too soon up, Mary; go back to your bed yet."

Half-an-hour later there was another knock, and a similar request in order to prepare the breakfast.

"I don't want breakfast so soon, Mary; go back to your bed."

Another half hour, and another knock, with an entreaty for the key, as it was washing day. This was enough. He rose and handed out the key, saying—

"Go and let the man out."

Mary's sweetheart had been imprisoned all night in the coal-closet, as the minister shrewdly suspected, and, Pyramis-and-Thisbe-like, they had breathed their love to each other through the key-hole.—*Rev. D. Hogg.*

NATIVES OF THE ISLE OF SKYE.

As to the size of the people, they are of a low stature, the men in general from five feet four inches to five feet eight. There are very few men who

are six feet high; they are, however, active and lively. The common people of Skye are blessed with excellent parts; a liberal share of strong natural sense, and great acuteness of understanding. They are peaceable and gentle in their dispositions, and are very industrious when they work for themselves; but when they work for hire or wages, they are inclined to be lazy and indifferent; they are rather too fond of changes and emigrations; and though they are brave and very loyal, they are averse to the naval and military services, and are extremely disgusted with the idea of being pressed.—*Stat. Account.*

A REBUKE FROM BURNS.

Burns called once on a certain lord in Edinburgh, and was shown into the library. To amuse himself till his lordship was at leisure, the poet took down a volume of Shakspeare, splendidly bound; but on opening it he discovered, from the gilding, that it had never been read, and also that the worms were eating it through and through. He therefore took out his pencil and wrote the following lines in it. They, however, were only discovered by accident about twelve years afterwards!

"Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings."

A USEFUL CAUTION.

A farmer, the elder of a rural parish in Forfarshire, was suggesting to his lately-appointed and youthful pastor, how he should proceed in his ministerial visitations. "When ye ca' on John Ramage o' the Hillfoot, sir, ye may speak aboot onything but ploughin' an' sawin'. John, ye see, sir, is sure to notice your deficiency on thae matters;

and if he should find oot that ye dinna ken aboot ploughin' and sawin', he'll no gie ye credit for understanding anything else."—*Dr Rogers.*

BAPTISM UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The only amusement in which Ralph Erskine, the father of the Scottish Secession, indulged, was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a poet writes a song to a particular air. They also tell the following anecdote connected with the subject:—

A poor man, in one of the neighbouring parishes, having a child to baptise, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose tenets fame gave a better report. With the child in his arms, therefore, and attended by the full complement of old and young women who usually minister on such occasions, he proceeded to the manse of ———, some miles off (not that of Mr Erskine), where he inquired if the clergyman was at home.

"Na; he's no at hame yeenoo," answered the servant lass; "he's down the burn fishing; but I can soon cry him in."

"Ye needna gie yoursel' the trouble," replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; "nane o' your fishin' ministers shall baptizee my bairn."

Off he then trudged, followed by his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman, at the distance of some miles. Here, on his inquiring if the minister was at home, the lass answered—

"Deed, he's no at hame the day;

he's been out since sax i' the morning at the shooting. Ye needna wait, neither; for he'll be sae made out when he comes back, that he'll no be able to say bo to a calf, let-a-be kirsan a wean!"

"Wait, lassie!" cried the man, in a tone of indignant scorn; "wad I wait, d'ye think, to haud up my bairn before a minister that gangs oot at six i' the morning to shoot God's creatures? I'll awa' down to gude Mr Erskine at Dunfermline; and he'll be neither out at the fishing nor shooting, I think."

The whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline, sure that the Father of the Secession, although not now a placed minister, would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports, to incapacitate him for performing the sacred ordinance in question. On their arriving, however, at the house of the clergyman, which they did not do till late in the evening, the man, on rapping at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home any more than his brethren, as he heard the strains of a fiddle proceeding from the upper chamber.

"The minister will no be at hame," he said, with a sly smile, to the girl who came to the door, "or your lad wadna be playing that gate t'ye on the fiddle."

"The minister *is* at hame," quoth the girl, "mair by token it's himsel' that's playing, honest man; he aye takes a tune at night, before he gangs to bed. Faith, there's nae lad o' mine can play that gate; it wad be something to tell if ony o' them could."

"*That* the minister playing!" cried the man, in a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on either of the former occasions. "If *he* does this, what may the rest no do? Weel, I fairly gie them up a'thegither. I have travelled this hail day in search o' a godly minister, and never man met wi' mair disappoint-

ment in a day's journey. I'll tell ye what, gudewife," he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, "we'll just awa' back to our ain minister after a'. He's no a'thegither sound, it's true; but, let him be what he likes in doctrine, deil hae me if ever I kend him fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle a' his days!"

dae naething for ye until ye turn 'a Christian yoursel'—ye maun repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye grafel there as I fand ye." The sceptic, really afraid for his life, was compelled to rehearse the required formulæ before the woman would assist him to extricate himself.

"EATEN OUT O' PLY."

Some animals are said to be *eaten out o' ply*, when they are extremely thin in flesh, although they have been taking a great deal of food. Thus few gourmands are very fat; they eat themselves out of ply; that is to say, overdo themselves with eating. Crows in harvest are very light in body, because they have too much food; and in dead of winter, when it is not so, they are fat: eating much more than enough to satisfy nature is an abominable thing—far rather be a drunkard than a glutton, the latter is the more bestial of the two. To see a person sitting down to dinner, and clearing the table before him, is damnable; let such brutes be tossed out of the window.—*MacLaggart*.

A LESSON FOR SCEPTICS.

David Hume, the philosopher, had fallen from the pathway into a swamp at the back of Edinburgh Castle. He fairly stuck fast, and called to a woman who was passing for assistance. She passed on apparently without attending to his request; at his earnest entreaty, however, she came where he was, and asked him, "Are ye na Hume the atheist?"

"Well, well, no matter," said Hume; "Christian charity commands you to do good to every one."

"Christian charity here, or Christian charity there," replied the woman, "I'll

"CHACUN A' SON COUT."

Old Lady Perth, and a French gentleman were discussing the respective merits of the cookery of each country. The Frenchman offended the old Scottish peeress by some disparaging remarks on Scottish dishes, and by highly preferring those of France. All she answered was, "Weel, weel, some folk like parritch, and some folk like puddocks."

TAKEN AT HER WORD.

Captain Cushnie, whose characteristic monument in the West Church of Aberdeen records his charitable bequeathment of a fortune found in the lottery, with the heart, possessed also the humour, of a genuine son of Neptune. After the accidental acquisition of his "prize money" he cast anchor on his native shore, where he spent his time and fortune in relieving the necessities of the poor. He was a great walker, and would naturally often steer his course towards the sea-beach. During one of his visits thither, while he was viewing a fleet of fishing-boats in the offing, suddenly the sky became overcast, the wind blew with fitful and increasing violence, until it roused the sea into a storm. The bents were soon covered with the relatives of the fishermen, who were in great jeopardy. Amid the roar of the waves, and the howling of the wind, nought was heard save loud lamentations and extravagant expressions

of despair. One "luckie," on whose lungs frequent practice in crying "caller haddocks" had conferred stentorian strength, was particularly exclamatory, and seemed determined to arrogate a monopoly of woe. Amongst other ravings which she bellowed, she exclaimed—

"O gin I had but a knife, I wud cut my ain throat!" Whereupon the captain, who was standing alongside of her, thinking it a hard case that the honest woman should be prevented, for lack of the needful implement, from carrying into immediate execution so rational a resolve, took from his pocket a large *jucteleger*, which he presented, unclasped, to the forlorn matron. But, instead of availing herself of the proffered aid, she ungratefully exclaimed—

"Ah! you villain! wad ye gie a knife to a mad woman!"—*John Ramsay*.

A VIRAGO.

I had never seen such a virago as Lady Bridekirk, not even among the oyster women of Prestonpans. She was like a sergeant of foot in women's clothes; or rather like an overgrown coachman of the Quaker persuasion. On our peremptory refusal to alight, she darted into the house like a hogshead down a slope, and returned instantly with a pint bottle of brandy—a Scots pint, I mean—and a stray beer glass, into which she filled almost a bumper. After a long grace said by Mr Jardine—for it was his turn now, being the third brandy bottle we had seen since we left Lochmaben—she emptied it to our healths, and made the gentlemen follow her example: she said she would spare me as I was so young, but ordered a maid to bring a gingerbread cake from the cupboard, a luncheon of which she put in my pocket. This lady was famous, even in the Annandale border, both at the bowl and

in battle: she could drink a Scots pint of brandy with ease; and when the men grew obstreperous in their cups, she could either put them out of doors, or to bed, as she found most convenient.—*Alex. Carlyle*.

WEDDING CUSTOMS IN GALLOWAY.

Weddings. These ceremonies are not so largely attended as in the days of yore; auld wives tell me, that the *Spirit o' Waddings* is left the country; now sic a thing is *slippit* by in a *prevet* way, and a body never gets the *thrapple watted* ower them. *Wadding-bawos*, money tossed among mobs by wedding people. *Wadding-braws*, dresses for marriage; the buying of these *braws* is a serious matter, for this is the first time the *young frank* appear in public. *Wadding sarks*, the bride, previous to marriage, makes the bridegroom a shirt; these shirts are termed *wadding sarks*. A peasant once told me, "That he ance didna intend to take Meg for a wife; but the cutty saw this, flew to my neck, and measured the *sark*, and then I was *obliged* to tak her."

Waddings o' craws, large flocks of rooks, particularly when in "blackened train" they fly at eve to "their repose."

'A fiddler, a fifer, and three castle kaws,

Aye gie the music to a *wadding o' craws*."

—*MacLaggart*.

DISADVANTAGE OF A WRY NECK.

The postman who formerly went between Perth and Dundee happened one day to fall from his horse into a ditch, and was a good deal hurt. A stranger passing by, and observing what had happened, rendered him what assistance he could. Not knowing, however, that the postman was wry-necked, he la-

boured hard to make his neck straight, thinking this part of his body had got a wrong twist by the fall. The poor man, thus tortured by his benefactor, exclaimed—

"Ay, ay, that way," meaning that his neck had been always in that position; but the other, supposing he wished him to persist in his attempts to rectify what was wrong, redoubled his effort and before the matter could be explained, the patient had suffered not a little by the well-meant exertions of the operator.

In the desert and wild places of Scotland, there groweth an hearbe of itselfe, called hadder, or hather, verie delicate for all kinde of cattell to feede upon, and also for diverse fowles, but bees especially. This hearbe, in June, yeeldeth a purple flower, as sweete as honey, whereof the Picts, in times past, did make a pleasant drinke, and verie wholesome for the body; but since their time, the manner of the making heerof is perished in the subversion of the Picts; neither showed they ever the learning heereof to any but to their owne nation.—*Monipennie.*

NO SURPRISE.

Benjamin Greig, one of the last specimens of tie-wig and powder gentry, and a rich old curmudgeon to boot, one day entered the shop of Mr Walker—better known, however, by the nickname of "Sugar Jock"—and accosting him, said, "Are ye no muckle astonished to hear that Mr L—— has left £20,000?" "Weel, Mr Greig," replied 'Sugar,' "I wad hae been mair astonished to hear that he had ta'en it wi' him." Greig gave a grunt, and left the shop.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Sheriff Anstruther met Henry Erskine the day after the death of John Wright the advocate. "Well, Harry," said the sheriff, "poor Johnny Wright is dead."

"Is he?" said Henry.

"He died very poor," was the rejoinder; "they say he has left no effects."

"That is not surprising," replied Erskine; "as he had no *causes*, he could have no *effects*."—*Kay.*

JUSTICE FORTHCOMING.

One of the judges of the Justiciary Court, noted for his light treatment of serious punishments, once sentenced a man, convicted of sheep-stealing, to be hanged on the 28th of the then current month. The prisoner, when being conducted out of the dock, turned round to the judge, who was busy arranging his papers previous to leaving the court, and cried out—

"My lord, my lord, I haena got justice here the day!"

The judge, looking up from his occupation with a twinkle of grim fun in his eye, consolingly answered—

"Weel, weel, my man, ye'll get it on the 28th."

THE TWO LOGANS.

In the last age there flourished in Ayrshire two gentlemen of the name of Logan, both of whom were remarkable for *bon mots* and eccentric sayings. The elder of the two, Logan of Logan, near Cumnock, was a rude, ready-witted, and rather home-spun character; but the other, Major William Logan, the son of a gentleman near Dalmellington, was a man of polish and address, possessing, for one accomplish-

ment, an amazing gift of violin-playing, and fitted to mingle—as he did—in the first circles of society.

The common people of Cumnock, like the other people of Scotland, were very averse to the establishment of the militia, which took place for the first time in 1798; and on the day when they were called together to meet the deputy-lieutenants, in order to proceed to the business of balloting, a great riot took place, during which the above officers were severely pelted. Logan of Logan was himself one of the lieutenants; but, on his entering the town rather late, and finding himself involved in a crowd which was eagerly engaged in lapidating his brethren, he saw it best to put his commission into his pocket, and side with the dominant party.

"What's the matter?" he cried; "what ails ye at them?"

"O!" cried the crowd, "they're gaun to mak us sodgers against our will."

"Are they really?" cried the politic laird; "filthy fellows! stane them weel, lads—stane them weel!" and, bawling this with all his might, he made his escape from the throng.

Though the folk at Cumnock were thus furious against the militia system, they had no objection to be volunteers, and even expressed some pique that there should be a troop of that kind at Ayr, while their own town had none.

"Patience a wee, my friends," said Logan; "an' the French were ance landed at Ayr, there wad be plenty o' volunteers at Cumnock." He meant that, in that event, the men of Ayr would retreat from the coast into the interior of the country.

One of the two Logans—it is uncertain which—once called for a dram at a tavern; and the landlady, in handing it to him, inquired politely if he would have water along with it?

"I would rather you took the water out of it," said the old gentleman drily

—the house being noted for a practice of reducing spirits.

Major Logan retained the ruling passion to the last, even amidst the agonies of a very painful disorder. A clergyman, visiting him in his latter days; remarked that it would require fortitude to bear up under such distresses. "Ay, it would take *fistitude*," said the expiring wit.

A DROUTHY LOT.

A party met at a farmer's house near Arbroath to celebrate the reconciliation of two neighbouring farmers who had long been at enmity. The host was pressing and hospitable; the party sat late, and consumed a glorious quantity of whisky toddy. The wife was penurious, and grudged the outlay. When at last the party dispersed, the lady, who had not slept in her anxiety, looked over the stairs and eagerly asked the servant girl, "How many bottles o' whisky have they used, Betty?" The lass, who had not to pay for the drink, but had been obliged to go to the well for water to make the toddy, coolly answered—

"I dinna ken, mem; but they've drucken sax gang o' watter!"

A CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN REIVER.

A minister had been preaching to his congregation, not only against stealing, but all manner of fraud, circumvention, and roguery. A little after he had returned to the manse, a servant came and told him that a man was at the door, and wanted to speak to him. Being called into the parlour, he immediately explained the purpose of his visit to the minister, before his son and some other persons who were present.

"Oh, sir," said he, "you made that preachment against me; you have heard

of my cheating that poor woman, Widow Robertson, in buying her only cow. I took advantage of her not knowing the price, and of her being in want of money; I got it at a little more than half value, as you clearly showed this day. What shall I do to make her amends?"

"Give her back the cow," said the worthy pastor, "and allow her time to pay you back the money you gave her."

"Would that, sir, make up for my cheatry, and save me from all the punishment, on this account, that you was preaching about?"

"I daresay it might."

"Then, sir, to make sure work, I will give back the cow, without the price, and keep from such tricks hereafter."

This resolution he actually performed.

A THEORY OF TAXATION.

Miss Helen Carnegie of Craigo, a Montrose *belle* of former days, hated paying taxes, and always pretended to misunderstand their nature. One day, receiving a notice of such payment signed by Provost Thom, she broke out, and said—

"I dinna understand thae taxes; but I just think that whenever the Provost's wife wants a new gown, her man sends me a tax paper!"

PULPIT CRITICISM.

Several *betheralls*, or ministers' "mees," were discussing the merits of their various masters.

"Our minister," said one, "does real weel; ay, he gars the stour flee out o' the cushion."

To which another rejoined, with a calm feeling of superiority—

"Stour oot o' the cushion! bout,

our minister, sin' he cam' to us, has dang the guts oot o' twa Bibles!"

Another energetic preacher was lauded in words more forcible than delicate.

"Eh, our minister had a great power o' watter, for he grut, and spat, and swat like mischief."

A USELESS JOB.

When Dr Macknight had completed his *Harmony of the Four Gospels*, he went to Edinburgh to arrange about its publication. One of his parishioners, a well-known humorous blacksmith, who, no doubt, thought that the doctor's learned books were rather a waste of time and labour for a country parson, was asked if his minister was at home.

"Na," was the answer; "he's awa' to Edinbro' on a very useless job."

On being asked what this useless work might be which required the minister's presence in the capital, he replied—

"He's gane to mak four men agree wha ne'er cast oot."

THE SEATONS OF CLATTO.

The Seatons, who formerly occupied the lands of Clatto in Fife, were celebrated in tradition for perpetrating the most cruel robberies and murders. One of the Scottish kings, said to be James IV., when riding alone, as was common in those days, was attacked by a son of Seaton's. The king having a hanger concealed under his garment, drew it, and with a blow cut off the right hand that seized his horse's bridle. This hand he took up and rode off. Next day, attended by a proper retinue, he visited the castle of Clatto, wishing to see Seaton and his sons. The old man conducted his family into the king's presence. One son alone was absent:

it was said that he had been hurt by an accident, and was confined in bed. The king insisted on seeing him, and desired to feel his pulse. The young man held out his left hand. The king would feel the other also. After many ineffectual excuses, he was obliged to confess that he had lost his right hand. The king told him that he had a hand in his pocket, which was at his service if it would fit him. Upon this they were all seized and executed.—*Stat. Ac.*

A LEARNED "MAN."

The minister's "man" at Kinross was a great reader, and had borrowed some of his master's botanical books. As the minister stepped one morning into his flower-garden, he found William removing a favourite rhododendron.

"What are you about, William?" asked the minister.

Taking a hearty pinch, the "man" deliberately answered—

"Weel, sir, ye maun understand, that this rottendenthrun didna corroborate wi' the rest o' the shrubbery; it was in an over-lucrative a sivation; so I've just translatit it ower here!"

ENGLISH NOTIONS OF THE HIGHLANDERS IN 1745.

The terror of the English was truly inconceivable, and, in many cases, they seemed quite bereft of their senses. One evening, as Mr Cameron of Lochiel entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady, an old woman, threw herself at his feet, and, with uplifted hands and tears in her eyes, supplicated him to take her life, but to spare her two little children. He asked her if she was in her senses, and told her to explain herself; when she answered, that everybody said the Highlanders ate children, and made them their common

food. Mr Cameron having assured her that they would not injure her or her little children, or any other person whatever, she looked at him for some moments, with an air of surprise, and then opened a press, calling out with a loud voice—

"Come out, children, the gentleman will not eat you."

The children immediately left the press, where she had concealed them, and threw themselves at his feet. They affirmed in the newspapers of London, that they had dogs in their army, trained to fight; and that they were indebted for the victory of Prestonpans to these dogs, who darted with fury on the English army. They represented the Highlanders as monsters, with claws instead of hands.

A NATURAL REASON.

When Sir Walter Scott was a boy, one of his female friends was conversing with a gentleman respecting the almost perpetual drizzle which prevails in the west of Scotland—a fact for which both parties declared themselves at a loss to account, when Walter, who was in the room unperceived, popped his head up from below the table, and said—

"It is only Nature weeping for the barrenness of her soil."

SERGEANT DICKSON.

Sergeant Dickson joined the Highland army after being taken prisoner at Prestonpans, on the march of the army into England. He quitted Preston in the evening with his mistress and drummer; and having marched all night, he arrived next morning at Manchester, which is about twenty miles distant, and immediately began to beat up for recruits for "the yellow hair'd laddie." The pogalace, at first, did not interrupt

him, conceiving the Highland army to be near the town; but as soon as they knew it would not arrive till the evening, they surrounded him in a tumultuous manner with the intention of taking him prisoner, alive or dead. Dickson presented his blunderbus, which was charged with slugs, threatening to blow out the brains of those who first dared to lay hands on himself or the two who accompanied him; and by turning round, continually facing in all directions, and behaving like a lion, he soon enlarged the circle which a crowd of people had formed round them. Having continued for some time to manœuvre in this way, those of the inhabitants of Manchester who were attached to the house of Stuart, took arms and flew to the assistance of Dickson, to rescue him from the fury of the mob; so that he soon had five or six hundred men to aid him, who dispersed the crowd in a very short time. Dickson now triumphed in his turn; and putting himself at the head of his followers, he proudly paraded, undisturbed, the whole day with his drummer, enlisting for his captain all who offered themselves.

On presenting him a list of one hundred and eighty recruits, he was agreeably surprised to find the whole of his expenses did not exceed three guineas. This adventure of Dickson gave rise to many a joke at the expense of the town of Manchester, from the singular circumstance of its having been taken by a sergeant, a drummer, and a girl. This brave sergeant was taken prisoner at Culloden; and afterwards executed at Edinburgh.

A KIRKMICHAEL DRINKING.

In extraordinary cases of distress, we have a custom which deserves to be taken notice of; and that is, when any of the lower people happen to be reduced by sickness, losses, or misfortunes

of any kind, a friend is sent to as many of their neighbours as they think needful, to invite them to what they call a "Drinking." This drinking consists of a little small beer, with a bit of bread and cheese, and sometimes a small glass of brandy or whisky, previously provided by the needy persons or their friends. The guests convene at the time appointed, and, after collecting a shilling a-piece, and sometimes more, they divert themselves for about a couple of hours with music and dancing, and then go home. Such as cannot attend themselves usually send their charitable contribution by any neighbour that chooses to go. These meetings sometimes produce 5, 6, or 7 pounds, to the needy person or family.—*Stat. Account.*

AN ODD SIMILE.

Jamie Templetown, a "Bluegown" of former days, made no secret of his fondness for whisky. He was once asked—

"Jamie, can ye tak a full glass o' whisky?"

"Tout!" he answered, "a glass o' whisky to me is just like a fleec in a coal-pit."

THE KING OF THE MUIRS.

King James V., when out hunting near Alloa, was once benighted and thrown out from his attendants. He took shelter in a poor cottage, where he was hospitably received and entertained. The goodman called to his wife to bring the hen that sat nearest the cock (which is always reckoned the best one), and make a supper. The king, delighted with the frank, hearty manner of his landlord, desired that the next time he was at Stirling he would call at the castle for the Gudeman of Ballengeich. The man, whose name was Donaldson,

did as he was desired, and was astonished to find that the king had been his guest. He was on this dignified with the name of "King of the Muir," and this title has descended from father to son ever since.—*Stat. Account.*

THE MANSWORN RIG.

Two lairds in the parish of Menmuir, Forfarshire, quarrelled about their marches, i.e., the boundaries of their lands; and witnesses were brought to swear to the old divisions. One of these chieftains, provoked to hear his opponent's servant declare on oath, that he then stood on his master's ground, pulled a pistol from his belt, and shot him dead on the spot. It was found that, to save his conscience, the man had earth in his shoes, brought from his laird's lands. The spot has ever since been called "The Mansworn Rig."—*Stat. Account.*

A CURE FOR A COLD.

John Campbell, forester of Harris, makes use of this singular remedy for a cold; he walks into the sea up to the middle, with his clothes on, and immediately after goes to bed in his wet clothes, and then laying the bed-clothes over him, procures a sweat, which removes the distemper; and this, he told me, is the only remedy for all manner of colds.—*Martin.*

SIR JOHN COPE.

Poor Johnnie, the object of so much satire and ridicule, was by no means either a coward or a bad soldier, or even a contemptible general upon ordinary occasions. He was a pudding-headed, thick-brained sort of person, who could act well enough in circumstances with

which he was conversant; especially as he was perfectly acquainted with the routine of his profession, and had been often engaged in action, without ever, until the fatal field of Preston, having shown sense enough to run away. On that occasion, however, he was, as sportsmen say, at fault.—*Sir W. Scott.*

AIDS TO MEMORY.

In the Western Islands of Scotland there formerly prevailed a very curious method of fixing the boundaries of land, fields, districts, etc. A crowd of people were collected together, and two or more sagacious and wise men defined the marches, and explained them to those who attended. Two or more young lads were then scourged with thongs of leather that they might the better remember the transaction in after life, and be able to give evidence upon it, should any question or difficulty arise.—*Martin.*

A TEMPEST IN A KAILPOT.

An honest woman was favoured by Providence with an idiot son—for such unfortunate individuals are accounted by the peasantry of Scotland a blessing—whose name, according to immemorial use and wont, must of course have been "Jock." To Jock, then, on a Sabbath-day, during her absence at church, she had committed the superintendence of a boiling broth-pot, in which had been companioned a horny sheep-head and a haggis. Jock, who was quite equal to the task on ordinary occasions, was not a little astonished and nonplussed, when, in the progress of ebullition, he discovered that the "head," which by this time had begun to display its teeth as well as its horns, was in the act of making rather an unhandsome attack upon its unresisting pot-fellow. Having no means of stemming the wounds, which, judging

from their discharge, seemed to be considerable, Jock hastened in utter dismay to the kirk, where he knew his mother was to be found, with a view of giving her, at all hazards, information of the state of matters at home. After some fruitless staring, he at length caught his mother's eye, which was at once eagerly employed in winking him into silence. But Jock was too much possessed with the idea of the unequal warfare he had just witnessed, and with the offensive attitude which the head had assumed in particular, to be kept long in check.

"Na, mither, na!" he exclaimed, in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by the minister and the whole congregation, "ye needna sit nodding and winking, and glunching, and glooming there! Ye had muckle better be at hame, for hornie-face has stickit bobbling-Jess, an' they hae aff their jackets, an' at it, an' at it."

A FIGURATIVE SERMON.

Mr J. Row preached a sermon to commemorate the signing of the Solemn League and Covenant, in St Giles's, Edinburgh, in the year 1638; and as the sermon was both curious in itself, and interesting as an illustration of the Scottish dialect in the seventeenth century, we append an extract which we find in *The Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland*, by James A. H. Murray. (1873.)

"The Kirk of Scotland was a bony trotting Naig, but then she trotted sae hard, that never a man durst ryd her, but the Bishops; wha after they had gotten on her back, corce-langed her, and hopskaikled her, and when shee becam a bony pacing beast, they took great pleasure to ryde on her. But their cadging her up and downe from Edenburgh to London, and it may be from Rome to, gave her sik a hett cott, that we have been these twall months

by gane stirring her up and downe, to keep her frae foundrying. Yea; they made not only ane Horse, but ane Ass of the Kirk of Scotland. Hou sae? ko ye. What meane ye by this? He tell you hou; they made Balaam's Ass of her. Ye ken well enough Balaam was ganging ane unluckie gate; and first the Angell mett him in a broad way and then the Ass bogled and startled, but Balaam gote by the Angel, and till her and battand her sufficiently: that was when Episcopacy came in, and then they gave the Kirk of Scotland her palks. Afterwards Balaam mett the Angel in a narrow gate, and shee startled more than before; but Balaam till her againe, and whaked her soundly; that was when the Fyve Articles of Perth were brought in. The thrid time the Angel mett Balaam in sae strait a gate that the Ass could not win by; and then it pleased the Lord to open blind Balaam's eyes, and that is this happy daye's wark. Now God has opened all our eyes; we were lyk blind Balaam ganging ane unlucky gate, and ryding post to Rome; and what was gotten behind him upon the Ass, watt ye? He tell you, there was a pockmanty. And what was in it, true ye? but the Book of Cannons and Common Prayer, and the High Commission; but as soon as the Ass sees the Angel, shee falls a flinging . . . and oreangs the pockmanty; and it hings by the string on the one syde, and off gaes blind Balaam, and he hangs by the hough on the other syde, and faine would the cairrl [hae] been on the saddle againe and a been content to leave his pockmanty. But beloved, lett not the false swinger gett on againe, for if he get on againe, he will be sure to gett his pockmanty also."

A "PERNICIOUS" STICK.

Peggy Drysdale kept a "wee public" in the Mearns, and prided herself on

the superior quality of the Ferintosh which she vended. One day a visitor complained, and remarked that there was surely something "pernicious in't." Peggy, whose knowledge of the price of a gill was infinitely superior to her acquaintance with the English language, immediately replied, "Then that nasty gauger-loon maun hae left his measurin' stick in the barrel."

INVERNESS IN 1630.

I asked the magistrates of Inverness one day, when the dirt was almost above one's shoes, why they suffered the town to be so excessively dirty, and did not employ people to cleanse the streets? The answer was—

"It will not be long before we shall have a shower."—*Burt.*

EQUALLY DEEP.

A country gentleman, who had been out with Montrose, retiring to his own parish after the war was done, was taken "through hands" by the presbyterian minister of the place, and ordained to sit for a certain time on the cutty-stool, as a penance for his dreadful offence.

"Ye should set my mare there too, man," said the intractable cavalier to the clerical judge when he had pronounced the sentence; "I'll be hanged if she wasna as deep i' the mud as I was i' the mire!"

A LANDLADY'S LATIN.

Hume, Smith, and other *literati* of the last century, used to frequent a tavern in the Potterrow, Edinburgh, where, if their accommodations were not of the first order, they had at least no cause to complain of the scantiness

of their victuals. One day, as the landlady was bringing in a *third* supply of some particularly good dish, she thus addressed them:—

"They ca' ye the *literawti*, I believe; but if they were to ca' ye the *eaterawti*, they would be nearer the mark."

A DOMINIE'S DIFFICULTY.

A schoolmaster was appointed to a parish school. For some unaccountable reason the children ceased to attend, and the classes dwindled away. The minister went to expostulate with one of the parents, and asked what was the meaning of all this.

"Surely," said he, "Mr — is a very good teacher?"

"Ou ay, sir, he's a guid teacher enough, but ye see he doesna understand the skelpin' system."

The parents were no believers in the power of moral suasion. This same dominie, being required to fill up schedule which demanded the extent of playground attached to the school, wrote "two mountains and a spacious dell."

LAWRIGHTMEN.

Under and subservient to the bailiffs in Orkney are six or seven of the most honest and intelligent persons within the parish, called Lawrightmen. These, in their respective bounds, have the oversight of the people, in manner of constables, and they inform the bailiffs of such enormities as occasionally happen, which the bailiffs punish according to the importance and circumstances of the fault; and if it be above his limits, or the extent of his power, he sends the delinquent to the seat of justice, which is held by the steward or his deputy. These lawrightmen have a privilege inherent to their office by the custom of the country, which is not usual else-

where; which is, if there be any suspicion of theft, they take some of their neighbours with them, during the silence of the night, and make search for the theft, which is called *Ransaking*, from *Ransaka*, which is to "make inquiry," in the ancient Danish; they search every house they come to, and if the theft be found, they seize him upon whom it is found, and bring him to the seat of justice for punishment.—*Chamberlayne*.

TOADS IN STONES.

Three Fifeshire gentlemen having walkt out a little for their recreation, came, in their returning, to stop at a louping-on-stone at the gate (which is a little stair, with a flat broad stone upon the top of it, made for the ease of women when they take horse), they heard a croaking noise come from under the top stone, which, notwithstanding, they perceived everywhere to be close built, without the least chink; they called for some servants of the house, who loosed it, and turned it off, and underneath immediately did three toads appear crawling; one of them was very large, and two of the ordinary size; it was found that that stair had been built some dozen years before, or thereby. This happened in September 1671.—*Sibbald*.

A HIGHLANDER'S INGENUITY.

Several of Montgomerie's Highlanders, as the 77th regiment used to be called, fell into the hands of a number of Indians. Allan Macpherson, one of these soldiers, witnessing the miserable fate of several of his fellow-prisoners, who had been tortured to death by the Indians, and seeing them preparing to commence the same operations upon himself, made signs that he

had something to communicate. An interpreter was brought. Macpherson told them, that, provided his life was spared for a few minutes, he would communicate the secret of an extraordinary medicine, which, if applied to the skin, would cause it to resist the strongest blow of a tomahawk, or sword; and that, if they would allow him to go to the woods with a guard, to collect the plants proper for this medicine, he would prepare it, and allow the experiment to be tried on his own neck by the strongest and most expert warrior among them. This story easily gained upon the superstitious credulity of the Indians, and the request of the Highlander was instantly complied with. Being sent into the woods, he soon returned with such plants as he chose to pick up. Having boiled these herbs, he rubbed his neck with their juice, and laying his head upon a log of wood, desired the strongest man among them to strike at his neck with his tomahawk, when he would find that he could not make the smallest impression. An Indian, levelling a blow with all his might, cut with such force, that the head flew off to the distance of several yards. The Indians were fixed in amazement at their own incredulity, and the address with which the prisoner had escaped the lingering death prepared for him.—*Stewart*.

'WHAT WILL I SAY?'

Rab Hamilton, of whom we have already printed a few anecdotes, once dined in Kilmarnock at a favourite inn, where he was well known, to his stomach's content. Rab not requiring any stimulant to assist digestion, no ardent spirits were offered. (The "natural's" desire for a dram was frequently purposely ignored by his friends). "I am sure," says the waiter, "ye hae gotten a guid dinner the day, Rab."

"Ou ay, atweel have I, nae doubt o't; but gin the folk at Ayr speir at me when I gae hame (an' there's little doubt but they'll do't), if I got a dram, what will I say?"

NATIONAL ECONOMY.

The following story has been very often told to illustrate the proverbial "hardness" of the Scotch; for the truth of it we cannot vouch:—Two officers, observing a pretty girl in a milliner's shop, the one, an Irishman, proposed to go in and buy a watch-ribbon, in order to get a nearer view of her. "Hoot, man," says his northern friend, "there's nae need to waste the siller that way; gang in and speir if she can give you twa saxpences for a shilling."

LONDON FETTERED.

A worthy citizen of Auld Reekie having visited London for the first time, was thus addressed by a friend on his return—

"Weel, John, what think ye o' Lunnon, noo? Isna yon a grand place?"

"A grand place!" echoed the disappointed tourist; "deed, man, Sandy, it's just like a thousand Cowgates!"

A CHEAP RANSOM.

In the wars in France, in 1356, Archibald Douglas having been made prisoner along with the rest, appeared in more sumptuous armour than the other Scottish prisoners, and therefore he was supposed by the English to be some great lord. Late in the evening, after the battle, when the English were about to strip off his armour, Sir William Ramsay, of Colluthy, happening to be present, fixed his eyes on Archi-

bald Douglas, and affecting to be in a violent passion, cried out—

"You cursed damnable murderer, how comes it, in the name of mischief, *ex parte diaboli*, that you are thus proudly decked in your master's armour? Come hither and pull off my boots."

Douglas approached trembling, knelt, and pulled off one of his boots. Ramsay, taking up the boot, beat Douglas with it. The English bystanders, imagining him out of his senses, interposed, and rescued Douglas. They said, "That the person he had beaten was certainly of great rank, and a lord."

"What? he a lord," cried Ramsay, "he is a scullion, and a base knave; and, as I suppose, has killed his master. Go, you villain, to the field, search for the body of my cousin, your master; and when you have found it, come back, that at least I may give him a decent burial."

Then he ransomed the feigned serving-man for forty shillings, and, having buffeted him smartly, he cried, "Get you gone; fly!" Douglas bore all this patiently, and carried on the deceit. This story, as to some of its circumstances, may not seem altogether probable; yet in the main it has the appearance of truth.

BURNS'S TOAST.

At a public dinner of the Dumfries volunteers, of which Burns was a member, the poet requested permission to propose a toast. This was at once granted, amid rapturous applause, and something very fine was looked for.

"Gentlemen," said he, "may we never see the French, and may the French never see us." It was drunk, but with a murmur of disapprobation. The poet felt this, and, on going home, wrote the characteristic and truly na-

tional song, "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?"

A REASON FOR REJOICING.

Geordie Scott, a Perthshire gravedigger, took an extra dram to himself on the strength of an epidemic which had begun to rage in his parish: "For," said he, "I ha'ena buried a leevin' sowl for sax months, an' it bena a scart o' a bairn."—*Dr Rogers.*

SCOTT'S POETRY.

"Such," said an admirer of Scott's poetry, "is the trumpet-power of the song of that son of genius, that I start from my old elbow-chair, up with the poker, tongs, or shovel, no matter which, and flourish it round my head, cry—

'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!' and then, dropping my voice, and returning to my padded bottom, whisper—

'Were the last words of Marmion!'

AN ENGLISH NOTION.

When Gordon of Glenbucket, who was described by those who knew him intimately, as a "good-natured, humane man," marched up his followers to join the rebel army in England, it was gravely questioned by the English, whether they killed their prisoners and sucked their blood, to whet their appetite for war, after the manner of other savages!

A CAIRN.

A heap of stones was thrown over the spot where a person happened to be

killed or buried. Every passenger added a stone to this heap, which was called a *cairn*. Hence the Highlanders have a saying, when one serves another, or exhibits any civility, "I will add a stone to your cairn;" in other words, I will respect your memory.—*Stewart.*

BRICKS AND BREEKS.

Gordon, laird of Craigmyle, was once visited by the eccentric Duchess of Gordon on some of her electioneering plans. She had heard that the worthy laird was making bricks on his property to build a wall. Her grace asked politely—

"Well, Mr Gordon, and how do your bricks get on now?"

The Laird of Craigmyle's thoughts were much occupied with a new pair of leather breeches, which he had just received and put on; looking down on his nether garments, he replied, in pure Aberdeen dialect—

"I am muckle obliged to your grace for asking; they war sum ticht at first, but they are doing weel eneuch noo."

A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

A clergyman at Thornhill was one day examining the parish school. In the course of examination, the Bible-class was brought forward. After many questions had been asked and answered, greatly to the satisfaction of the minister, proposed that any boy might ask him a question, as he might then have an idea of what particular information they wanted. A pause ensued. At last a bright-looking boy said—

"Sir, I would like to ask one."

"Well, my little man," asked the minister, "what is the question you are to ask?"

"Sir," said the boy, "what was the

use of Jacob's ladder when the angels had wings?"

The minister felt taken aback, took out his snuff-box, and looked at the boy.

"I think, my little man, that is the very question I should have asked at the class, and I will give sixpence to any boy in the class who will answer it."

After a somewhat long pause, one little fellow, third from the bottom, held out his hand.

"Well," said the minister, "can you answer that question?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what was the use of the ladder when the angels had wings?"

"Because the angels were poukin' (moulting) at the time, and couldna flee."

A POET'S THREAT.

Robert Burns was once present at a penny-wedding, where two or three wild young fellows began to quarrel, and threatened to fight.

"Sit down, and be d—d to ye," said the poet, "or I'll hing ye up like tatty-bogles in sang to-morrow."

"They ceased and sat down," said the person who mentioned this circumstance to Allan Cunningham, "as if their noses had been bleeding."

THE LATE-WAKE.

The *Late-wake* is a ceremony used at funerals. The evening after the death of any person, the relations and friends of the deceased meet at the house, attended by bagpipe or fiddle; the nearest of kin, be it wife, son, or daughter, opens a melancholy ball, dancing and greeting, *i.e.*, crying violently, at the same time; and this continues till daylight; but with such gambols and frolics among the younger part of the company, that the loss which occasioned them

is often more than supplied by the consequence of that night. If the corpse remains unburied for two nights, the same rites are renewed. Thus, Scythian-like, they rejoice at the deliverance of their friends out of this life of misery.—*Pennant*.

THE CHIEF PLEASURE.

There does not, at this blessed moment, breathe on the earth's surface ac human being that doesna prefer eating and drinking to all ither pleasures o' body or sowl. This is the rule: never think about either the ane or the ither but when ye are at the board. Then, eat and drink wi' a' your powers—moral, intellectual, and physical. Say little, but look freendly—*Noctes Ambros*.

A SKILFUL WEAVER.

In the town of Wick there lives a weaver who weaves a shirt, with buttons and button-holes entire, without any seam, or the least use of the needle: but it is to be feared that he will scarce find any benefit for his ingenuity, as he cannot afford his labour under five pounds a shirt.—*Pennant*.

A WALKING WARNER.

1574. At a meeting of the council of Aberdeen, it was ordained that John Cowper should "pass every day in the morning at four hours, and every night at eight hours, through all the rows of the town, playing upon the Almanj whistle—German flute, with one servant with him playing on the tabour; whereby the craftsmen, their servants, and all other laborious folks, being warrait and excitat, may pass to their labours and frae their labours in due and convenient time."

REASON TO BE THANKFUL.

Almost the only story of Lord Braxfield I ever heard that had some fun in it without immodesty, was when a butler of his gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, "ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankful ye're no married to her."—*Cockburn.*

CLINKING CHARLIE.

Two Galloway priests, once passing a fellow who was good at flinging everything into rhyme, quoth the one to the other—

"I hold ye a sixpence, Clinking Charlie will be beat with what I say to him."

"Done," says the other: so when the pair passed the poet, the priest held out his finger at him, sounding "boo," when the man of clink instantly returned—

"Mr Scott and Mr Boyd,
O' wit and learning they are void;
For, like Bill Jock amang the kye,
They 'boo' at fowk as they gae by."
—*MacTaggart.*

A BOLD PRACTICAL JOKE.

Dr Simson, the celebrated mathematician, was exceedingly absent-minded, and practical jokes were not unfrequently played off upon him. On one occasion one of the college porters, dressed for the purpose, came to him asking charity, and in answer to the professor's questions, gave an account of himself closely resembling his own history. When he found so great a resemblance, he cried out, "What's your name?" and on the answer being given "Robert Simson," he exclaimed, with great animation,

"Why, it must be myself!" and he gave the *poor professor* a handsome gratuity, at the same time bewailing the sad fate of an unfortunate man of genius.

CALLUM BEG EVADES THE QUESTION.

From a window which overlooked the dark and narrow court in which Callum Beg rubbed down the horses after their journey, Waverley heard the following dialogue betwixt the subtle foot-page of Vich Ian Vohr and his landlord:—

"Ye'll be frae the north, young man?" began the latter.

"And ye may say that," answered Callum.

"And ye'll hae ridden a lang way the day, it may weel be?"

"Sae lang, that I could weel tak a dram."

"Gudewife, bring the gill-stoup."

Here some compliments passed fitting the occasion, when my host of the Golden Candlestick, having, as he thought, opened his guest's heart by this hospitable propitiation, resumed his scrutiny.

"Ye'll no hae mickle better whisky than that aboon the Pass?"

"I am nae frae aboon the Pass."

"Ye're a Highlandman by your tongue?"

"Na; I am but just Aberdeen-away."

"And did your master come frae Aberdeen wi' you?"

"Ay—that's when I left it mysel'," answered the cool and impenetrable Callum Beg.

"And what kind of a gentleman is he?"

"I believe he is ane o' King George's state officers; at least he's aye for ganging on to the south; and he has a hantle sillar, and never grudges ony thing till a poor body, or in the way of a lawing."

• "He wants a guide and a horse frae hence to Edinburgh?"

"Ay, and ye maun find it him forth-with."

"Ahem! It will be chargeable."

"He cares na for that a bodle."

"Aweel, Duncan—did ye say your name was Duncan, or Donald?"

"Na, man—Jamie—Jamie Steenson—I telt ye before."

This last undaunted parry altogether foiled Mr Cruickshanks, who, though not quite satisfied either with the reserve of the master, or the extreme readiness of the man, was contented to lay a tax on the reckoning and horse-hire that might compound for his ungratified curiosity. The circumstance of its being the fast-day was not forgotten in the charge, which, on the whole, did not, however, amount to much more than double what in fairness it should have been.—*Waverley*.

AN UNFORTUNATE SONG.

The Rev. Mr C——, minister of the parish of Borthwick, near Edinburgh, was noted for the admirable manner in which he sang "Bonny Dundee," "Waly, waly, up yon bank," "The auld man's mear's dead," and other old Scottish songs; and was so enthusiastically fond of the recreation, that he used to hang his watch round the candle on Sunday evenings, and anxiously wait till the conjunction of the hands at twelve o'clock permitted him to break forth in one of his favourite ditties. One day, happening to meet with some friends at a tavern in Dalkeith, he was solicited to favour the company with that humorous song, "The auld man's mear's dead." He accordingly sang it with his usual effect and brilliancy; and had just concluded it, when the woman who kept the house thrust her head in at the door, and exclaimed—

"Od, the auld man's mear's dead,

sure aneuch. Your horse, minister, has hanged itself at my door."

Such was really the fact. The minister, on going into the house, had tied his horse by a rope to a hook, or ring, near the door; and as he was induced to remain much longer than he intended, the poor animal, either through exhaustion, or a sudden fit of disease, had fallen down and been strangled. He was so much mortified by this unhappy accident, the coincidence of which with the subject of his song was not a little striking, that, all his life after, he could never be prevailed upon to sing again, "The auld man's mear's dead."

MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

1251. The body of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, was removed from its place of sepulture at Dunfermline, and deposited in a costly shrine. While the monks were employed in this service, they approached the tomb of her husband Malcolm. The body became, on a sudden, so heavy, that they were obliged to set it down. Still, as more hands were employed in raising it, the body became heavier. The spectators stood amazed; and the humble monks imputed this phenomenon to their own unworthiness, when a bystander cried out—

"The queen will not stir till equal honours are performed to her husband."

This having been done, the body of the queen was removed with ease. A more awkward miracle occurs not in legendary history.—*Dalrymple*.

LEITH IN 1769.

Leith, a large town, about two miles north, lies on the Forth, is a flourishing place, and the port of Edinburgh. The town is dirty and ill built, and chiefly inhabited by sailors; but the pier is

very fine, and is a much-frequented walk. The races were at this time on the sands, near low-water mark: considering their vicinity to a great city and populous country, the company was far from numerous; a proof that dissipation has not generally infected the manners of the North Britons.—*Pennant.*

DOCTRINAL DEGENERACY.

"Instead of studying the Bible on the work days, to kittle the clergyman with doubtful points of controversy on the Sabbath, they glean all their theology from Tom Paine and Voltaire."

"Weel I wot the gentleman speaks truth," said Mrs Dods. "I fand a bundle of their bawbee blasphemies in my ain kitchen. But I trow I made a clean house of the packman loon that brought them! No content wi' turning the tawpies' heads wi' ballants, and driving them daft wi' ribands, to cheat them out of their precious souls, and gie them the deevil's ware, that I suld say sae, in exchange for the siller that suld support their puir father that's aff wark and bedridden!"

"Father! madam," said the stranger; "they think no more of their father than Regan or Goneril."

"In gude troth, ye have skeel of our sect, sir," replied the dame; "they are gomerils, every one of them. I tell them sae every hour of the day, but catch them profitin' by the doctrine."
—*St Roman's Well.*

SPAECING BY THE GIRDLE.

This was a mode of divination, still occasionally practised in Angus, and perhaps in other counties, especially for discovering who has stolen anything that is missing.

The *girdle*, used for toasting cakes, is

heated till it be red hot. Then it is laid on a dark place with something on it. Every one in the company must go by himself, and bring away what is laid on it; with the assurance that the devil will carry off the guilty person, if he or she make the attempt. The fear, which is the usual concomitant of guilt, generally betrays the criminal, by the reluctance manifested to make the trial.—*Jamieson.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The Rev. Mr M'D—— was one of those preachers who kept their hearers awake by sheer strength of lung. Preaching one day in a strange church, he espied an old woman applying her handkerchief very frequently to her eyes. Attributing her distress to a change for the better, he kept his eye on her, and at the close of the service thus accosted her:—

"You seemed to be deeply affected, my good woman, while I was preaching to-day?"

"Ay, sir," said she, "I was very muckle affected."

"I am truly glad of that," quoth the minister; "and I hope the impression may be a lasting one."

"I doot, sir," said she "ye're takin' me up wrang. I was only thinkin' on Shoozie."

"Shoozie!" exclaimed the astonished divine. "What do ye mean by Shoozie?"

"Oh, ye ken, sir," replied the matron, "that was a cuddie we had. She dee'd twa or three weeks syne; an' I just thoct, whiles when I heard ye the day, it was her roarin'."

"PROVIDENCE IS KIND."

Jock Dunn was a thriftless rascal. He ate and drank the hard-won earn-

ings of his poor wife Jeanie. But at length Jock, fortunately for his wife, died. On the day of the funeral a "neebor woman" condoled with Jeanie as follows:—"Sae Providence, in His mercy, has seen fit to tak awa' the heid o' yer hoose, Jeanie, lass?" To this the bereaved wife philosophically replied—"O, hoch, ay! but, thank gudeness, Providence in His mercy has ta'en awa' the stammack tae."

ADAM'S FALL.

Adam Black, the respected publisher of the *Waverley Novels* and other important works, for many years represented Edinburgh in Parliament. He suddenly became unpopular with his constituency, and the circumstance which lost him his seat gave rise to this joke.

"What can have caused Adam's fall?" asked one constituent.

"The Eve of an election," was the reply.

A PHILOSOPHICAL YOUTH.

A little boy, wandering alone in the direction of some crags, tumbled over, but escaped unhurt, though a good deal frightened. When he came home he narrated the misfortune he had met with, and his sister said to him, "An' did ye greet when ye got up again, Johnny?" To which he replied—

"What wad hae been the use o' greetin' when there was naeboddy there to hear me?"

A GIFTED SMITH.

There is a smith in the parish, of Kilmartin, who is reckoned a doctor for curing faintness of the spirits. This he performs in the following manner:—

The patient being laid on the anvil with his face uppermost, the smith takes a big hammer in both hands, and making his face all grimace, he approaches his patient; and then drawing his hammer from the ground, as if designed to hit him with his full strength on his forehead, he ends in a feint, else he would be sure to cure the patient of all diseases; but the smith being accustomed to the performance, has a dexterity of managing his hammer with discretion; though at the same time he must do it so as to strike terror in the patient; and this they say has always the designed effect.

The smith is famous for his pedigree; for it has been observed of a long time, that there has been but one only child born in the family, and that always a son, and when he arrived to man's estate, the father died presently after: the present smith makes up the thirteenth generation of that race of people who are bred to be smiths, and all of them pretend to this cure.—*Martin*.

THE VOICE OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

I wad hae kent it, Mr North, on the Tower o' Babel, on the day o' the great hubbub. I think Socrates maun hae had just sic a voice—ye canna weel ca't sweet, for it's ower intellectual for that—ye canna ca't saft, for even in its laigh notes there's a sort o' birr, a sort o' dirl that betokens power—ye canna ca't hairsh, for angry as ye may be at times, it's aye in tune, frae the fineness o' your ear for music—ye canna ca't sherp, for it's aye sae nat'ral—and flett it could never be, gin you were even gien ower by the doctors. It's maist the only voice I ever heard, that you can say is at ance persuawsive and commanding—you micht fear't, but you maun love't—and there's no a voice in all his majesty's dominions better framed by nature to hold communion with friend or foe.—*Noctes Ambros.*

SUNDAY AS A MARKET DAY.

The holding of markets on Sunday was a custom which originated at a very remote period; and from the long time the practice continued, it had doubtless been found convenient both for exposor and purchaser. Indeed, the same course was carried on even after the Reformation; and it was not until the year 1593 that Parliament thought of legislating upon the point, when an Act was passed "to discharge, remove, and put away all fairis and marcattis haldin on Sondays:" but the people were so much prejudiced in favour of the custom, that nearly a century elapsed before the terms of the Act were even generally complied with.—*Jervise.*

"PREACHING UP THE TIMES."

In the unhappy days of the religious troubles in Scotland, the popular clergy were much in the habit of *preaching up the times*, as they called it; that is, discussing politics and the business of the state in the pulpit. The neglect of this duty in any brother they styled "sinful silence;" and, on one occasion, they openly reprov'd the famous Leighton, at a public synod, for this strange fault.

"Whopreach up the times?" inquired Leighton. It was answered, that all the brethren did it.

"Then," said Leighton, "if all of you preach up the times, you may surely allow one poor brother to preach up Jesus Christ and eternity."

A STURDY JACOBITE.

Aytoun of Inchdairnie, a Fife laird, might have quoted Burns's lines as a fact in his family history.

"My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword."

They afterwards found their way to

foreign countries, seeking with that sword to acquire an honourable livelihood. The old man, though a Jacobite, was a Presbyterian, and regularly attended the parish church. At the next celebration of the communion there, after the affair of the *Fifteen*, the minister, in his preliminary address, included, among those whom he had to debar from the table, all such as had been concerned in "the late wicked Rebellion;" whereupon the laird rose up, clapped his hat on his head, took his wife under his arm, and strode out, muttering—

"Wad I sit and hear my ain flesh and blude spoken o' that gate!"—*Robt. Chambers.*

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

During the French invasion, a country laird who commanded and drilled a party of volunteers, consisting chiefly of raw lads, used frequently to forget the technical terms of command when he required them, to the no small amusement of his gallant *corps* and the spectators. On one occasion, when the order should have been—

"Rear rank, forward," he could not summon the proper words to his aid. Knowing, however, what was wanted, he got over the difficulty by exclaiming—

"Back raw, stan' forrit!"

At another time when "right about wheel" was required, he attained his object by asking them to "come round like a ligget, lads!"

CONSCIENCE CONVICTED.

Mr Bensley, before he went on the stage, was a captain in a Scotch regiment. One day he met an officer who had served with him. The latter was happy to meet an old mesmate, but his

Scotch blood made him *ashamed* to be seen with a *play-actor*. He therefore hurried Bensley into an obscure coffee-house, where he asked him very seriously—

"Hoo could ye disgrace your corps by turning play-actor?" Bensley replied, "that he by no means considered it in that light; that, on the contrary, a respectable player, who behaved with propriety, was looked upon in a most favourable manner, and kept the company of the best society."

"An' what, man, do ye get by this business o' yours?"

"I now," answered Mr B., "get about a thousand a year."

"A thoosan' a year!" exclaimed the astonished Scotchman; "*hae ye ony vacancies in your corps?*"

NOTES FOR PICKPOCKETS.

While Incledon, the actor and vocalist, was performing at the Edinburgh theatre, a gentleman had his pocket picked of a number of pound notes, and the supposed thief was apprehended. For want of evidence, however, the latter was discharged, very much to the dissatisfaction of the victim. He thereupon complained in a private way to one of the judges, who consoled him by saying—

"You are quite right—the fellow ought in justice to be hanged. He went to the play-house to steal, and not to hear the music; and he gied ye a strong proof of the fact, Mr —, when he preferred your notes to those of Mr Incledon's."

INVERNESS MARKET IN 1730.

One has under his arm a small roll of linen, another a piece of coarse plaiding: these are considerable dealers. But the merchandise of the greatest part

of them is of a most contemptible value, such as these, *viz.*, two or three cheeses, of about three or four pounds weight apiece; a kid sold for sixpence or eightpence at the most; a small quantity of butter, in something that looks like a bladder, and is sometimes set down upon the dirt in the street; three or four goat-skins; a piece of wood for an axle-tree to one of the little carts, &c. With the produce of what each of them sells, they generally buy something, *viz.*, a horn, or wooden spoon or two, a knife, a wooden platter, and such-like necessities for their huts, and carry home with them little or no money. You may see one eating a large onion without salt or bread; another gnawing a carrot, &c. These are rarities not to be had in their own parts of the country.—*Burt.*

WOLVES IN SCOTLAND.

Formerly the wolf had his haunts in our wilds and mountains, and not only proved fatal to the cattle, but, when impelled by hunger, or inflamed with rage, he even, at times, made depredations on the human species. It is said, that, in the year 1680, the last wolf in Britain was killed by Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel.—*Stat. Account.*

BURIALS IN EDINBURGH.

Burials at Edinburgh, and generally throughout the kingdom, are performed without any ceremony of words, only the bodies are decently attended to the grave by all that please to go; of which they have notice by the ringing of a hand-bell through the streets by the crier, who says—

"All brethren and sisters, I let you to wot that there is a Brother —, or Sister —, departed at the pleasure of Almighty God," &c., and then gives

notice when he or she is to be interred. This is all the invitation; and when the dead corpse is silently laid in the grave, the funeral rites are ended, and the company retire every one to their several habitations.—*Chamberlayne*.

KITTIWAKES.

The young are a favourite dish in North Britain, being served up a little before dinner, as a whet for the appetite; but, from the rank smell and taste, seem as if they were more likely to have a contrary effect. I was told of an honest gentleman who was set down for the first time to this kind of whet, as he supposed; but after demolishing half-a-dozen, with much impatience declared, that he had eaten *sax*, and did not find himself a bit *more* hungry than before he began.—*Pennant*.

AN IDIOT'S FAITH.

A poor idiot boy, in a village in Dumfriesshire, was for a long time thought to be quite ignorant of all ideas or knowledge of the Bible or religious principles, although he was a constant frequenter of the church. When he lay upon his death-bed, however, this notion was dispelled. Being asked if he had ever derived any benefit from the church services, he replied, in an earnest voice—

“Three in ane, and Ane in three,
And the middle Ane, He saved me.”

THE FIRST FOOT.

Great attention is paid to the *first foot*, that is, the person who happens to meet them (the marriage company); and if such person does not voluntarily offer to go back with them, he is gener-

ally compelled to do so. A man on horseback is reckoned very lucky, and a barefooted woman almost as bad as a witch. Should a hare cross the road before the bride, it is ominous; but a toad crawling over the path she has to tread is a good omen; a magpie on flight, crossing the way from right to left, or, as some say, contrary to the sun, is the harbinger of bad luck, but if *vice versa*, is reckoned harmless; horned cattle are inauspicious to the bridegroom, and a *yeld* or barren cow to the bride.—*Edin. Mag.*

AN EVIL SPEAKER.

October 30th, 1567. Bessie Tailiefeir, in the Canongate, Edinburgh, having slandered Bailie Thomas Hunter, by saying “he had in his house ane false stoup,” which was found not to be true, she was sentenced to be brankit and set on the Cross for an hour.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

July 4, 1570. At 10 hours at night, there was ane earthquake in the city of Glasgow, and lastit but ane short space; but it causit the inhabitants of the said city to be in great terror and fear.

THE SHEPHERD ON PIGEON-SHOOTING.

Nane o' your pigeon-killers for me, waitin' in cool blood till the bonnie birdies—that should ne'er be shot at a', except when they're on the corn-stooks—flee out o' a trap wi' a flutter and a whirr, and then prouder men are they nor the Duke o' Wellington, when they knock down, wi' pinions ower purple, the bright birds o' Venus, tumbling, as if hawk-struck, within boun's, or carrying aneath the down o' their bonnie bosoms some cruel draps, that, ere

nightfall, will gar them moan out their lives among the cover o' suburban groves.
—*Noctes Ambros.*

ESCAPE OF BRUCE AT DALRY.

King Robert Bruce, with his handful of followers, not amounting probably to three hundred men, encountered Lorn with about a thousand Argyleshire men in Glen-Douchart, at the head of Breadalbane. The place of action is still called Dalry, or the King's Field.

The field of battle was unfavourable to Bruce's adherents, who were chiefly men at arms. Many of the horses were slain by the long pole-axes, the use of which the Argyleshire Scottish had learned from the Norwegians. At length Bruce commanded a retreat up a narrow and difficult pass, he himself bringing up the rear, and repeatedly turning and driving back the more venturesome assailants. Two brothers, the strongest among Lorn's followers, named MacLyn-Drosser, resolved to rid their chief of this formidable foe. A third person associated himself with them for this purpose. They watched their opportunity until Bruce's party had entered a pass between a lake and a precipice, where the king, who was the last of the party, had scarce room to manage his steed. Here his three foes sprung upon him at once. One seized his bridle, but received a wound which hewed off his arm; a second grasped Bruce by the stirrup and leg, and endeavoured to dismount him; but the king, putting spurs to his horse, threw him down, still holding by the stirrup. The third, taking advantage of an acclivity, sprung up behind him upon his horse. Bruce, however, whose personal strength exceeded that of most men, extricated himself from his grasp, threw him to the ground, and cleft his skull with his sword. By similar exertion he drew

the stirrup from the hold of the man who had caught him, and killed him also with his sword, as he lay among the horse's feet. Barbour adds the following circumstance, highly characteristic of the sentiments of chivalry. Mac-Naughton, a baron of Cowal, pointed out to the Lord of Lorn the deeds of valour which Bruce performed in this memorable retreat, with the highest expressions of admiration.

"It seems to give thee pleasure," said Lorn, "that he makes such havoc among our friends."

"Not so, by my faith," replied Mac-Naughton; "but be he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, men should bear faithful witness to his valour; and never have I heard of one, who, by his knightly feats, has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce."

"AN EXTRAORDINARY PERSON."

The following curious specimen of sepulchral literature is said to be copied from an old tombstone in a Scottish churchyard:—

Here lies the body of Alexander Macpherson.
He was a very extraordinary person;
He was two yards high in his stocking-feet,
And kept his accoutrements very clean and neat;
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo;
He was shot by a bullet,
Plump through the gul'tet;
It went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat.

A POOR ISLAND.

The minister of the island of Sanda was accustomed to pray, during stormy weather, that as there were likely to be many shipwrecks, "God would think on them, and send some to the poor island of Sanda!"

SIR GEORGE CLERK'S TENURE.

The barony of Pennycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure, the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the king shall come to hunt on the Borroughmuir, near Edinburgh. Hence the family have adopted, as their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a blast.*

CONDITIONAL FORGIVENESS.

A Scotchman, who was supposed to be at the point of death, sent for a neighbour with whom he was at variance, in order that he might depart at peace with all mankind. The reconciliation was effected, and the visitor was about to depart, when the dying man called out—

"Noo, Sandie, man, if I dinna dee, after a' mind, it's just to be atween us twa as it was afore."

THE FAMILY OF KEITH.

In the reign of Malcolm II. (1004-34), Scotland was still harassed by her foes, and the valour of the people of Moray, and of the neighbouring counties, was severely but gloriously tried. The decisive battle of Mortlach compelled the invaders to abandon the possessions they had occupied; and they afterwards invaded Angus, and were cut to pieces. In these battles a young warrior is said to have distinguished himself, and to have laid the foundation of the greatness of the family of Keith, which, under the title of Earl Marischal, long bore sway in Buchan. The story is, that his valour contributed to put the Danes to the rout, when he pursued them, and slew their king, named Camus.

Another officer coming up, disputed the glory of the action, until Malcolm arrived. The king ruled that the matter should be decided by single combat, and Keith proved victorious,—his opponent confessing, before his death, the injustice of his own conduct. Malcolm, dipping his fingers in the blood, marked the shield of the conqueror with three bloody strokes, which became the armorial bearing of the family. The motto given to them was *Veritas vincit*, "Truth overcomes."

A REASONABLE INFERENCE.

There was a parochial school, in a remote muirland district of a southern Scotch county, at which the attendance had, from various causes, at one time dwindled down to a single self-reliant boy; and one forenoon, in a lull of school work, the little fellow looked up with a reflective air, and said—

"Maister, I think the schule 'll no be in the morn."

"What puts that in your head, sir?" haughtily inquired the master; to which the callant immediately replied—

"Because I'll no be here!"

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN HILL, IN THE KIRKYARD OF CLEISH.

At anchor now in death's dark road,
Rides honest Captain Hill,
Who served his king and feared his God,
With upright heart and will.
In social life sincere and just,
To vice of no kind given;
So that his better part, we trust,
Hath made the Port of Heaven.

CHEATING A LAWYER! *

Francis Garden (Lord Gardenstone) once played a practical joke upon Mr

Crosbie, an advocate. Walking into Edinburgh, from Morningside, where he resided, he overtook and accosted a countryman who was proceeding to the Parliament House, and whose case was to be heard that day, Mr Crosbie being the advocate of the latter. His lordship, who was always fond of a joke, directed the man to obtain a dozen of farthings before going into the Court, and to wrap up each one separately in paper, so as to represent guineas, and to present them, as occasion offered, to his counsel as fees.

Crosbie's heart happening not to be particularly interested in the case, occasionally allowed his eloquence to flag, to the eminent danger of having his client non-suited. This, however, could not be permitted, and the selfish client crept behind him, and ever and anon slipped a coin into his hand, which had the effect of recalling the pleader to a sense of his duty. The repeated application of this silent encouragement so far stimulated the advocate in his exertions, that he warmed up to the interests of his client and gained his case, only, however, to find himself the possessor of so many farthings, instead of guineas.

A POWERFUL SPEAKER.

Many years ago there was a minister in Perthshire who possessed a voice of such power, that when he pronounced the word "Cappadocia," the entire female portion of his congregation began to sob. This, however, was not what the minister exactly wanted; so he sounded forth "Mesopotamia," with the true Caledonian circumflex twang, and in such a manner as caused his listeners to feel ashamed of themselves for their timidity in hearing the last word; and the result was a powerful and indisputable hulla-balloo of affliction, which, whatever good it otherwise

did, certainly allowed the speaker a reasonable breathing-time.

A GHOST IN ERROR.

The belief in spectres is very strong, of which I had a remarkable proof. A poor visionary in Bredalbane, who had been working in his cabbage-garden, imagined that he was suddenly raised into the air, and conveyed over the fence into a corn-field, where he found himself surrounded by a crowd of men and women, many of whom he knew to be dead. On his uttering the name of God, they all vanished except a female sprite, who obliged him to promise an assignation at the very same hour of the same day, next week. Being left, he found his hair tied in double knots, and that he had almost lost the use of speech. However, he kept his appointment with the spectre, whom he soon saw come floating through the air towards him; but she pretended to be in a hurry, bade him go his way, and no harm should befall him. Such was the dreamer's account of the matter. But it is incredible what mischief this story did in the neighbourhood. The friends and relatives of the deceased, whom the old dotard had named, were in the utmost distress at finding them in such bad company in the other world; and the almost extinct belief of ghosts and apparitions seemed, for a time, to be revived.—*Pennant.*

AN INEXPLICABLE TAIL.

An old Scotch lady being on a visit to London, was taking a stroll up Holborn Hill, to see the wonders of the metropolis. Observing above a currier's shop-door a cow's tail fixed in the wall by way of a sign, she stood for a considerable time anxiously meditating upon it. The shopman had his attention attracted by her strange demeanour, and

at last went out and politely asked her what it was that attracted her attention so much, upon which she answered—

“Od, I’ve stooden an’ lookit near an oor at that coo’s tail, an’ I canna see, i’ the name o’ wonder, hoo the coo cud gang in at sic a sma’ hole, an’ no be able to pu’ in her tail after her.”

“NOT AT HOME.

Sir James I.—, a near neighbour at Aytoun of Inchdairnie, had been concerned in making Charles I. a prisoner. After the Restoration, this gentleman was not allowed to go beyond a certain distance of his own house. He went one day to visit Inchdairnie, who, seeing him approach, ran to the stair, and called out to the servant to say he was not at home. The visitor insisted on entering the house; for he had heard the voice of Aytoun. On this the latter called out—

“Tell that fellow I am never at home to the murderer of my lawful sovereign.”

PREACHING AND PRESENTING.

“Wha’s to preach the night?” said a person to the *betherall* of “Haddo’s Hole” in the High Street of Edinburgh.

“I divna ken wha’s to preach,” was the self-complacent reply; “but my son’s to present.”

FOZIE TAM.

Every callant in the class could gie him his licks; and I recollect ance a lassie geein’ him a bloody nose. He durstna gang into the dookin’ aboon his doup, for fear o’ drownin’, and even then wi’ seggs; and as for speelin’ trees, he never ventured aboon the rotten branches o’ a Scotch fir. He was

fear’d for ghosts, and wadna sleep in a room by himsel’; and ance on a Halloween, he swarfed at the apparition of a lowin’ turnip. But noo, he’s a warrior, and fought at Waterloo. Yes; Fozie Tam wears a medal, for he overthrew Napoleon. . . . Oh, sirs! when I see what creturs like him can do, I could greet that I’m no a soderger.
—*Noctus Ambros.*

HOW TO GET OVER A DIFFICULTY.

Three clergymen, bearing the same name, ministered in the same town. They belonged to different denominations, but it was difficult readily to distinguish in conversation which one was meant. The boys of the town, however, were at no loss: to them, one was “Dirty Davie,” a second “Dainty Davie,” and a third “Dandy Davie.”

A similar case happened in another place. Three tenants on one estate bore the Christian name of Peter. They soon became known to their neighbours by certain characteristic cognomens, *viz.*, “Whisky Peter,” “Ale Peter,” and “Water Peter.”

“GRAND ACCOMMODATION.”

There is something very amusing in what may be called the “fitness of things.” An honest Highlander, a genuine lover of “sneeshin,” observed standing at the door of the Blair-Athole hotel, a magnificent man clad in full tartans, and noticed with much admiration the wide dimensions of his nostrils in a finely turned-up nose. He accosted him, and, as his most complimentary act, offered him his mull to take a pinch. The stranger drew himself up, and rather haughtily said—

“I never take snuff.”

“O,” said the other, “that’s a peety, for ye hae grand accommodation!”

ORKNEY WITCHES.

Some sixty years since an old weird woman lived in Stromness, who sold winds to mariners at a remarkably low figure. For the small charge of sixpence, "awfu' Bessie Miller" would sell a wind to a skipper from any point of the compass he chose to have it. In Orkney there are, it is said, old women still living who earn an "honest penny" by controlling nature; there is not a pain—from the first that a child can cause to the last a mortal endures in getting rid of mortality—but these crones profess to relieve. We learn too, on competent authority, that old Orkney women still retain an unaccountable aversion to turbot, and avoid naming it when crossing sounds and bays in boats.

A DEVICE OF SATAN.

A woman of Stornoway, in Lewis, had a maid who saw visions, and often fell into a swoon; her mistress was very much concerned about her, but could not find out any means to prevent her seeing those things. At last she resolved to pour some of the water used in baptism on her maid's face, believing this would prevent her seeing any more sights of this kind. Accordingly, she carried her maid with her next Lord's day, and both of them sat near the basin in which the water stood; and after baptism, before the minister had concluded the last prayer, she put her hand in the basin, took up as much water as she could, and threw it on the maid's face; at which strange action the minister and the congregation were equally surprised. After prayer the minister inquired of the woman the meaning of such an unbecoming and distracted action; she told him it was to prevent her maid seeing visions: and it fell out accordingly, for from that

time she never once more saw a vision of any kind.

I submit the matter of fact to the censure of the learned; but, for my own part, I think it to have been one of Satan's devices to make credulous people have an esteem for holy water.—*Martin.*

MEG DODS' GOOD NAME.

"A Commissary Court business," said the writer, going off again on a false scent. "I shall trim their jackets for them, Mrs Dods, if you can but bring tight evidence of the facts—I will soon bring them to fine and palinode—I will make them repent meddling with your good name."

"My gude name! What the sorrow is the matter wi' my name, Mr Bind-loose?" said the irritable client. "I think ye hae been at the wee cappie this morning, for as early as it is—my gude name!—if onybody touched wi' my gude name, I wad neither fash council nor commissary—I would be down among them, like a jer-falcon among a wheen wild geese, and the best among them that dared to say anything of Meg Dods but what was honest and civil, I wad sune see if her cockernonnie was made of her ain hair or other folk's. *My gude name, indeed!*"—*St Ronan's Well.*

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

William Hunter, a collier in Tillicoultry, was cured in the year 1758 of an inveterate rheumatism or gout, by drinking freely of new ale, full of barm or yeast. The poor man had been confined to his bed for a year and a half, having almost entirely lost the use of his limbs. On the evening of Handsel Monday, some of his neighbours came to make merry with him. Though he could not rise, yet he always took his

share of the ale, as it passed round the company, and, in the end, became much intoxicated. The consequence was, that he had the use of his limbs the next morning, and was able to walk about. He lived more than twenty years after this, and never had the smallest return of his old complaint.—*Stat. Account.*

RULING THE WAVES.

The steward of St Kilda, who lives at Pabbay, is accustomed in time of a storm to tie a bundle of puddings, made of the fat of sea-fowl, to the end of his cable, and lets it fall into the sea behind the rudder; this, he says, hinders the waves from breaking, and calms the sea; but the scent of the grease attracts the whales, which puts the vessel in danger.—*Martin.*

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

A collier lad who had married a milliner, hinted to his wife, when his trousers wanted repairing, his wish to have the aid of her needle, but she heeded him not. Day after day, however, went by, and the rent grew worse, till at last he determined, by a novel device, to shame his spouse, if he could, into the performance of her duty. Rising one morning, as was his custom, at prep of day to go to his work, he proceeded to array himself in his holiday attire. Sable doeskin trousers, vest, and coat, were donned with the utmost gravity; nor were polished boots or the glossy *chapeau à Paris* wanting to complete the uniformity of his vestiture. Having finished dressing, he deposited his "bait" in one coat pocket, his oil flask in another, hung his lamp from the brim of his hat, took his tea-can in his hand, and strode towards the door with

a stolidity of manner and truly histrionic air. During all his manoeuvres his wife was lying in bed watching his every movement. He was aware of it, but neither spoke. When his hand was on the latch, however, she called out—

"Jock, ye hae forgotten something."

"What is't?" said he, involuntarily.

"Yer silk umbrell'."

Alas! alas! for John's determination. His wife's coolness, and the idea of a silk umbrella in a coal-pit, were too much for him, and the result was a hearty laugh, a conjugal conference, and mended trousers!

A VETERAN M'LEOD.

November 1787. Lately died, near Stornoway in the Lewis, Lewis M'Leod, aged 116 years. He was born in the year 1671; fought at Killiecrankie, Sheriff-Muir, and Culloden, under the banners of the Stuarts. He sent, in the year 1755, six sons to fight for King George, in the regiment then raised by Colonel Montgomery (now Lord Eglington), only one of whom is now alive, a Chelsea pensioner. He was the oldest spectator of Prince William Henry at Stornoway. He retained his senses and memory to the last.—*Scots Mag.*

"THE DEIL HAD BUSINESS IN HIS HAND."

Not many years ago there lived in the south of Scotland a somewhat eccentric clergyman, who had been preaching most vigorously on the impropriety of profane swearing, and denouncing the rather common habit of using one of Satan's names in ordinary conversation. On the Monday he set out to visit a few of his people. Just as he was entering a neighbouring village, he overtook an old woman, who was carrying home a young pig which she meant to rear.

The old woman's strength and patience both became exhausted, and waxing very wroth, she exclaimed—

"The deevil choke ye, beast !"

The minister was passing at the moment, but he simply looked, heaved a sigh, and went on his way. On reaching the further end of the village, however, he found another old woman assiduously attempting to induce a flock of ducklings to enter in at a stable door. The old dame was completely baffled ; and as she stood wiping her face with her apron, the minister heard her give vent to her spleen in these words :—

"Deevil tak ye, beasts, will ye no gang in?"

He evidently thought this was a great deal too much, and stepping forward, he thus accosted her—

"Ay, ay, just thole a wee, my woman ; the deevil's busy at the ither end o' the toon chokin' a sow ; but he'll be your way in a while, I'se warrant ye—just thole a wee."

AN EYE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

On the day after the inauguration of the monument to Mungo Park in Selkirk, 'a souter's wife was heard giving vent to her ideas of the ceremony in the following strain :—

"Deed was I ; I was at the 'inauguration, and sic a crood o' folk I never saw in Selcraig afore. I was 'maist crushed to death. But what was a' the wark aboot ? When they lifted up the claiith, the fient a thing could I see to raise sic a stir aboot. Naething but a stane man !"

WHAT ANDREW FAIRSERVICE'S MASTER OVERHEARD.

"Ay, ay, Mr Hammorgaw, it's e'en as I tell ye. He's no a' thegither sae

void o' sense neither ; he has a gloaming sight o' what's reasonable—that is anes and awa'—a glisk and nae mair ; but he's crack-brained and cockle-headed about his niperty-tipperty poetry nonsense—He'll glow'r at an auld-warld barkit aik-snag as if it were a queez-maddam in full bearing ; and a naked craig, wi' a burn jawing ower't, is unto him as a garden garnisht with flowering knots and choice pot-herbs. Then he would rather claver wi' a daft qucan they ca' Diana Vernon (weel I wot they might ca' her Diana of the Epheusians, for she's little better than a heathen—better? she's waur—a Roman, a mere Roman)—he'll claver wi' her, or ony ither idle slut, rather than hear what might do him gude a' the days of his life, frae you or me, Mr Hammorgaw, or ony ither sober or sponisible person. Reason, sir, is what he canna endure—he's a' for your vanities and volabilities ; and he ance tell'd me (puir blinded creature !) that the Psalms of David were excellent poetry ! as if the holy Psalmist thought o' rattling rhymes in a blether, like his ain silly clinkum-clankum things that he ca's verse. Gude help him !—twa lines o' Davie Lindsay wad ding a' he ever clerkit."—*Rob Roy*.

THE WHITE WAND.

It hath been an ancient custom in these (western) isles, and still continues, when any number of men retire into a house, either to discourse of serious business, or to pass some time in drinking. Upon these occasions, the door of the house stands open, and a rod is put across the same, which is understood to be a sign to all persons without distinction not to approach ; and if any should be so rude as to take up this rod, and come in uncalled, he is sure to be no welcome guest ; for this is accounted such an affront to the company, that

they are bound in honour to resent it ; and the person offending may come to have his head broken, if he do not meet with a harsher reception.—*Martin*.

PERTH.

The flourishing state of Perth is owing to two accidents : the first, that of numbers of Cromwell's wounded officers and soldiers choosing to reside here after he left the kingdom, who introduced a spirit of industry among the people. The other cause was the long continuance of the Earl of Mar's army here in 1715, which occasioned vast sums of money being spent in the place. But this town, as well as all Scotland, dates its prosperity from the year 1745 ; the government of this part of Great Britain having never been settled till a little after that time. The Rebellion was a disorder violent in its operation, but salutary in its effects.—*L'ennant*.

BUILDING NOMENCLATURE.

In Edinburgh they call a floor a house ; the whole building is called a land ; an alley is a *wynde* ; a little court, or a turn-again alley, is a *cross* ; a round staircase, a *turnpike* ; and a square one goes by the name of a *skale stair*.—*Burt*.

THE "SIN" OF DANCING.

In the days when dancing was held to be a great sin, and to be dealt with by the session, Jessie, a comely, good, and blithe young woman, and a great favourite of the minister, had been guilty of dancing at a friend's wedding. She was summoned before the session to be "dealt with"—the grim old elders and deacons sternly concentrating

their eyes upon her as she stood trembling in her striped short-gown and her pretty feet. The doctor, who was one of divinity, and a deep thinker, greatly pitying her and himself, said, "Jessie, my woman, were ye dancin'?"

"Yes," sobbed Jessie.

"Ye maun e'en promise never to dance again, Jessie."

"I wull, sir ; I wull promise" (with a curtsy).

"Noo, what were ye thinkin' o', Jessie, when ye were dancin'? tell us truly," said an old elder, who had been a poacher in youth.

"Nae ill, sir," sobbed out the dear little woman. "Then, Jessie, my woman, *aye dance!*" cried the delighted doctor.—*Dr John Brown*.

UTILITY OF SCOTCH PROVERBS.

After tea there were songs, with perhaps a round of Scottish proverbs—a class of sayings which, from their agreeable tartness, found scope for exercise in ordinary transactions, and were more especially useful in snubbing children, and keeping them in remembrance of their duty. The Peebles people were not behind their neighbours in the art of applying these maxims. As, for example, if a fastidious youth presumed to complain that his porridge was not altogether to his mind, he would have for reply: "Lay your wame to your winnin'"—that is, "Suit your stomach to your earnings"—a staple observation in all such cases ;—or, if one of unsettled habits got into a scrape, such as "slumping" in the ice, and coming home half-drowned, instead of being commiserated, he would be coolly reminded that "An unhappy fish gets an unhappy bait ;"—or, if one hinted that he was hungry, and would not be the worse of something to eat, he would, if the application was inopportune, be favoured with the advice in dietetics :

"You'll be the better o' findin' the grounds o' your stamick;"—or, if he, on the other hand, asked for a drink of water shortly after dinner, he would be told that "Mickle meat taks mickle weat;" by which wholesome rebuke he was instructed in the excellent virtue of moderation in eating;—or, if one, when put to some kind of difficult task, said he wanted assistance, he would get the proverb pitched at him: "Help yourself, and your friends will like you the better;"—or, when a family of children quarrelled among themselves, and appealed to their mother for an edict of pacification, she would console them with the remark: "You'll all agree better when ye gang in at different kirk doors." A capital thing were these proverbs and sayings for stamping out what were called notions of "uppishness" in children, or hopes of having everything their own way.—*W. Chambers.*

ANDREW FAIRSERVICE RIGHTS HIMSELF.

"How is this, sir?" said I sternly; "that is Mr Thorncliff's mare!"

"I'll no say but she may aiblins hae been his honour's Squire Thorncliff's in her day—but she's mine now."

"You have stolen her, you rascal."

"Na, na, sir—nae man can wyte me wi' theft. The thing stands this gate, ye see. Squire Thorncliff borrowed ten pounds o' me to gang to York races—deil a bodle wad he pay me back again, and spake o' raddling my banes, as he ca'd it, when I asked him but for my ain again;—now, I think it will riddle him, or he gets his horse over the Border again—unless he pays me plack and bawbee, he sall never see a hair o' her tail. I ken a canny chield at Loughmaben, a bit writer-lad, that will put me in the way to sort him. Steal the mear! na, na, far be the sin o' theft

frae Andrew Fairservice—I have just arrested her *jurisdictiones fandandy causy*. They are bonny writer words—amaist like the language of huz gardeners and other learned men—it's a pity they're sae dear;—thae three words were a' that Andrew got for a lang law-plea, and four ankers o' as gude brandy as was e'er coupit ower craig. Hech, sirs! but law's a dear thing."—*Rob Roy.*

REASON FOR CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

An old Scotch laird, who was rather puzzled selecting a profession for his son, at last arrived at a conclusion, and thus delivered his thoughts upon the subject:—"When I gang through the New Toon o' Edinbro', I see this ane *Writer*, and that ane *Writer*—amaist every house has a *Writer* leeving in't. Fient hae me but I think I'll hae to mak our Jock a *Writer* too; no that I think the callant likely ever to make ony thing by't, but it may aiblins keep the lave aff him."

REASONS ENOUGH.

A farmer who lived half way between Selkirk and Galashiels found it more convenient to attend the church in the county town than his parish church, and absented himself from the latter for a considerable time.

Having returned, however, one Sunday, the minister accosted him with the observation—

"Weel, John, and so you've come to us again? A better sermon ower by at Selcrig, I suppose?"

"Deed no, sir," replied John; "as for the sermons, there's no sae muckle difference; but we get far better ale and far bigger measure; and forbye that, it's far cheaper in Selcrig than here!"

A PRUDENT PATRIOT.

At the commencement of the Rebellion of 1745, a man being asked by his friend what side he intended to espouse in the troubles that were about to ensue, answered, "Faith, I shall take the side that the gallows is to be on."

THE PRIORY OF INCHCOLM.

Two miles distant from Aberdour, upon the north side of the firth, lies Inchcolm. The abbey hath been a stately building; the steeple is entire, and there are several vaults standing; the chapter is a round figure, built of square stones, with seats of stone round it: a part of the church and some cells of the monks were standing not long ago. The abbey was founded by King Alexander I. for monks of the order of St Augustine, about the year 1123, upon this occasion: The king, while he was passing this firth at the Queensferry, was, by a violent wind, driven into this island, after great hazard of being cast away. At that time there lived in this isle an hermit, in a chapel dedicated to St Columb, who had no sustenance but the milk of one cow, and what he could purchase with shell-fish and other small sea-fish; by him the king and those who were in company with him were maintained for three days that the storm kept them there; upon which he made a vow to build something of note there, and afterwards built the abbey for the canons, and endowed it. The wealth of this place in the time of Edward III. proved so strong a temptation to his fleet, then lying in the Forth, as to suppress all the horror of sacrilege and respect to the sanctity of the inhabitants. The English landed, and spared not even the furniture more immediately consecrated to divine worship. But due vengeance overtook them; for in a storm which instantly followed, many of them

perished; those who escaped, struck with the justice of the judgment, vowed to make ample recompense to the injured saint. The tempest ceased, and they made the promised atonement.

SUPERSTITIONS.

Some superstitions still lurk even in this cultivated country. The farmers carefully preserve their cattle against witchcraft, by placing boughs of the mountain ash and honey suckle in their cow-houses on the 2d of May. They hope to preserve the milk of their cows, and their wives from miscarriage, by tying red threads about them; they bleed the supposed witch to preserve themselves from her charms; they visit the well of Spey for many distempers, and the well of Drachaldy for as many, offering small pieces of money and bits of rags. The young people determine the figure and size of their husbands by drawing cabbages blindfold on All-Hallow's even; and, like the English, fling nuts into the fire; and in February draw valentines, and from them collect their future fortune in the nuptial state.
—*Pennant.*

MISFORTUNES OF THE STUARTS.

A train of misfortunes attended the name and family of Stuart. The first James fell by the hands of assassins at Perth; the second was killed at the siege of Roxburgh Castle; the third was murdered by his rebellious subjects; the fourth lost his life in the battle of Flodden Field; and the fifth died of a broken heart, after the defeat at Solway. Through almost every scene of his daughter Mary's life the dark shades of adversity ran. Her son, James VI., was more fortunate; but, as if fate had not yet wearied persecuting his race, its fury was resumed on his

successor Charles, whose son also experienced a long series of misfortunes; and his brother, James II., suffered the punishment of his infatuated bigotry, and transmitted to his offspring perpetual exile and exclusion from royalty.

ANCIENT SCOTTISH CASTLES.

In the construction of castles in Scotland, the following plan was usually adopted:—Beyond the ditch of the castle was the barbican, or watch tower. The ditch was made broad and deep, and when it could be kept filled with water, the castle was more secure. From the barbican to the outer gate was either a standing, or, still better, a draw bridge, which was let down or raised up by a portcullis. The entrance of the outer wall was by a strong embattled gate, with a tower on each side; the warden resided over the gate, and a guard was in each tower. The outer wall was embattled with a parapet, with chinks, called oilets, from which arrows might be discharged. Flights of steps, at convenient distances, enabled the soldiers of the garrison to ascend on the wall. Within the yard were the houses for the soldiers and artificers, the wells to supply water, and a chapel for divine worship. In the centre of the yard was the dungeon or keep, the residence of the governor or chief. It was usually surrounded with a ditch, with a draw-bridge, and had embattled gates. The staircases were narrow, for the facility of defence, when reduced to the last peril. The wall was of vast thickness, and within it were places for beds. At a considerable height from the ground was the state room of the governor or chief. Other apartments were higher up. The floors of the different stories were vaulted and fire-proof. The top of the keep was flat, and from it there was a view of the surrounding country, as well as of all the works of the castle

immediately below. The parapet wall, at the top, was embattled. Many of the habitations of the baronial proprietors were, however, merely a solitary tower of very thick strong walls and narrow windows. The cattle were secured in the lower storey, or in a small yard adjoining the castle, and protected by its vicinity.

THE DISMAL DAY.

A Highlander never begins anything of consequence on the day of the week on which the 3d of May falls; which he styles *La sheachanna na bleanagh*, or the dismal day.—*Peunant*.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

"I met the general on the evening of the 16th instant (Jan. 1809), as some soldiers were bringing him into Corunna, supported in a blanket with sashes. He knew me immediately, though it was almost dark; squeezed me by the hand, and said, 'Do not leave me.' He spoke to the surgeons, on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say but little. After some time, he seemed very anxious to speak to me, and, at intervals, expressed himself as follows. The first question he asked was, 'Are the French beaten?' which inquiry he repeated to all those he knew, as they entered the room. On being assured by all that the French were beaten, he exclaimed, 'I hope the people of England will be satisfied; I hope my country will do me justice; you will see my friends as soon as you possibly can; tell them everything; say to my mother (here his voice failed him) Hope—Hope—I have much to say, but cannot get it out. Is Colonel Graham, and are all my aides-de-camp well? I have made my will, and have remembered my servants; Colborne has my will and

all my papers.' Major Colborne, his principal aide-de-camp, then came into the room. He spoke most kindly to him; and then said to me, 'Remember you go to —, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will befriend Major Colborne; he has been long with me, and I know him most worthy of it.' He then asked Major Colborne if the French were beaten, and on being told they were repulsed on every point, he said it was a great satisfaction, in his last moments, to know he had beat the French. 'Is General Paget in the room?' On my telling him he was not, he said, 'Remember me to him: I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying; I am in great pain.' He then thanked the doctors for their attention. Captains Percy and Stanhope came into the room; he spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy if all his aides-de-camp were well. He pressed my hand close to his body, and, in a few minutes, died without a struggle. He told me, while the surgeons were examining his wound, 'You know I have always wished to die this way.' As far as I can recollect, this is everything he said, except asking to be placed in an easier posture."

The foregoing account of the death of Sir John Moore is said to have been written by "an eye-witness."

THE COLDINGHAM NUNS.

The convent of Coldingham, one of the oldest in Scotland, is immortalised by the heroism of its nuns. In them chastity was not only a vow of the lips, but a principle of the heart as well. When the country was invaded by the Danes in 870, they cut off their noses and lips, to make themselves objects of horror rather than of desire.

They, indeed, escaped violation by their resolution; but so much were the savages provoked at the disappointment they met with, in finding ghastly figures

instead of the beauties they expected, that they set fire to the monastery, and consumed the wretched nuns, together with their abbess, Ebba.

BOILING THE BELL.

A gentleman of wealth presented a new bell to the town of Port-Glasgow. The sapient magistrates of the burgh, however, did not like the appearance of it, thinking it had been sent home in an unfinished state, and accordingly ordered it to be painted. This was done, and the effects of the operation were soon apparent: it rang with a deadened, nay, nearly a dead tone; and in order to cure its dumbness, they were obliged to order it to be boiled, roasted, and scraped, before it recovered its natural powers, which had been artificially obstructed by their presumed superior knowledge of the properties of bell-metal.

THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD.

In the days of the Stuarts, the Duke of Gordon, a good soldier and a steady Catholic, resided chiefly abroad, leaving his Scottish lands to the care of two stewards of his own clan, distinguished among the peasantry by the names of Muckle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon. It happened that one Ramsay rented a small farm on the estate; and though the land was stony, and rank with broom and thistles, it was his own birth-place, and that of his ancestors: so he was desirous of ending his days on the same ground as his forefathers had done; but the factors refused to renew the lease, and the old farmer was about to emigrate, when Gordon himself came unexpectedly from abroad. The tenant asked for, and obtained, an audience. He told his story in a way so characteristic and graphic, that the noble

landlord was highly pleased; he renewed the lease with his own hand, and invited him to dinner. The good wine added to the farmer's joy: he told pleasant stories; said many dry and humorous things; and his grace was so much entertained, that he took Ramsay the tenant—a stiff Presbyterian—through his house. From the picture-gallery they went into the chapel, ornamented with silver images of the saints and apostles. The old man looked on them with wonder, and said: "Who may these gentlemen be, and what may your grace do wi' them?"

"These," said his grace, "are the saints to whom we address our prayers, when we wish God to be merciful and kind; they are our patron saints and heavenly intercessors."

"I'll tell ye what," said the old man, with the light of a wicked laugh in his eye, "fiend ha'e me, if I would trust them. When I wanted my lease again, I went to Muckle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon, and all I got was cannie words, till I made bold and spak to your grace. Sae drop Saint Andrew, my lord, and address his betters."

The duke soon after became a Protestant; and tradition attributes his conversion to the story of Muckle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon,—a story that for a century and a half has been popular in Scotland.

ST. JOHN'S BELLS.

There is a set of musical bells in the steeple of St John's Church at Perth, which play one of a series of lively Scottish airs every time the clock strikes. It so happened one Sunday, at twelve o'clock, just as the minister in the pulpit below happened to use, with peculiar emphasis, the striking Scripture metaphor,—"*Plough up the fallow ground of your hearts*,"—that the music bells,

much after the manner of an orchestra on the discharge of a toast at a public dinner, struck up the appropriate air, "*Corn-rigs are bonny*," to the infinite edification and no less amusement of the congregation.

DOUGLAS CASTLE.

The "good Lord James of Douglas," during the commotions in the time of Robert Bruce, often took from the English his own castle of Douglas; but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications, and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again arise more magnificent from its ruins. Upon one of these occasions he used fearful cruelty, causing all the provisions which the English had laid up in his castle to be heaped together, bursting the wine and beer casks among the wheat and flour, slaughtering the cattle upon the same spot, and upon the top of the whole cutting the throats of the English prisoners. This "pleasantry" of the "good Lord James" is commemorated under the name of the *Douglas Larder*. A more pleasing tale of chivalry is recorded by Godscroft: "By this means, and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemy, that it was counted a matter of great jeopardy to keep this castle, which began to be called the *adventurous castle of Douglas*; whereupon Sir John Walton, being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him, that when he had kept the adventurous castle of Douglas seven years, then he might think himself worthy to be a suitor to her. Upon this occasion Walton took upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Thruswall, but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him. For Sir James, having

first dressed an ambuscado near unto the place, he made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them with grass, as though it had been corn, which they carried in the way to Lanark, the chief market-town in that county: so hoping to draw forth the captain by that bait, and either to take him or the castle, or both. Neither was this expectation frustrated, for the captain did bite, and came forth to have taken this victual (as he supposed). But ere he could reach these carriers, Sir James, with his company, had gotten between the castle and him; and these disguised carriers, seeing the captain following after them, did quickly cast off their sacks, mounted themselves on horseback, and met the captain with a sharp encounter, being so much the more amazed, as it was unlooked for: wherefore, when he saw these carriers metamorphosed into warriors, and ready to assault him, fearing that which was, that there was some train laid for them, he turned about to have retired to his castle, but there he also met with his enemies, between which two companies he and his whole followers were slain, so that none escaped: the captain afterwards being searched, they found his mistress's letters upon him—at least it was so reported."

WHAT IS A HAGGIS?

"Pray, sir," said a man of the south, "why do you boil a haggis in a sheep's bag; and, above all, what is it made of?"

"Sir," answered a man of the north, "we boil it in a sheep's bag, because such was the primitive way; it was invented, sir, before linnen was thought of: and as for what it is made of, I dare not trust myself with telling. I can never name all the savoury items without tears; and surely you would not wish me to expose myself in a public company?"

MONS MEG.

This remarkable specimen of ancient artillery, which resembles the mortars to be seen in Germany, was made at Mons in Flanders. It is small at the breech, and large at the mouth, and is composed of a number of thick iron bars, which appear to have been welded, and then bound together by strong hoops, the whole being of immense strength. It is in length thirteen feet, and is two feet three inches and a half in diameter at the muzzle, the bore of which is twenty inches wide, tapering inwards; the gun weighs four thousand stone.

Grose, in his *Antiquities*, states that this gun was burst at the siege of Roxburgh, on the 3rd of August, 1460; but we are inclined to doubt the truth of this. On the 10th of July, 1489, Mons Meg was carried by King James IV. to the siege of Dumbarton. Mons, however, from her enormous size and weight, seems to have proved so very unmanageable, that, after having been brought back from Dumbarton, she enjoyed eight years of repose. When James, in 1497, sat down before Norham, this gun was with infinite labour and expense conveyed to the siege. In the same year there is an account, in the treasurer's books, for a new cradle to and repairing the Mons. This appears to have been her original name; the addition of *Meg* is first used by Drummond of Hawthornden, in his *History of the Jameses*.

In 1651 the Mons was transported to Dunnottar. Tradition asserts that a shot from this cannon dismasted an English vessel in attempting to enter the harbour of Stonehaven. On the marriage of Mary of Scotland, the gun was discharged; and in 1682, when the Duke of York, afterwards King James VII. of Scotland and II. of England, visited Edinburgh, the great cannon called Mons Meg, having been discharged, burst, which was considered a

bad omen. In April, 1754, this gun, so long unserviceable, was taken from the the Castle of Edinburgh, drawn down the Canongate, and thence by the Easter Road to Leith, whence she was shipped on board the "Happy Janet" for the Tower of London, from which, after having been neglected for about 75 years, she was, in 1829, once more returned to her original station, where it is probable she will remain a memorial of ancient warfare when centuries to come have passed away.—*Charles Mackie.*

ROSLIN CASTLE AND CHAPEL.

Tradition relates that the design for this celebrated chapel was drawn at Rome; and, in order that it might be properly executed, the founder caused dwellings to be built near it for the workmen, the ancient village being half a mile distant. He gave them houses and lands in proportion to their abilities, with such salaries as attracted the best workmen in Scotland and the neighbouring kingdoms. The chapel is surrounded with a handsome stone wall, having an entrance on the north side. The entry into the chapel is by two doors, one on the north, the other on the south side. The height of the chapel within, from the floor to the top of the arched roof, is forty feet eight inches; breadth, thirty-four feet eight inches; length, sixty-eight feet.

At the south-east corner there is a descent, by a flight of twenty steps, into a crypt or chapel, partly subterraneous, which is supposed to have served as a sacristy and vestry; the east end of the building is above ground, occasioned by the sudden declivity of the hill. The height is fifteen feet; breadth, fourteen feet; length, thirty-six feet; it is lighted by a single window.

The whole chapel is profusely decorated with sculpture, both within and without. On the outsides are a number

of niches for statues; but whether any were ever placed there is doubtful. The inside is divided into a middle and two side aisles, by seven columns on each side, supporting pointed arches; and over them, in the middle aisle, which is higher than those on each side, is a row of windows. The roof, the capitals, keystones, and architraves, are all covered with sculptures, representing flowers, foliage, events in sacred history, texts of scripture, and grotesque figures, executed with astonishing neatness. The 'prentice's pillar, by some called the prince's pillar, supposed in compliment to the princely founder, or, more probably, from its superiority to the others, has, on its base, a number of dragons and other monsters, whose interwoven tails are quite clear of, or detached from, its surface. The dragons are chained by the heads, and twisted into one another. This beautiful pillar has round it, from base to capital, waving in a spiral way, four wreaths of the most curious sculpture of flower-work and foliage; the workmanship of each being different, and the centre of each wreath distant from that of the neighbouring one, eighteen inches. These wreathings are so fine, that they can be compared to nothing else but Brussels lace. The ornaments upon the capital of this pillar are, the story of Abraham offering up Isaac, a man blowing on a Highland bagpipe, with another man lying by him. There is a legend related concerning the building of this pillar. It is: That the master mason having occasion to go to Rome for further information, on account of difficulties he had experienced, his apprentice, in his absence, carried on the work and finished this pillar. The master, on his return, stung with envy, slew him by a blow of his hammer. But this is all fiction. Similar stories are told of other buildings; one, in particular, of the rose window at Rouen, said to have been carved by an apprentice, whose master, out of jeal-

ousy, slew him. The legend adds, that being condemned to suffer for his crime, no workman could be found capable of completing his work; wherefore he was pardoned by the Pope, and having finished the building, became a monk of a severe order.

"HABBOCRAW'S."

"Habbocraws" is a shout used in the south of Scotland, by the boys, to frighten the crows from the cornfields; the shouter generally throwing up his cap or bonnet at the same time.

A "crow scare" fell asleep in church one Sunday, probably under the influence of a dull sermon. When the precentor and congregation commenced the psalm, he woke up suddenly, and, believing himself to be among the rooks, he "wampished" his arms over his head, and shouted "Habbocraws" at the pitch of his voice—the gravity of every one being completely upset by the occurrence.

A BRIEF CRITICISM.

"I hope you are pleased with my preaching this afternoon, John," said a vain young probationer to the beadle who was disrobing him in the vestry after the sermon.

"It was a' *soun*," sir," said John, with a sly expression.

Only a Scotsman can properly appreciate the twofold interpretation which this brief criticism admits of.

FAMILIARITY IN THE PULPIT.

A minister of Croomichael, in Fife, frequently talked from the pulpit to his hearers with amusing, and, indeed, irreverent familiarity. Expounding a passage in Exodus one day, he proceeded

thus:—"And the Lord said unto Moses"—Sneek that door! I'm thinking if ye had to sit beside the door yerseel, ye wadna be sae ready leaving it open. It was just beside that door that Vedam Tamson, the bellman, got his death o' cauld; and I'm sure, honest man, he didna let it stay muckle open. 'And the Lord said unto Moses'—I see a man aneath the laft wi' his hat on. I'm sure, man, ye're clear o' the soogh o' the door there. Keep aff your bannet, Thamas, and if your bare pow be cauld, ye maun just get a grey worsted wig, like mysel'. They're no sae dear—plenty o' them at Bob Gillespie's for tenpence a piece." The rev. gentleman then proceeded with his discourse.

A LAZY POET.

Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons," who was of a most indolent disposition, was found once in a garden, eating fruit off a tree with his hands in his pockets, &c. A friend one day entered his room, and, finding him still in bed, although the day was far spent, asked him, in the name of wonder, why he did not get up?

"Man, I hae nae motive," replied the poet.

SANDY HAY, THE WARLOCK.

Sandy Hay, of Peterhead, a most ingenious tradesman, was convicted of the heinous crime of witchcraft. Hay appears to have been a fellow of considerable humour, in which he could not help indulging, even when led to the stake. Being asked by a clergyman who attended him, what made him laugh one day so much in the church, he made answer—

"That he saw Old Nick sitting on the corner of the highest gallery, and

noting down on parchment the names of all present who were sleeping during divine service; but that the drowsy part of the audience increased so fast upon him, that he found his parchment too small to contain all their names; on which he endeavoured to stretch it with his teeth; but, losing his hold, he knocked his head with an awful thump against the wall behind him."

This ludicrous story, so far from exciting the risibility of the ghostly confessor, only confirmed the guilt, and accelerated the fate, of the unfortunate Hay.

FIRTH OF FORTH HERRING FISHERY.

In 1793, the new herring fishery began in the Firth of Forth. It is not very creditable to the attention and vigilance of the fishermen of Fife, that this vast fund of national wealth was not resorted to earlier. When the herrings left the shores near the mouth of the firth, it was supposed they had taken their departure altogether from our coasts, and no attempts were made to discover them in the shallow waters farther up. The discovery of them is said to have been made accidentally by a poor man, named Thomas Brown, who lived near Donnibristle. For many years, he had been wont to fish, with hook and line, for haddocks or "podlies" along the shore. During the winter season, he took many herrings in this way, and is reported to have observed such numbers, close to the beach, as to take them up in pails or buckets. With base avarice, he concealed the favours of Providence; but his new fishery became gradually known to his neighbours, who profited by his example, and soon began to sell in the neighbouring country the supplies gleaned from the shores. When it was reported that a shoal of herrings was found so far up the firth, the fishermen

gave no credit to the tale, because such a circumstance had not been known before. At last, in 1793, some fishermen of Queensferry set their herring nets, and their astonishing success roused the torpid spirit of their brethren, who, from the gradual failure of all kinds of fishing along the coast, had become timid and spiritless. An instance of their want of energy and faith on this subject has been mentioned by an intelligent seaman. About twenty years before the fishing commenced, the mainsail of his vessel had accidentally fallen overboard in the bay of Inverkeithing; when it was hauled on board, it was found to contain a great number of herrings in its folds. He reported this circumstance to many fishermen, but could not prevail on one of them to make a trial for herrings, so strong was their prejudice against their being found at a distance from their wonted haunts. The success of the Queensferry boats excited general attention, and this fishery has been followed with perseverance and good fortune, not only by the fishermen of Fife, but of a great part of the east coast of Scotland, and of the Firth of Clyde, and of Ireland, who come through the canal in the end of autumn, and remain till the close of the fishing season. At first the herrings sold about half-a-crown or three shillings per cran, which is the fill of a barrel placed on the beach. They rose afterwards to ten shillings, about which price they continued some years. In 1800 and 1801, they were as high as twenty-five shillings. There appears to be no difference, as some people supposed, betwixt these herrings, and those formerly caught in the lower part of the firth. When the herrings first arrive, they are somewhat emaciated; and for about a month they improve in size and fatness, and in a month or six weeks more they begin to spawn. The fishing commences in October, and lasts till February or March.

CATTLE-LIFTING MORALITY.

As they glided along the silver mirror, Evan opened the conversation with a panegyric upon Alice, who, he said, was both *canny* and *fendy*; and was, to the boot of all that, the best dancer of a strathspey in the whole strath. Edward assented to her praises so far as he understood them, yet could not help regretting that she was condemned to such a perilous and dismal life. "Oich! for that," said Evan, "there is nothing in Perthshire that she need want, if she ask her father to fetch it, unless it be too hot or too heavy."

"But to be the daughter of a cattle-stealer—a common thief?"

"Common thief!—No such thing: Donald Bean Lean never *lifted* less than a drove in his life."

"Do you call him an uncommon thief, then?"

"No—he that steals a cow from a poor widow, or a stirk from a cottar, is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird, is a gentleman-rover. And, besides, to take a tree from the forest, a salmon from the river, a deer from the hill, or a cow from a Lowland strath, is what no Highlander need ever think shame upon."

"But what can this end in, were he taken in such an appropriation?"

"To be sure he would *die for the law*, as many a pretty man has done before him."

"Die for the law!"

"Ay; that is, with the law, or by the law; be strapped up on the *kind* gallows of Crieff, where his father died, and his good sire died, and where I hope he'll live to die himself, if he's not shot, or slashed, in a creagh."

"You *hope* such a death for your friend, Evan!"

"And that do I e'en; would you have me wish him to die on a bundle of wet straw in yon den of his, like a mangy tyke?"

"But what becomes of Alice, then?"

"Troth, if such an accident were to happen, as her father would not need her help ony langer, I ken nought to hinder me to marry her myself."—*Waverley*.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

Bruce, like other heroes, observed omens, and one is recorded by tradition. After he had retreated to one of the miserable places of shelter, in which he could venture to take some repose after his disasters, he lay stretched upon a handful of straw, and abandoned himself to his melancholy meditations. He had now been defeated four times, and was upon the point of resolving to abandon all hopes of further opposition to his fate, and go to the Holy Land. It chanced his eye, while he was thus pondering, was attracted by the exertions of a spider, who, in order to fix his web, endeavoured to swing himself from one beam to another above his head. Involuntary he became interested in the pertinacity with which the insect renewed his exertions, after failing six times; and it occurred to him that he would decide his own course according to the success or failure of the spider. At the seventh effort the insect gained his object; and Bruce, in like manner, persevered and carried his own. Hence it has been held unlucky or ungrateful, or both, in one of the names of Bruce to kill a spider.

SUITABLE FOOD.

Shortly after Dr Johnson's return to London from his tour in the Hebrides, a Scottish lady, who had invited him to dinner, presented on the table a tureen of *hotch-potch*. Having asked the Doctor if it was good, he replied, in his usual gruff manner—

"Madam, it is good for hogs."

"Then, pray, sir," said the hostess, promptly, "let me help you to a little more."

LORD LYND SAY.

Lord Lyndsay of the Byres was one of the most ferocious and relentless nobles of the Regent Murray; and, on account of his disposition, was one of the deputation of Lords sent to compel Mary Queen of Scots, while a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, to sign the deed of the renunciation of her kingdom. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal document, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove!

A HIGHLAND HINT.

An excise officer being settled in a Highland district where illicit distillation was supposed to be carried on, commenced the duties of his office with great keenness, and seemingly indefatigable perseverance. One day, as he was ranging among the scraggy knowes that skirted the sides of a deep wild glen, an unexpected little curling cloud of smoke, which seemed to slip out as if by accident from under the fringed bow of a large bush of heather, caught his eye, and, acting like magic on his enraptured senses, directed him, with hurried steps, to the secret spot, where, pushing aside the heath, and, plunging into the artful concealment, the reckless gauger surprised poor Donald in the very midst of his "browst," pots, pans, and all. A momentary silence ensued, as if either party, from the suddenness of their acquaintanceship, had felt uncertain whether it became his individual part to act on the offensive or defensive.

The pause, however, was short, when the sturdy man of "mountain dew" seemed all at once to recollect himself, and, stealing first a look at the door, and then fixing a stern eye on the intruder, whispered—

"Tid ony body see her comin' in?"

The knight of the dipping rod, misconstruing this into a symptom of fear, felt greatly relieved, and rallying a little, stoutly answered, "No; not one!"

"Than," said the distiller, "ta deil a ane sall ever see her gang out again," at the same time beginning to suit the action to the word. 'Twas enough; his visitor had no wish to be troublesome by his presence; so, taking the hint, he off as fast as his feet could carry him.

MEET REPENTANCE.

A young man met a friend, and told him that he was just making preparations by painting (pronounced in Scotland, *penting*) his house, &c., for bringing home a second wife, whom he was on the point of marrying. The intended bridegroom having lived rather loosely since the death of his first wife, was shocked to hear his friend reply—

"Weel, weel, Harry, ye may pent away; but had ye no better also *repent*?"

A SKIPPER IN A FIX.

There was once a vessel belonging to Kirkcaldy port; it was called "The Cat-luggit Sow of Kirkcaldy." The master's name was Willie Willison, and the mate's Jamie Jamieson. Captain Willison, getting drunk one day at a foreign port, was rowed out to his vessel in a state of mental obnubilation. Just upon being towed up, he awoke, and, seeing his vessel without recognising it, called out, "What ship, a-hoy?"

"The Cat-luggit Sow of Kirkcaldy," replied a voice from the gangway.

"The master's name?"

"Willie Willison."

"The mate's?"

"Jamie Jamieson."

"Lord keep my puir wits!" cried the amazed skipper; "twa Jamie Jamiesons, and twa Willie Willisons, and twa Cat-luggit Sows, a' frae the lang town of Kirkcaldy, and me to ken naething about it—gude guide us!"

MARTIAL LAW IN SCOTLAND.

After the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland carried "Fire and Sword" through the whole country, driving off the cattle, the only means by which the people subsisted, and leaving those who did not perish by the sword to die of famine. Many poor people, who never offended—females, decrepid old men, and helpless infants, became the victims of this savage ferocity. Mothers, with babes at their breast, were often found on the hill, literally starved to death! As a specimen of these atrocities, we give the following letter from a clergyman in the north, published in the *Scots Magazine* for June, 1746:—

"As the most of this parish is burnt to ashes, and all the cattle belonging to the rebels carried off by his Majesty's forces, there is no such thing as money or pennyworth to be got in this desolate place. My family is now much increased, by the wives and infants of those in the Rebellion in my parish crowding for a mouthful of bread to keep them from starving, which no good Christian can refuse."

Parties of soldiers, while the supreme court of justice was sitting—and there was no obstacle in the due execution of the laws, even within a few miles from Edinburgh, without warrant from a civil court—seized the goods and

effects, not of persons convicted as rebels, but of whomsoever they pleased to style rebels, exposed them to public auction, and arbitrarily disposed of the proceeds, to the ruin of the individuals themselves, and the defrauding their lawful creditors. If a tradesman happened to displease an officer, he would order him to be flogged. Thus one Maiben, a wig-maker in Stirling, happening to have some words with an officer in the way of business, Lieut.-Col. Howard ordered him to be flogged; and this sentence was carried into execution, in defiance of the formal protest of the magistrates of Stirling, and their demand to have him given up to them. After this course of violence and plunder had been carried the most daring lengths, a number of actions were brought in the Court of Session against officers of the army, by men who had been thus stript of their property; and on the 18th of December, 1746, Captain Hamilton, of St George's Dragoons, one of the most noted of these military robbers under the sanction of the royal duke, was condemned to make restitution—a sentence which decided the fate of other actions against him and his brother officers, and put a stop to further depredations. It required no small degree of fortitude to do justice in those times; and we need not wonder that Lord President Forbes, to whom the merit of this sentence is due, was complimented on account of it, by Sir Andrew Mitchell, as the saviour of his country. "I am persuaded," he says, in a letter in the *Culloden Papers*, "that Providence intends that you should once more save your country; and as an earnest of it, I consider your decree in the case of Captain Hamilton."

AH, INDEED!

A young preacher was employed by a relative to assist him in the discharge of the laborious and important duties of

a pastor. On a visiting occasion he fell in with a decent matron attached to the relief body, and, as usual, he urged his claim upon her attendance at the parish kirk. The scruples of the old lady were not, however, so easily got over, and at last she pointedly told him, that she "didna like read sermons."

"What would become of you, Janet," said the preacher, "if you were in England, where you would hear even read prayers?"

"Hech, sir!" said the modern Jenny Geddes, "I wonder what Jonah wad hae done if he had ha'en to read his prayers?"

PLATOON FIRING.

The brigade of Scots in the service of Gustavus, King of Sweden, contributed greatly to gain the decisive battle of Leipzig, by using platoon firing, which had never been known before, to the "great amazement" of the Imperialists.

A GRATEFUL GRAVE-DIGGER.

Rob Herrick was "burgher" grave-digger at Falkirk for nearly fifty years. One day he was digging a grave for a man who was greatly respected. To a gentleman who passed at the time, he summed up a eulogy on the departed by saying, "he was a fine chiel; I'm howkin' his grave wi' a new spade."

HINT TO EMIGRANTS.

An acquaintance of a Dundee bailie made a grievous complaint to him one day of the hard times, and the impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in this wretched country. The bailie's own experience ran directly counter to these dolorous croakings, for his industry had realised a handsome com-

petency; but he knew too much of the world to attempt proving to the complainer that his ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking, that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business.

"Not in this country," his friend repeated.

"Weel, then," said the bailie, "what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way geyan weel in Australia or the Cape."

"Yes," replied his desponding townsman, "that might be the case aince in a day; but, if there is business there, there are mair folk now than can get a share o't."

"Weel, it's maybe true ye say," rejoined the bailie, whose policy it was never to contradict any man directly: "but ye might gang farther—ye might gang up into the interior."

"There's naething," said the inveterate grumbler—"there's naething there but kangaroos."

The worthy magistrate was something nettled at this pertinacious hopelessness, and, concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages, among whom a careful pedlar might make good bargains, he replied hastily—

"Weel, aweel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as good as ony other man's?"

DR JOHNSON AND FLORA MACDONALD.

I was highly pleased to see Dr Johnson safely arrive at Kingsburgh, and received by the hospitable Mr Macdonald, who, with a most respectful attention, supported him into the house. Kingsburgh was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting "the graceful mien, and manly looks," which the popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character. He had his tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet, with a knot of black riband

like a cockade, a brown short coat, of a kind of duffil, a tartan waistcoat, with gold button holes, a bluish philibeg, and tartan hose. He had jet-black hair, tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady sensible countenance. There was a comfortable parlour with a good fire, and a dram went round. By-and-by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, his wife, formerly the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald. She is a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred. To see Dr Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English Tories, salute Miss Flora Macdonald in the Isle of Skye, was a striking sight; for, though somewhat congenial in their notions, it was very improbable they should meet here.—*Boswell*.

THE BULL'S HEAD.

While the boar's head, the memorial of feasts of ancient times, was exhibited at the royal entertainments as a testimony of peace and joy, and of welcome to the guests, the bull's head, according to Pittscottie, was employed as a signal of destruction. The following is a narrative of a case of this nature :—

“The Earl of Douglas came forward to Edinburgh, and entered into the castle, where, by outward countenance, he was received with great joy and gladness, and banqueted royally, with all delicacies that could be gotten; and ever that he should take no suspicion of any deceit to follow thereupon. Then, at the last, many of the Earl's friends being scaled off the town, and opportunity serving, with consent and advice of the governor, who came then, of set purpose, to Edinburgh, when the dinner was finished, and all the delicate courses taken away, the chancellor (Sir William Crichton) presented a bull's head before the Earl of

Douglas, which was a sign and token of condemnation to the death; but the Earl and his brother beholding this manifold treason, with sad mind and driry countenance, start up from the board, and made to leap at some place where they might anywise get out; but then, from hand, a company of armed men rushed out round about them, who, breaking all hospitality, led them to the Castlehill, with Sir Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, and other gentlemen their assisters and familiars, and shook their heads from them.”

If we can believe this account, the presenting of a bull's head as a signal of death must have been a known custom; for it was immediately understood by the Douglasses, who before had the utmost confidence in Crichton's hospitality.

FICTION AND FACT.

Two students were walking on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh. One of them being suddenly inspired with the magnificence of the view before him, proposed to begin a poem on the spot, celebrating the beauties of the opposite coast of Fife.

“I have,” said he to his companion, “one line, but I want another to match it—

‘Again we see upon the northern shore’—

“That's easily matched,” said the other—

‘Kinghorn still standing where it stood before!’”

THE MOTHER OF KING ROBERT BRUCE.

Martha, Countess of Carrick in her own right, the wife of Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, bare him a son, afterwards Robert I., 11th July 1274. The circumstances of her marriage were

singular: Happening to meet Robert Bruce in her domain, she became enamoured of him, and with some violence led him to her castle of Turnberry. A few days after she married him, without the knowledge of the relations of either party, and without the requisite consent of the king. The king instantly seized her castle and whole estates. She afterwards atoned by a fine for her feudal delinquency. Little did Alexander foresee, that, from this union, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy was to arise. This matter was probably concerted between them, and the affair so managed as to appear the act of the lady, that the penalty might be the less.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

A small farmer in the shire of Aberdeen had a wife that had been long unwell and confined to bed; but the fellow was of so niggardly a disposition that he grudged the poor woman so much as a light. She, in a pet, one night exclaimed—

"Oh! isna this an unco thing, that a poor body'll no get light to see to dee."

On which the *affectionate*, husband rose up, lighted a candle, and placing it at the bed-foot, said harshly to his wife—

"There, now, quick and dee now, before the candle gangs oot."

THE SHEPHERD'S MODE OF CURE.

I dinna despise the doctors. In ordinar complaints I help mysel' out o' the box o' drogs; and I'm never mair nor three days in gettin' richt again; the first day for the beginning o' the complaint—dull and dowie, sair gi'en to gauntin', and the streekin' out o' ane's arms, rather touchy in the temper, and no easily satisfied wi' anything

ane can get to eat; the second day, in bed wi' a nightcap on, or a worsted stockin' about the chafis, shiverin' ilka half hour aneath the blankets, as if cauld water were poorin' down your back; a stomach that scunnors at the very thocht o' meat, and a sair, sair head amaisa as if a wee deevil were sittin' in't knappin' stanes wi' an iron hammer; the third day about denner time hungrier than a pack o' hounds, yokin' to the haggis afore the grace, and in imagination mair able to devour the hail jiget, as weel's the giblet pie and the pancakes.

North. And the fourth day, James?

Out wi' the grew gin it be afore the month o' March, as soople and thin in the flanks as themsel's—wi' as gleg an ee—and lugs pricked up ready for the start o' pussie frae among the windlestraes. Haloo—haloo—haloo!—*Noctes Ambros.*

HIGHLANDERS AFTER WATERLOO.

The following conversation is given by Sir Walter Scott, as having taken place between him and some Scotch soldiers, whom he found bivouacked to the pavement at Peronne, on their march to Paris, after the battle of Waterloo:—

I told him, that as a countryman, accidentally passing, I could not resist the desire of inquiring how he and his companions came to have such uncomfortable beds; and I asked him, if it was not usual to receive billets on the inhabitants for quarters?"

Na, sir," was his composed reply; "we seldom trouble them for billets: they ca' this bivouacking, you see."

"It does not seem very pleasant, whatever they may call it. How do the people of the country treat you?"

"Ow! gailies: particularly we that are Scotch: we ha' but to show our petticoat, as the English ca' it, an' we're ayè weel respected."

"Were you in the battle of Waterloo?"

"Ay, 'deed was I, and in Quatre-bras beside. I got a bit skelp wi' a shell at Waterloo."

"And were all your companions, who sleep there, also wounded?"

"Ay were they; some mair, some less. Here's ane o' 'em wakening, you see, wi' our speaking."

The Scotchmen, having but small seduction to return to their beds, became quite inclined to talk, particularly when they heard from what part of the land o' cakes I came from.

"The duke," they said, "wasna to be blamed as a general at a'; nor would the men ha'e ony cause to complain if he would but gie them a little mair liberty."

"Liberty! What sort of liberty do you mean?"

"Ow,—just liberty—freedom, you see!"

"What, do you mean leave of absence—furloughs?"

"Na, na! De'il a bit: God, this hasna been a time for furloughs. I mean, the liberty that ither sogers get; the Prussians and them."

As I still professed ignorance of their meaning, one of them gave me, in a sudden burst, a very pithy explanation of the sort of liberty which the duke was blamed for withholding. The other qualified it a little, by saying—

"Ay, ay, he means, that when we've got the upper han', we shu'd employ it. There's no use in being mealy-mou'd, if the itherers are to tak what they like. The d——d Prussians ken better what they're about."

"Well, but you find that the Prussians are everywhere detested, and you have just now told me that you Highlanders are everywhere respected."

"Ou ay, we're praised eneuch. Ilka body praises us, but, very few gie us anything."

More readily interpreting this hint

than the last, I proved myself my exception to the general rule, by putting into their hands a franc or two to drink.

The one who received the money looked at it very deliberately, and then, raising his head, said—

"Weel, sir, we certainly didna expect this; did we, Jock?"

I inquired if the Duke of Wellington took severe means of enforcing on his army that regard for the lives and property of the inhabitants, in maintaining which he evidently placed the pride of his ambition, not less than in beating his armed adversaries?

"Na, sir; no here," was the reply; "for the men ken him weel enough now. But in Spain we often had ugly jobs. He hung fifteen men on ae day there—after he had been ordering aboot it, God knows how lang; and d—n me if he didna ance gar the provost-marshal flog mair than a dizen of the women, for the women thought themselves safe, and so were waur than the men. They got sax and thirty lashes a piece on the bare doup, and it was lang before it was forgotten on them. Ane o' them was Meg Donaldson, the best woman in our regiment; for, whatever she might tak, she didna keep it a' to hersel'." The noise of the horses brought to be harnessed to the diligence made me take a hasty leave of these Scottish soldiers.

AN EVIL OMEN.

Four men of the village of Flogdery, in Skye, being at supper, one of them did suddenly let fall his knife on the table, and looked with an angry countenance; the company observing it, inquired the reason, but he returned them no answer until they had supped, and then he told them that when he let fall his knife, he saw a corpse with the shroud about it laid on the table, which

surprised him, and that a little time would accomplish the vision. It fell out accordingly, that in a few days after one of the family died, and happened to be laid on that very table. This was told me by the master of the family.—*Martin.*

THE WOLF OF BADENOCH.

In 1374 the title of Earl of Buchan was bestowed on Alexander Stuart, the youngest son of King Robert II. The king had, soon after his accession, granted him a charter, dated at Scone, of the lands of Badenoch, the castle of Lochyndorbe, and the lands and forests annexed, as fully as John Comyn had had them. This earl married Euphemia, daughter of the Earl of Ross, in right of whom he had various lands. This earl proved, in every respect, a hateful character. Notwithstanding the great possessions obtained by his wife, he treated her with great unkindness, and aggravated her distress by the open attentions he paid to other women. She brought her suit against him before the Bishop of Moray, who pronounced sentence, ordering him to live with his wife, and to find security to the amount of £200 not to maltreat her. Irritated at this sentence, he seized on the bishop's lands in Badenoch, which drew down upon him the spiritual vengeance of a sentence of excommunication. The earl on his part armed his followers, and in May 1390 went and burnt the town of Forres, and in June following came to Elgin and burnt the Cathedral of St Giles, which, Buchanan says, "was the most beautiful church in Scotland," and along with it the hospital and eighteen manse of the canons and chaplains. After this sacrilegious action he was cast into prison. On his humble submission, he was absolved by the Bishop of St Andrew's, on condition of his making satisfaction to the Bishop

and Chapter of Moray, and obtaining confirmation of the absolution from the Pope. Whether he was let loose after this, or remained in prison, is not certain, for he died soon after, February 9th, 1394, and was interred in the middle choir of the Cathedral Church of Dunkeld. There were there a monument and statue of stone erected to his memory, which were defaced by the soldiers of Angus's regiment, who were stationed at Dunkeld at the Revolution by King William, and who fortified the church as a check to the pass into the Highlands.

A MITIGATED PUNISHMENT.

John de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole, attempted to escape from Scotland, but a storm cast him upon the coast, when he was taken prisoner and sent to London, where he was executed under circumstances of great barbarity. He was first half strangled, and while yet alive lowered from the gibbet, disembowelled, and his body burned. This was a mitigated punishment; for in respect that his mother was a granddaughter of King John, by his natural son Richard, he was not drawn on a sledge to execution, "that point being forgiven," and he was permitted to make the passage on horseback. King Edward, who was extremely ill, "received great ease" when he heard that his relative was apprehended and executed.

THE RAIN ALMANACK.

John Fake, who lives in Pabble, in the parish of Kilmoor, is constantly troubled with a great sneezing a day or two before rain; and if the sneezing be more than usual, the rain is said to be greater; therefore he is called the Rain Almanack. He has had this faculty these nine years past.—*Martin.*

A FLAW IN THE INDICTMENT.

A man was once tried before Lord Braxfield for stealing some *shirts*; but as it appeared that the articles were *female apparel, alias shifts*, the case was found "not proven." On which his lordship said to the advocate-depute—

"What for, man, did ye no ca' them *sarks* in the indictment, for that would hae done for the scoundrel ony way?"

PATRIOTISM OF THE CLERGY.

It is creditable to the Scottish clergy, that in defiance of England and Rome combined together, they stood true to the interests of their native land. The sentence of excommunication, which humbled to the ground King Henry and King John of England, was powerless when hurled against King Robert Bruce, whom his clergy supported in defiance of every threat. The official records of the losses they sustained in their property, for their uniform resistance to the attempts of Edward, are indelible monuments of their honour. Nor were they satisfied with declaiming against the foreign invader: they put on the helmet and the cuirass, and with sword and spear led on their people to battle. Tradition, which has preserved such endearing recollection of the memory of Sir William Wallace, has not forgotten his chaplain, who attended him in all his expeditions, celebrated divine service with him, and went with him into the battle. He was such a character as the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, who attended the brave Earl of Douglas, and single and alone, defended him from injury, after he fell at the battle of Otterburn in 1388, until his friends came up. The tradition of the burning of the English troops in the "Barns of Ayr" by Wallace, ascribes the contrivance to a friar, and states

that Wallace was accustomed to call it "the friar of Ayr's blessing."

CONCERNING TEA.

In 1744 resolutions against smuggling were passed in a number of the Scottish counties, in which the subscribers subjected themselves to penalties for any breach of the same. William Fullarton, of Fullarton, proposed that the following protest against the use of tea should be included, and it was done accordingly:—

"We, being all farmers by profession, think it needless to restrain ourselves formally from indulging in that foreign and consumptive luxury called tea; for, when we consider the slender constitutions of many of higher rank, among whom it is most used, we conclude that it would be but an improper diet to qualify us for the more robust and manly parts of our business; and therefore we shall only give our testimony against it, and leave the enjoyment of it altogether to those who can afford to be weak, indolent, and useless."

CHARTER-STONES.

There is a charter-stone at the village of Old Dailly, in Ayrshire, which has become celebrated by the following event:—

"The village of New Dailly having become larger than the old place of the same name, the inhabitants insisted that the charter-stone should be removed from the old town to the new; but the people of Old Dailly were unwilling to part with their ancient right. Demands and remonstrances were made for many years on each side without effect, till at last man, woman, and child of both villages marched out, and by one desperate engagement put an end to a war, the commence-

ment of which no person then living remembered. Justice and victory, in this instance, being of the same party, the villagers of the old town of Dailly now enjoy the pleasure of keeping the *blue-stane* unmolested."

Ideal privileges are often attached to some of these stones. In Girvan, if a man can set his back against the charter-stone, he is supposed not liable to be arrested for debt; nor can cattle, it is imagined, be pointed as long as they are fastened to the same stone. That stones were often used as symbols to denote the right of possessing land, before the use of written documents became general in Scotland, is exceedingly probable. The charter-stone of Inverness is still kept with great care, set in a frame, and hooped with iron, at the market-place of that town. It is called by the inhabitants of that district Clack na Couddin. While the famous marble chair was allowed to remain at Scone, it was considered as the charter-stone of the kingdom of Scotland.

A POOR MOUTHFUL.

At the examination of candidates for the place of schoolmaster in a Scottish parish, one of them was desired to read and translate Horace's *Ode*, beginning—

"Exegi monumentum, ære perennius."

He began thus:—"Exegi monumentum, I have eaten up a mountain."

"Stop," cried one of the examiners, "it will be needless for you to say any mair; after eating sic a dinner, this parish wad be a puir mouthfu' t'ye. You maun try some wider sphere."

NO APPETITE.

Tickler. I have no appetite, Jassies.

Shepherd. Nae appetee! how suld ye hae an appetee? A bowl o' molly-

go-tawny soup, wi' bread in proportion—tw a codlins (wi' maist part o' a labster in that sass), the first gash o' the jigget-stakes—then, I'm maist sure, pallets, and feenally guse—no to count jeellies and coostard, and bluemange, and many million mites in that Campsie Stilton—better than ony English—a pot o' draught—tw a lang shankers o' ale—noos and thans a sip o' the auld port, and just afore grace a caulker o' Glenlivet, that made your een glower and water in your head as if you had been lookin' at Mrs Siddons in the sleep-walking scene in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*—gin ye had an appetee after a' that destruction o' animal and vegetable matter, your maw would be like that o' Death himsel', and your stamach insatiable as the grave.—*Noctes Ambros.*

AN ECLIPSE.

D'ye hear what auld Dominie Napier says about the mirk Monday? He says it's an eclipse; the sun and the moon fechtin' for the upper hand! But, Lord! he's a poor capernoytit creature.

A NEW CHAIR.

Hugo Arnot one day met Mr Hill, then a candidate for, and afterwards Professor of Humanity (Latin) in Edinburgh University, as he was returning from the Grassmarket, when three men had just been executed there. Inquiring where he had been, Mr Hill replied, "that he had been seeing the execution."

"What!" said Hugo; "you! George Hill, candidate for the professor's chair of Humanity?"

"Yes, Mr Arnot," said Hill.

"Then, by——," continued the indignant Hugo, "you should rather be

professor of barbarity ; and you are sure of the situation, for it is in the gift of the Lord Justice-Clerk !”

Mr Hill was at the time tutor in the family of the latter.

A MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN.

The Rev. James Lapslie, minister of Campsie, was a man of great muscular power, and of a disposition not easy to be intimidated. Returning home one evening from a party, he was insulted by a band of colliers, one of whom swore that, if it were not for “his coat,” he would thrash him. Lapslie, who was in no mood to be trifled with, immediately doffed his sable habiliment, saying, as he threw it on the ground—“Lie you there, *Divinity* !—here stands Jamie Lapslic !”

The belligerents instantly set to work, and the result was that the collier was severely punished for his impertinence.

THE BRUTAL CUMBERLAND.

At the battle of Culloden, when the Highlanders were forced to retreat, the Frasers marched off with banners flying and pipes playing in the face of the enemy. After the battle, Charles Fraser, younger of Inverallochy, the lieutenant-colonel of the Fraser regiment, was savagely slain by order of the Duke of Cumberland. When riding over the field, the duke observed this brave youth lying wounded. Raising himself upon his elbow, he looked at the duke, when the latter thus addressed one of his officers, who afterwards became a more distinguished commander than himself : “Wolfe, shoot me that Highland scoundrel who thus dares to look on us with so insolent a stare.” Wolfe replied, that his commission was at his royal highness’ disposal, but that he would never consent to become an

executioner. Other officers refusing to commit this act of butchery, a private soldier at the inhuman command of the duke, shot the hapless youth before his eyes.—*Scottish Nation*.

PAUL JONES AND LORD SELKIRK.

Paul Jones was a native of Kirkcudbright. Having been prosecuted for some offence, he fled from home, and being an active seaman, obtained the command of a privateer in the American service. As he knew well about the parts of his native town, he executed one of his first enterprises at this place. Early one morning he stood in the bay, with colours flying like a British frigate, and sent his boat on shore near Lord Selkirk’s house, well manned, with an officer, who had orders to behave as if he commanded a press-gang. The scheme took effect. All the men about the house and grounds immediately disappeared. When all was clear, the officer with his party surrounded the house and inquired for Lord Selkirk. He was not at home ; Lady Selkirk was then inquired for, and made her appearance. The officer behaved very civilly, but told her plainly, that his errand was to carry off the family service of plate. She assured him that he had been misinformed, and that Lord Selkirk had no service of plate. With great presence of mind, she then called for the butler’s inventory, and convinced him on the spot of his mistake. At the same time she ordered wine. The officer drank her health politely ; and laying his hands on what plate he met with, went off without committing any wanton mischief. Soon after the ship left the bay, Jones informed Lord Selkirk by a letter that avowed indeed the intention of carrying his lordship off, but with a design merely to get a cartel established through the means of such a prisoner. As to taking the plate, he

said he totally disapproved of it: his crew forced him to it, being determined to have a little plunder for the risk they had run, both in Kirkcudbright bay and in attempting the night before to burn the shipping at Whitehaven. To this apology Jones added a promise to restore the plate, which, on the peace seven years after the depredation, was punctually performed. It was put into the hands of Lord Selkirk's banker in London; and not the least article was missing. This restitution has the appearance of generosity; but it is probable that Jones might feel for his professional character, which he found would suffer under the infamy of such a pilfering transaction.

A PASSIONATE MAN.

Davie Maben, a cross-grained old herd in Gallowayshire, once quarrelled with his dog. He caught collie by the hind legs, and threw him over the *Raen Nest Heuch* of the Netherlaw, exclaiming at the same time—

"Cæsar, my good doggie, did ye no ken I was a passionate man!"—*Mac-taggart*.

CARD-PLAYING IN THE COUNTRY.

As for young folks—lads and lasses, like—when the gudeman and his wife are gane to bed, what's the harm in a gem at cairds? It's a cheerfu', noisy sight o' comfort and confusion. Sic luckin' into ane anither's haun's! Sic fause shufflin'! Sic unfair dealin'! Sic winkin' tae tell your pairtner that ye hae the king or the ace? And when that winna do, sic kickin' o' shins and treading on tæs aneath the table—after the wrang anes! Then down wi' your haun' o' cairds in a clash on the brod, because you've ane ower few, and the stuf maun lose his deal. Then what

gigglin' amang the lasses! What amicable, nay, love quarrels, between pairtners! Jokin' and jestin', and tauntin' and toozlin'—the cawnel blawn out, and the soun' o' a thousan' kisses! That's caird-playing in the kintra, Mr North; and whare's the man amang ye that wull daur to say that it's no a pleasant pastime o' a winter's nicht, when the snaw is comin' doon the lum, or the speat's roarin' amang the mirk moun-tains?—*Noctes Ambros.*

BURNS' CREED.

"My creed," said Burns, in his *Commonplace Book*, "is pretty nearly expressed in the last clause of Jamie Dean's grace, an honest weaver in Ayrshire: 'Lord grant that we may lead a gude life! for a gude life makes a gude end—at least it helps weel!'"

SOUND REASONING.

Principal Blackwell, of Aberdeen, was remarkably *stingy*. While the workmen were employed in building his house at Polmuir, he sometimes gave them a *gaudeamus* of particularly small-beer, which was commonly carried in a water-bucket. On such occasions he used to honour the masons with his company, and drink to their health, always remarking—

"Ah! my lads! that's the stuff to put marrow in your bones!"

On one occasion a mason, of a particularly dry turn, observed, "Ay, ay, water-buckets dinna bear ale!"

CLERGY BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

Leslie, bishop of Ross, says of a priest, who had fought well in battle, "It is not to be wondered at that this priest should fight well, for in Britain

there are 40,000 priests who would not be afraid to fight against as many of any nation. Every baron has one, and some five or six, who ride out armed with sword and shield to attend their barons." This historian is dissatisfied with their engaging in war instead of employing themselves in divine service, but allows that they ought to fight in their own defence, and in defence of their country. Of the warlike disposition of the clergy of that age, we have a remarkable instance, at the battle of Pinkie, against the English, in which was a division composed of priests, of whom many fell in the battle. At the battle of Flodden, in 1513, there fell the Archbishop of St Andrews, and the Bishop of the Isles, with the Abbots of Kilwinning and Inch Chaffray. Sir David Lindsay says of them—

"Ane other cause of the punition,
Of thir unhappy prelatis imprudent,
They made nocht equal distribution,
Of haly kirkis patrimonie and rent,
But temporallie thair haif it all mispent.
Quhilkis sulde have bene tripartit into thre,
First to uphauild the kirk in honestie,
The second part to sustain thair estates,
The third part to be given to the puris,
But thair disposit that geir all uther gaites,
On cartis and dyce and harlotrie and huris,
Their catyvis tuke na compt of thair awin caris,
Thair kirkis revin thair laydis is clenely clad,
And richeley rewilit baith at burd and bed.
Thair bastard bairnis proudly they providit,
The kirk geir largely thair did on hame spend,
In thair defaltis thair subdites were mysydit,
And complit nocht thair God for till offend.
Quhilk thair thame want grace at their latter
and"

Melville says, that when James V. was advised by many to go to York, to meet his uncle, Henry VIII., he was inclined to do so; and seeing some of his prelates, he said, "Wherefore gave my predecessors so many lands and rents to the kirk? Was it to maintain hawks, dogs, and whores, and a number of idle priests?" Yet the clergy had influence to make him alter his intention, chiefly by bringing him fair maidens.

DECREASE AND HUMILIATION. •

In 1213, the last year but one of William the Lion, Gothred Mac William, with a powerful body of rapacious mountaineers, spread havoc and devastation far and wide throughout Moray. William Comyn, Earl of Buchan, led his vassals to suppress him, and had in his company the Earl of Atholl, and Sir Thomas de Lundy. Gothred was defeated by De Lundy, and, being taken, was brought before the Earl of Buchan, Lord High Justiciary of Scotland, to be tried for his crimes, and by him condemned to be hanged. The execution of this sentence he is said to have evaded by voluntarily abstaining from food, which speedily terminated his life. Major states that his head was cut off, and justly, that he who wished to be exalted and to be king, by such action might decrease, and be humbled.

SERGEANT MOR.

This noted freebooter had been a sergeant in the French army, and came over to Scotland in 1745. From his large size he was called Sergeant Mor. Having no settled abode, and dreading the consequences of having served in the army of France, and of being afterwards engaged in the Rebellion, he formed a party of outlaws, and took up his residence among the mountains between the counties of Perth, Inverness, and Argyle. While he plundered the cattle of those whom he called his enemies, he protected the property of his friends, and frequently made people on the borders of the Lowlands purchase his forbearance by the payment of Black Mail. Many stories are told of him. On one occasion he met with an officer of the garrison of Fort-William on the mountains of Lochaber. The officer told him that he suspected he had lost his way, and, having a large sum of

money for the garrison, was afraid of meeting the Sergeant Mor; he therefore requested that the stranger would accompany him on his road. The other agreed; and while they walked on, they talked much of the sergeant and his feats, the officer using much freedom with his name, calling him robber and murderer.

"Stop there," interrupted his companion, "he does indeed take the cattle of the Whigs and you Sassanachs, but neither he nor his cearnahs ever shed innocent blood; except once," added he, "that I was unfortunate at Braemar, when a man was killed, but I immediately ordered the *creach* to be abandoned, and left to the owners, retreating as fast as we could after such a misfortune."

"You," asked the officer, "what had you to do with the affair?"

"I am John du Cameron—I am the Sergeant Mor; there is the road to Inverlarchy—you cannot now mistake it. You and your money are safe. Tell your governor to send a more wary messenger for his gold. Tell him, also, that although an outlaw, and forced to live on the public, I am a soldier as well as himself, and would despise taking his gold from a defenceless man who confided in me."

The officer lost no time in reaching the garrison, and never forgot the adventure, which he frequently related.

"A BROKEN WEEK."

A minister was explaining to his congregation the great benefits arising from the Sabbath. He told them it was a means of frequently renewing their covenant, &c.; and, likewise, it was a worldly good, as a day of rest for themselves, their servants, and cattle. Then he recounted to them the different days observed in other religions, as the seventh day by the Jews, &c.

"But," said he, "behold the particular wisdom of our institution, in ordaining it to be kept on the first; for if it were any other day, it would make a broken week!"—*Burt.*

JACOBITE TOASTS.

The shifts and stratagems were numerous by which lairds and others of a Jacobite tendency had to conceal their opinions from the officers of the crown. Oliphant of Gask, for instance, had the favourite toast, "The King" and "The Restoration," both of them excusable as referring to legitimate objects, yet pronounced in such a significant manner as to leave no doubt that he meant "James," not "George," and referred to a potential, not a past restoration.

One day, when an officer of the army was dining with him, he felt somehow rather nervous about giving the latter toast; so after the "King" had been given and accepted by the two, in their respective senses, he propounded, "The King *again*, sir; ye can have nae objections to that."

ST ORAN.

St Oran was a friend and follower of St Columba, and was buried in Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost despatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery were

called *Railig Ouran*; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried, in that place.

“SIR WHAT-THOU-WILT.”

King James the Sixth, about to knight a Scottish gentleman, asked his name, who made answer, his name was Edward Rudry Hudrinblas Tripplin Hipplas.

“How, how?” quoth the king.

Replies the gentleman as before, “Edward Rudry Hudrinblas Tripplin Hipplas.”

The king, not able to retain in memory such a long, and withal so confusedly heaped-up name,—

“Prithce,” said he, “rise up, and call thyself Sir what thou wilt,” and so dismissed him.—*R. Chambers.*

TRIAL BY SINGLE COMBAT.

It may easily be supposed that trial by single combat, so peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the borders. The following indenture will show at how late a period it was there resorted to, as a proof of guilt or innocence:—

“It is agreed between Thomas Musgrave and Lancelot Carleton, for the true trial of such controversies as are betwixt them, to have it openly tried, by way of combat, before God and the face of the world, to try it in Canonbyholme, before England and Scotland, upon Thursday in Easter-week, being the 8th day of April next ensuing, A.D. 1602, betwixt nine of the clock and one of the same day, to fight on foot, to be armed with jack, steel cap, plaite sleeves, plaite breeches, plaite socks, two basiaerd swords, the blades to be one yard and half a quarter of length,

two Scotch daggers or dorks at their girdles, and either of them to provide armour and weapons for themselves, according to this indenture. Two gentlemen to be appointed on the field to view both the parties, to see that they both be equal in arms and weapons, according to this indenture, and being so viewed by the gentlemen, the gentlemen to ride to the rest of the company, and to leave them but two boys, viewed by the gentlemen, to be under sixteen years of age, to hold their horses. In testimony of this our agreement, we have both set our hands to this indenture, of intent all matters shall be made so plain, as there shall be no question to stick upon that day. Which indenture, as a witness, shall be delivered to two gentlemen. And for that it is convenient the world should be privy to every particular of the grounds of the quarrel, we have agreed to set it down in this indenture betwixt us, that, knowing the quarrel, their eyes may be witness of the trial.”

A SCOTCHMAN OUTWITTED.

Some years since, before the sale of game was legalised, and a present of it was thought worth the expense of carriage, an Englishman who had rented a moor within twenty miles of Aberdeen, wishing to send a ten-brace box of grouse to his friends in the south, directed his gilly to procure a person to take the box to the capital of the north, from whence the London steamer sailed. Not one, however, of the miserably poor tenants in the neighbourhood could be found who would take the box for a less sum than eight shillings. This demand was thought so unreasonable, that the Englishman complained to a Scotch friend who was shooting along with him. The Scotchman replied, that “the natives always make a point of imposing as much as possible upon

strangers; but," said he, "if you will leave it to me, I will manage it for you; for with all their inclination to knavery, they are the simplest people under the sun."

A few days afterwards, going out shooting, they saw a man loading his cart with peats, when the Scotchman, approaching him, said, after the usual salutation—

"What are you going to do with the peats?"

"I'm going to Aberdeen to sell them," was the reply.

"What do you get for them?"

"One shilling and eightpence, sir."

"Indeed! Well, I will buy them, if you will be sure to deliver them for me at Aberdeen."

"That I will, and thank you, too, sir."

All agreed, the Scotchman resumed his walk for about twenty yards, when he suddenly turned round and said—

"By-the-by, I have a small box I want taken to the same place. You can place it on the top of the peats?"

"That I will, and welcome, sir."

"Well, if you will call at the lodge in the evening, I will give you the direction for the peats, and you can have the box at the same time."

He did so, and actually carried the box and gave a load of peats for one shilling and eightpence, although neither the same man nor any one of his neighbours would forward the box *alone* for less than eight shillings.

scholarly and scientific possessor. The hospitalities of the manse were, however, a perpetual source of irritation to the drunken innkeeper, who fancied himself robbed of his annual harvest; and one night, when the manse was very full and the inn very empty, he slyly took down his signpost and stuck it over the minister's parlour window. Dr S.'s first intimation that he had set up in the public line was the fiery visage of Boniface glaring in upon the breakfast table, with the ominous words—

"'Since ye've ta'en awa' a' the company, ye may just tak the sign tae.'"

A PROMISING SON.

James Boswell, the biographer of Dr Johnson, was distinguished in private life by his humour and power of repartee. He has been described as a man in whose face it was impossible at any time to look without being inclined to laugh. The following is one of his good things:—

As he was pleading one day at the Scotch bar before his father, Lord Auchinleck, who was at that time what is called Ordinary on the Bills (judge of cases in the first stage), the testy old senator, offended at something his son said, peevishly exclaimed—

"'Jamie, ye're an ass, man.'"

"Not exactly, my lord," answered the junior; "only a colt, the foal of an ass."

AN INJURED PUBLICAN'S REVENGE.

"I well remember," says a well-known Scot, "in my boyhood, the picturesque manse of Luss filled with guests all the summer. Indeed, no strangers of distinction would have missed the opportunity of inspecting the rare botanical collection contained in the manse garden, or of becoming acquainted with its

A GREAT THOROUGHFARE.

A stranger, passing along a road in the south of Scotland, was surprised at the perfect solitude in which he found himself, there being actually no one to be seen upon the whole road as far as he had gone, nor could he see any one for miles before him. Coming up to a poor man who was breaking stones by

the wayside, and glad of any companionship in such a desert, he asked him, by way of drawing on conversation, if this road was well frequented.

"Ou, ay," said the man, "it's no that ill; a cadger gaed by yesterday, and there's yoursel' the day."

A YOUNG JOKER.

A celebrated divine in the west country tells the following story :—

While one day taking his usual walk, he happened to come across a little boy busily engaged in forming a miniature building of clay. The doctor, always fond of conversation with children, at once began his interrogatories as follow :—

"Well, my little man, what's this you're doing?"

"Makin' a hoose, sir."

"What kind o' a hoose?"

"A kirk, sir."

"Where's the door?"

"There it's," replied the boy, pointing with his finger.

"Where's the pulpit?"

"There," said the boy.

The doctor, now thinking he would fix the sharp-eyed boy, again asked—

"Ay, but where is the minister?"

The youngster, with a knowing look to his querist, and with a scratch of his head, again replied—

"O, I havna enuch o' dirt to mak him."

"IN THE BRAID GATE."

A member of that proverbially loquacious craft, who are particularly hostile to the distinguishing mark of the disciples of Joanna Southcote, which they denounce as a barbarism, was one night "working with sinuosities" along the Broadgate of Aberdeen, with the contents of several bottles in his pate,

making sundry hair-breadth 'scapes of a broken nose, ever and anon encountering a brush with a Charley, a dry-shave from a quizzical crony, a cut from every strapping wench he chanced to accost—and he accosted nearly every one he met—when he was addressed by a douce woman of his acquaintance—

"Ah! Geordie, Geordie, ye're i' the braid gate."

Unwilling to be thus bearded, Geordie, with a contemptuous curl of the lip, replied, "I ken that; but for as braid as it is, I need it a'!"

LYLIARD'S EDGE.

The spot on which the noted battle of Ancrum Moor was fought was called Lyliard's Edge, from an Amazonian woman of that name, who is reported by tradition to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible not long ago, and to have run thus—

Fair maiden Lyliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English louns she laid many thumps,
And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought
upon her stumps.

ANTISEPTIC EFFECTS OF PEATMOSS.

A piece of cloth, dug from under a moss ten feet deep, on the lands of Flute, in the parish of Glassford, in Lanarkshire, was found to be fresh and well preserved. This piece of cloth was brought from the bottom of a peat forest, on the point of a spade; but the incurious labourer was neither at the pains to preserve it, nor so much as to examine it if any more clothes were to be found at the same spot. In the moss of Locher, near Dumfries, were found a

canoe and a Roman jug. In the same moss, a leather bag, containing silver coins of the Saxon heptarchy, were found. A pot and decanter, both of Roman copper, were dug from under a moss in the parish of Kirkmichael, Dumfriesshire. A Roman camp kettle, nearly as thin as parchment, was found in the clay, under a moss eight feet deep, on the estate of Auchtertyre. A Roman medal, of fine gold, with an inscription upon it, was found under a moss, near the sources of the Annan, on the side of the great road formed by Agricola. Bruce, in his expedition against Comyn, Earl of Buchan, cut down some forests near Inverury. The trees are to be seen under the mosses, which have risen over them to a great height. Trees are frequently found in the mosses of Kippen, and a Roman road, formed entirely of wood, was discovered in them some years ago. A similar road was found in the moss of Logan.

In digging the great canal between Edinburgh and Glasgow, near Falkirk, horses and men in full armour were found. They were supposed to have been Covenanters who had sunk retreating from a defeat by Montrose.

A TEXT "WELL" APPLIED.

Meeting a friend one morning returning from St Bernard's mineral well, at the Water of Leith, Edinburgh, Erskine greeted him with, "Good morning! I see you never weary in *well-doing*."

THE PECHS.

Every child in Scotland has heard of the Pechs, a race of small red-haired men, who are said to have lived long ago, and built all the huge castles and bridges in the country.

The Picts, whom antiquaries suppose

to have been the same as what are called the Pechs, are understood to have been the people who lived in the country north of the Forth, about a thousand years ago. They had a king of their own for many ages; but at length a race of Irish adventurers, who came in upon Scotland by the west, got the better of their monarch, or else succeeded to his crown by marriage, so that there was never any more heard of them as a separate nation. This event is said to have taken place in the year 843.

Tacitus describes these Picts as a tall and fair race; but tradition now speaks differently of the Picts. Both in the border counties, and in those which the Picts once occupied, they are represented by the common people, and in all nursery stories, as a squat and robust race of men, with red hair, and arms of such length that they could tie the latches of their shoes without stooping. The Scottish peasant ascribes all old public works of which he does not know the origin to the Pechs, and their plan of working, according to his creed, was to stand in a row between the quarry and the building, handing forward stones to one another. When a person has either red hair, long arms, or a very sturdy body, it is common to say to him tauntingly—

"Ye maun be come of the Pechs."

Yet there is also a very prevalent understanding that they are now entirely extirpated, at least as a nation; and there are some popular tales which even speak of the death of the last individual of the race.

The inhabitants of Lammermoor, a lonely mountain region between East Lothian and Berwickshire, have a tradition that the last battle fought by the Pechs against the Scots, by whom they were oppressed, took place near a hill called Manslaughter Law. So dreadfully were they cut up, that only two persons of the Pictish nation survived the fight—a father and a son. These

were brought before the Scottish king, and promised life on condition that they would disclose the secret, peculiar to their nation, of the art of distilling ale from heather. But this was a secret upon which the Pechs prided themselves very much, so that they never would divulge it except to their own kindred. Both refused to purchase their lives on this condition, and they were about to be put to a painful and torturing death, when the father seemed to relent, and proposed to yield up the secret, provided that the Scots would first kill his son. The victors, though horrified at the unnatural selfishness of the old man, complied with his request, and then asked its reward.

"Now," said the ancient Pech, "you may kill me too, for you shall never know my secret. Your threats might have influenced my son, but they are lost on me."

The King of Scots could not help admiring this firmness of principle, even in so small a matter as small ale, and he condemned the veteran savage to life. It is further related by the tradition of Teviotdale, that his existence, as a punishment from heaven for his crime, was prolonged far beyond the ordinary term of mortal life. When some ages had passed, and the last of the Pechs was blind and bed-ridden, he overheard some young men vaunting of their feats of strength. He desired to feel the wrist of one of them, in order to compare the strength of modern men with those of the early times, which were now only talked of as a fable. They reached him a bar of iron instead of a wrist, that they might enjoy the expressions of indignation which they thought he would be sure to utter. But he seized the huge bar, and, snapping it through like a reed, only remarked very coolly—

"It's a bit gey grissle, but naething to the shackle-banes o' my young days."

The feelings of the young men may

be imagined. Into such forms as these do historical facts become transmuted after a long series of ages; and such is the popular remembrance of a nation which once occupied the greater part of this country, but the very existence of which is now a matter of historical uncertainty.

CHURCH-GOING.

Church-going seems to be in great measure a habit, and while one parish is distinguished for attendance upon religious ordinances, another not far distant is noted for its remissness in the observance of that duty. A ploughman who had been a couple of years in the parish of Ochiltree, but who seldom had "darkened a church door," removed into the neighbouring parish of Coynton, and, some months afterwards meeting with his old master, was thus accosted—

"How are ye, John? I'm glad to hear ye attend the church now."

"Ou ay, sir, a' folk gang to the kirk here. Ye're thoct naething o' if ye dinna gang to the kirk."—*Rev. D. Hogg.*

A POLITICAL SHAVE!

Before a former Mr Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, had obtained the patronage of Scotland, he was by no means popular in the country. On the contrary, he was, oftener than once, in danger of his life from mobs in Edinburgh. Paying a visit to the capital on one occasion, after having been concerned in some odious public measure, he sent for a barber, in the morning, to shave him at his hotel. The tonsor, who happened to be a wag, on entering the room, saluted Mr Dundas, and welcomed him to Edinburgh. Then having decorated him with an apron, he began to lather his face; during which operation he cast upon him sundry scowling

and penetrating glances, the meaning of which the stranger could not well comprehend. At length, flourishing his razor, he said, in a sharp and stern voice—

"We are much *obliged* to you, Mr Dundas, for the part you lately took in London."

"What!" replied the secretary; "you are a politician, I find? I sent for a *barber*."

"Oh, yes," returned the knight of the pewter-basin, "I'll shave you directly;" which he did, until one half of the beard was cleanly mowed; when, coming to his throat, he drew the back of the razor across it, saying, "Take that, ye traitor!" and off he ran, downstairs, into the street.

Whether Mr Dundas felt any uneasiness at the barber's manner, we know not; but the latter expression—the action being so well suited to the word—induced him instantly to apply the apron to his throat, and to make a loud gurgling noise, which being heard by some of the people of the house, they immediately ran to his assistance. They soon discovered, by the pantomimic gestures of the half-shaved man, what had occurred, and it was not long before the room was full of members of the faculty, of all degrees—apothecaries, surgeons, and physicians. It was a considerable time before the patient could be prevailed on to remove the apron, and expose his throat; but at length, when he did so, with much caution, it was found to be in a perfectly whole state, there not being even a scar visible! Though Mr Dundas had much reason to be delighted at having escaped unhurt, he was not a little mortified at the laugh which this adventure occasioned; and his chagrin was greatly increased when he found that he had to pay for the attendance of the medical gentlemen; which having done, and having shaved the other side of his face himself—for he would trust no more

barbers—he quitted Edinburgh, and did not return for many years.

A FRIENDLY PROSECUTOR.

The Laird of Waterton, in Aberdeenshire, after the abolition of power of regality, apprehended a sheep-stealer, and sent him to the jail of Aberdeen to be tried at the assizes. Visiting the prisoner the night before the trial, he asked him what he meant to do. To which the prisoner replied, he intended to confess, and pray for mercy.

"Confess!" said Waterton; "what, man, will ye confess, and be hanged? Na, na, deny it to my face." He did so, and was acquitted.

THE NATURAL SEQUENCE.

James Ritchie, who flourished as piper to the corporation of Peebles (ill the beginning of the present century, and who was remarkable as having been first cousin to that extraordinary creature David Ritchie, the original *Black Dwarf*, was a wit in his way. His wife had one day to communicate to him the distressing intelligence that a flood in the Tweed had carried away their family cow, which was the fruit of his laborious puffings and earnings.

"Weel," said he, after a good deal of condolence, "deil ma care, after a'; it cam' wi' the *wind*, let it gang wi' the *water*."

"DOUBLING THE CAPE."

Henry Erskine and a few friends dining one day with Bailie Creech, the guests were entertained with a single bottle of Cape wine, though Creech boasted of some very fine Madeira which he said was in his cellar. Various attempts were made to induce the

host to produce the vaunted Madeira, but without success. At length Erskine said, with an air of apparent disappointment—

“Well, well, since we can’t get to *Madeira*, we must just *double the Cape!*”

THE PROPER HAND.

A gentleman connected with the custom-house at Anstruther, whose name was David Rae, joined Prince Charles in the '45, was taken prisoner, tried, condemned, and hanged at Carlisle. The Rev. Mr Nairn, minister of the parish, very humanely called on the widow, and, for the pious purposes of consolation, stated that the hand of God was evident in the dispensation.

“Na, na,” said the honest woman; “there was nae hand in it but the deil’s and the Duke o’ Cumberland’s.”

TRADE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Stock fish from Aberdeen appear to have been in repute, and exported to considerable amount. In 1348, we find passports granted to Adam de Fren-draught, Robert de Botha, and John de Taillour, merchants of Aberdeen, who had come to England with hides, lambs’ skins, and other merchandise, and they had leave to buy and carry to Scotland cloth, *linen*, and worsted cloth, and other merchandise.

PILGRIMAGES.

In the *Rotuli Scotie* we find three descriptions of persons in the fourteenth century obtaining passports to go to England, and one was the merchants, whose object was gain; another was literary men, such as the celebrated Barbour, whose object was the acquisition of knowledge; and a third, a more

numerous class, was that of devout pilgrims, who travelled, from religious motives, to Canterbury, or St James’s, in Spain. In the *Regiam Majestatem*, pilgrimage to Rome, Jerusalem, or St James’s, is ordered to be admitted as a sufficient plea for omission of attendance before the supreme court.

SIR ANDREW WOOD.

The faithful and brave Sir Andrew Wood, who flourished in the reigns of James III. and IV. of Scotland, was a native of Largo in Fife. Under James III. he possessed the barony of Largo in tack. But James IV. invested him in the property of it, on account of two signal victories he had obtained at sea over the English, about the beginning of his reign. It appears that Sir Andrew, like Commodore Truncheon, brought on shore his nautical ideas and manners. From his house, down almost as far as the church, he formed a canal, upon which he used to sail in his barge to the church every Sunday in great state.—*Stat. Account.*

*KIGIN OF THE NAME ARMSTRONG.

The name of Armstrong is that of a famous border family, which, with its various branches, chiefly inhabited Liddesdale. According to tradition, the original name was Fairbairn, and belonged to the armour-bearer of an ancient king of Scotland, who having his horse killed under him in battle, was straightway remounted by Fairbairn on his own horse. For this timely assistance the king amply rewarded him with lands on the borders, and in allusion to the manner in which so important a service was performed,—Fairbairn having taken the king by the thigh, and set him at once on the saddle,—his royal

master gave him the name of Armstrong, and assigned him for crest "an armed hand and arm, in the hand a leg and foot in armour, couped at the thigh, all proper."

THE SAME WHIP.

The Laird of M'Nab was a regular attendant at Leith races, at which he generally made his appearance in a very showy-looking gig. On one of these occasions his horse suddenly dropped down dead. At the races on the following year, a wag, who had witnessed the misfortune of the previous year, rode up to the laird, and said—

"M'Nab, is that the same horse that you had last year?"

"No," said the laird, "but it's the same whup;" which article he flourished in such a manner that the querist considered it advisable to take the hint, and beat a speedy retreat.

A DEFINITION.

A gentleman visiting Mr Wood's school in Edinburgh had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word *inheritance* occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows:—

"What is inheritance?"

"Patrimony."

"What is a patrimony?"

"Something left by a father."

"What would you call it, if left by a mother?"

"Mutrimony."

LADY BOTHWELL-HAUGH.

This lady and her child perished in consequence of having been turned out of her castle, in unseasonable weather, by one of the party attached to the Earl

of Murray. Popular report tenants the ruins of the old castle with the restless ghost of this unfortunate lady, who always appears in white, with her baby in her arms. This spectre is so tenacious of its rights, that a part of the stories of the ancient edifice having been employed in repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to occasionally haunt this castle (Bothwell Castle) also.

THE MINISTERS OF GLENORCHY.

The last episcopal clergyman of the parish of Glenorchy, Mr David Lindsay, was ordered to surrender his charge to a Presbyterian minister, who had been appointed by the Duke of Argyle. When the nominee of the duke reached the parish, to take possession of his living, not an individual would speak to him, and every door was closed against him, except that of Mr Lindsay, who received him kindly. On Sunday the new preacher went to church, accompanied by his predecessor. The whole population of the district were assembled, but not one would enter the church. No person spoke, nor was there the least noise or violence, until the new minister attempted to enter the church, when he was surrounded by twelve men, fully armed, who told him he must accompany them; and, disregarding all Mr Lindsay's prayers and entreaties, they ordered the piper to play the "March of Death," and walked away with their prisoner to the confines of the parish. Here they made him swear on the Bible, that he would never return, or attempt to disturb Mr Lindsay; which oath he honestly kept.

The Synod of Argyle were highly incensed at this violation of their authority, but seeing that the people were fully determined to resist, no farther attempt was made. Mr Lindsay lived thirty years afterwards, and died Epis-

copal minister of Glenorchy, loved and revered by his flock.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

The Hon. Thomas Erskine was one evening taken suddenly ill at Lady Payne's: on her expressing a hope that his indisposition might not be serious, he answered her in the following impromptu:—

"'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew *pleasure* who never knew
Payne."

DAFT LAIRD ROBERTSON.

A crazed but harmless old man, who lived many years ago in Edinburgh, and was generally known by the name of daft Laird Robertson, one day meeting with Sandy Wood, the celebrated surgeon and most worthy denizen of the same city, accosted him thus—

"*Cousin*, I rejoice to see you looking so well this morning."

"I am very happy to see you, laird," answered Mr Wood; "but did not know that I had the honour of being a relation."

"You're *wud*" (*Scotice* for crazy, or "daft"), replied the laird, "and a'budy kens *I'm* no wise."

A COURAGEOUS MARTYR.

Walter Mills was the last martyr whom the Catholics in Scotland were able to bring to the stake. He died with great fortitude. During his examination, he answered his accusers with an acuteness and point which approached to wit. Oliphant, a priest, asked him—

"Say you there are not seven sacraments?"

Mills. "Give me the Lord's Supper

and baptism, and part the rest among you."

Oliphant. "What think you of matrimony?"

Mills. "It is a blessed bond. You abhor it, and take other men's wives and daughters."

Oliphant. "What of the administration of the sacrament?"

Mills. "I will tell you.—A lord inviteth many to dinner; he ringeth his bell, and they come into his hall. He then turneth his back upon the guests he has called, and eateth and drinketh all himself, giving them no part; and so do you."

A LIBERAL EPISCOPALIAN.

An Episcopalian lady at Alloa had a Presbyterian husband, on whose death she applied to her own clergyman to have the burial service read over him. He refused to do so; which being reported to the Rev. John Skinner, the author of "*Tullochgorum*," he remarked—

"Hoot, sic a stiff ass! If it had been me, I wad hae said, 'Aye the mae the merrier.'"

HOW TO GET QUIT OF AN IMPORTUNATE LOVER.

Hugo Arnot was once waited upon by a lady not remarkable either for youth, beauty, or good temper, for advice as to her best method of getting rid of the importunities of an admirer whom she did not approve of. After telling her story, the following colloquy took place:—

"Ye maun ken, sir," said the lady, "that I am a namesake o' your ain. I am the chief o' the Arnots."

"Are you, by jing?" replied Mr Arnot.

"Yes, sir, I am; and ye maun jist

"advise me what I ought to do with this impertinent fellow!"

"O, marry him by all means! It's the only way to get rid of his impertinence."

"I would see him hanged first!" replied the lady, with emphatic indignation.

"Nay, madam," rejoined Mr Arnot; "marry him directly, as I said before, and, by the lord Harry, he'll soon hang himself afterwards!"

QUALIFICATION FOR A KING'S COUNSEL.

The Hon. Henry Erskine, in consequence of holding an appointment from the Prince of Wales, generally presided at the anniversary meeting of his Royal Highness's household in Edinburgh, on the 12th of August. On one of these occasions, while a gentleman was singing, the Prince's tobaccoconist accompanied the song with his fingers upon the wainscoting of the room in a very accurate manner. When the music ceased, the chairman said, "He thought the Prince's tobaccoconist would make a capital king's counsel."

On being asked "why?" Henry replied—

"Because I never heard a man make so much of a *pand*."

THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

A ludicrous incident occurred at the unveiling of a temple to the memory of Thomson, author of *The Seasons*, in the Earl of Buchan's grounds at Dryburgh. A large company were invited, and a sumptuous entertainment was provided by his lordship, whose ambition it was to be regarded as the great patron of literary men. All the company being collected, his lordship, standing on the steps of the temple (the front

of which was covered by a green curtain to conceal an elegant bust of the poet), commenced reciting a poem, composed by himself, in praise of the genius of Thomson. A wag, meantime, had gone behind the curtain, and crowned the bust with a brown *Jordan*, sticking, at the same time, a pipe in its mouth. On a signal from his lordship, the curtain was drawn up, and in ecstasies he pointed in the direction of the bust—"Lo—the Man!" This was too much for his enlightened auditory, who were convulsed with laughter. The cause of the unusual merriment was soon revealed, to the utter discomfiture of his lordship, whose vanity did not for many a day recover from the rude shock it so unexpectedly received on the very threshold of a great triumph.

A CLERICAL JACOBITE.

The Episcopalian clergyman of Stonehaven, at the time of the "Forty-Five" (an old man of the name of Troup), was so enthusiastic a Jacobite, that when a person named Bannerman came marching through the town to join the Chevalier, he, though it was Sunday morning, took a pair of bagpipes, and escorted them for some distance, playing "Over the water to Charlie." For this act of rebellion, he was *deprived* by government, and obliged to perform all the functions of his sacred office in the strictest secrecy. It is a fact remembered by tradition, that when he had to baptize a child, it was always smuggled into his house in a fish-wife's creel. In his old age he became exceedingly peevish, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to exercise any of his functions even for his best friends. "Gae wa' wi' ye!" he said to a christening procession which one day came to him, "I wadna be at the fash, though ye were to ca' the bairn Charlie."

THE DEATH OF ROBERT BRUCE.

During the truce between England and Scotland, it happened that King Robert of Scotland, who had been a very valiant knight, waxed old and was attacked with so severe an illness (the leprosy) that he saw his end approaching; he therefore summoned together all the chiefs and barons in whom he most confided, and after having told them he should never get the better of this sickness, he commanded them, upon their honour and loyalty, to keep and preserve faithfully and entire the kingdom for his son David, to obey him, and crown him king when he was of a proper age, and to marry him to a lady suitable to his station.

He, after that, called to him the gallant Lord James Douglas, and said to him, in the presence of the others—

“My dear friend Douglas, you know that I have had much to do, and have suffered many troubles during the time I have lived to support the rights of my crown; at the time I was most occupied, I made a vow, the non-accomplishment of which gives me much uneasiness; I vowed that if I could finish my wars in such a manner that I might have quiet to govern peaceably, I would go and make war against the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the adversaries of the Christian faith; to this point my heart has always leaned; but our Lord was not willing, and gave me so much to do in my life-time, and this expedition has lasted so long, followed by this heavy sickness, that since my body cannot accomplish what my heart wishes, I will send my heart instead of my body to fulfil my vow. As I do not know anyone knight so gallant or enterprising, or better formed to complete my intentions than yourself, I beg and entreat of you, dear and special friend, as earnestly as I can, that you would have the goodness to undertake this expedition for the love of me, and to acquit my soul to

our Lord and Saviour; for I have that opinion of your nobleness and loyalty, that if you undertake it, it cannot fail of success, and I shall die more contented; but it must be executed as follows:—

“I will that as soon as I shall be dead you take my heart from my body, and have it well embalmed; you will also take as much money from my treasury as will appear to you sufficient to perform your journey, as well as for all those whom you may choose to take with you in your train; you will then deposit your charge at the holy sepulchre of our Lord, where he was buried, since my body cannot go there. You will not be sparing of expense, and provide yourself with such company and such things as may be suitable to your rank, and wherever you pass you will let it be known that you bear the heart of King Robert of Scotland, which you are carrying beyond seas, by his command, since his body cannot go thither!”

All present began bewailing bitterly; and when Lord James could speak, he said—

“Gallant and noble king, I return you a hundred thousand thanks for the high honour you do me, and for the valuable and dear treasure with which you entrust me, and I will most willingly do all that you command me, with the utmost loyalty in my power; never doubt it, however I may feel myself unworthy of such a high distinction.”

The king replied, “Gallant knight, I thank you; you promise it me then?”

“Certainly, sir, most willingly,” answered the knight. He then gave his promise upon the honour of his knighthood.

The king said, “Thanks be to God, for I shall now die in peace, since I know that the most valiant and accomplished knight of my kingdom will perform that duty for me, which I am unable to do for myself.”

Soon afterwards, the valiant Robert

Bruce, king of Scotland, departed this life, on the 7th of November 1327. His heart was embalmed, and his body buried in the monastery at Dunfermline.

Sir James Douglas, two knights of the name of Logan, and other brave men, set out on this expedition, and died nobly in fighting the enemies of the Christian faith in Spain. King Robert's heart after this was brought back, and deposited at Melrose.

PRUDENT DRINKERS.

An English officer being promoted to the command of a Scots regiment, became desirous of insuring his life, and appeared at the board of an insurance office for that purpose. A question being put to him, whether he was temperate or free in his manner of living, he replied—

"Gentlemen, you may be perfectly easy on that score, now that I belong to a Scotch regiment: our officers never get drunk at their own expense."

AN INGENIOUS CANDIDATE.

About the middle of the 17th century, the office of schoolmaster at Dirleton becoming vacant, several of the *literati* made suit to the patron for the living. A laird then, like our ministers of state now, was accessible only through his principal servant, who was called his *gentleman*. The Laird of Dirleton had a "gentleman," called Hugh —, who presided over his levee service, and turned the admission of tenants and dependants into the presence-chamber considerably to his pocket account. One of the candidates, not very purse-proud, but close-fisted enough, often addressed Hugh for a word of the laird, but was always either very coldly received by Hugh, or industriously shifted, so he would never even so much as

attempt to mumble at *speaking to the purpose*. Effectually disgusted at last with Hugh's indifference, the candidate watched an opportunity when the laird was riding through the village, and, accosting his honour becomingly, told his errand. As the benefice was to be collated on the candidate who should best acquit himself at the competition, Dirleton, being on horseback, and in a hurry, bid him explain the following rule of Syntax in *Despauler's Gram-*

"En ecce hem, semper primum quartumve requirunt;
Heu petit et quantum, velut O; hei vague;
dativum;
Proh primum, quantum quintumque, tenere notatur."

The candidate immediately commented:—"En, an like your honour; ecce hem, see what sad hempies are laird's men; *semper primum quartumve requirunt*, we maun always creesh their loofs before we can get a word of their masters; *heu*, what think you of your man Hugh? *petit et quantum*, he seeks even a fifth part of the salary; *velut O*, like a cypher, as he is; *hei vague dativum*, deil tak him that gies it; *proh*, 'tis a shame for your honour to keep him in your service; *notatur*, for he's a great rascal; *tenere primum, quantum quintumque*, and is worth a thousand merks."

Struck with the punster's ready humour in turning the grammatical rule so happily to his own circumstances, Dirleton ordered Hugh to deliver the keys of the school to him instantly, and to cause write out his call, maugre all postponing *interjections* whatsoever.

THE MAD MINISTER OF MOFFAT.

Dr Walker, professor of natural history at Edinburgh, a man of great science, and also of great worth, was not a little finical in dress. His hair-

dressing was, till he got a wig, the work of two or three hours every day. Once when he was travelling from Moffat, where he was then minister, to pay a visit to Sir James Clerk of Penicuik, he stopped at a country barber's on the way, in order to have his hair dressed. The barber, who, although he had often heard of his customer, but was unacquainted with his person, did all that he could to obey the numerous directions which he received; with astonishing patience did he, for three hours, curl, uncurl, friz, and labour at the doctor's hair. At length, however, he lost his temper, and could not avoid exclaiming, "In all my life, I never heard of a man so ill to please as you, *except the mad minister of Moffat!*"

THE SCOTS AT WATERLOO.

Blucher, in a despatch relating to the battle of Waterloo, wrote, "That the Old Guard were baffled by the intrepidity of the Scottish regiments." It was flattering to hear this account of the conduct of the Highlanders confirmed by the prevailing belief both in Paris and throughout France; the French soldiers themselves saying that it was the Scottish troopers who chiefly occasioned the loss of the battle, by defeating the Old Guard. The impression they made in Paris itself fully justifies the belief on that subject. Tartan became a prevailing fashion with the ladies, and the full garb was employed as an attraction by wax-work exhibitors. It was likewise introduced on the stage with great applause.

A SCOTTISH INVENTOR.

David Gregory was born in 1627 or 1628, and, although he possessed all the genius of the other branches of his family, was educated by his father for

trade, and served an apprenticeship to a mercantile house in Holland. Having a stronger passion, however, for knowledge than for money, he abandoned trade in 1655, and returning to his own country, he succeeded, upon the death of an elder brother, to the estate of Kinardie, situated about forty miles north of Aberdeen, where he lived many years, and where thirty-two children were born to him by two wives. Of these, three sons made a considerable figure in the republic of letters, being all professors of mathematics at the same time in three of the British universities—viz., David at Oxford, James at Edinburgh, and Charles at St Andrews.

While he lived at Kinardie, Mr Gregory was a jest among the neighbouring gentlemen, for his ignorance of what was doing about his own farm, but an oracle in matters of learning and philosophy, and particularly in medicine, which he had studied for his amusement, and began to practice among his poor neighbours. He acquired such a reputation in that science, that he was employed by the nobility and gentlemen of that county, but took no fees. His hours of study were singular. Being much occupied through the day with those who applied to him as a physician, he went early to bed, rose about two or three in the morning, and, after applying to his studies for some hours, went to bed again, and slept an hour or two before breakfast. He was the first man in that country who had a barometer; and having paid great attention to the changes in it, and the corresponding changes in the weather, he was once in danger of being tried by the presbytery for witchcraft or conjuration. A deposition of that body waited upon him to inquire into the ground of certain reports that had come to their ears; but, affording them ample satisfaction, a prosecution was prevented.

About the beginning of the last cen-

tury, he removed with his family to Aberdeen, and in the time of Queen Anne's wars employed his thoughts upon an improvement in artillery, in order to make the shot of great guns more destructive to the enemy, and executed a model of the engine he had contrived. Dr Reid, in his "Additions to the Lives of the Gregorys," published in *Hutton's Dictionary*, states that he conversed with a clockmaker at Aberdeen who had been employed in making this model; but having made many different pieces by direction, without knowing their intention, or how they were to be put together, he could give no account of the whole. After making some experiments with this model, which satisfied him, Mr Gregory was so sanguine in the hope of being useful to the allies in the war against France, that he set about preparing a field equipage, with a view to make a campaign in Flanders, and in the meantime sent his model to the Savilian professor, that he might have his and Sir Isaac Newton's opinion of it. His son showed it to Newton, without letting him know that his own father was the inventor of it. Sir Isaac was much displeased with it, saying, that if it had tended as much to the preservation of mankind, as to their destruction, the inventor would have deserved a great reward; but as it was contrived solely for destruction, and would soon be known by the enemy, he rather deserved to be punished; and urged the professor very strongly to destroy it, and, if possible, to suppress the invention. It is probable the professor followed this advice, as he died soon after, and the model was never found.

When the Rebellion broke out, in 1715, Gregory went a second time to Holland, and returned, when it was over, to Aberdeen, where he died about 1720, aged ninety-three, leaving behind him a history of his own time and country, which was never published.

SEVERE PUNISHMENT.

A Fifeshire bailie had two boys brought before him, charged with trespassing within the enclosures of Craufurd priory. The prosecutor was the factor of the eccentric Lady Mary Lindsay Craufurd. The bailie having heard the case against the delinquents, which he did not consider so serious an offence as the factor did, and having also ascertained that one of the youths was a drummer from Edinburgh Castle, and that the other belonged to a guard-ship at Leith, gave each a shilling, and told them to go home—one to the castle, and the other to the ship. "And now," said the magistrate, addressing the factor, "you can tell Lady Mary that I have sent one of the prisoners aboard a man-o'-war, and the other one to be a sodger. Surely that will be punishment to please her."

A DISPUTATION IN PRESENCE OF ROYALTY.

When King James VI. visited his native and ancient kingdom, in the year 1617, he had an earnest desire to honour the College of Edinburgh with his presence, and to hear a "public disputation in philosophy." But the multitude of business distracting him all the time at Holyrood House, it pleased his majesty to appoint the masters of the college to attend him at Stirling, the 29th day of July; when, in the royal chapel, his majesty, with the flower of the nobility, and many of the most learned men of both nations, were present, a little before five o'clock, and continued, with much cheerfulness, above three hours.

Mr Henry Charteris, then principal of the college, being naturally averse from public shows, moved that Mr John Adamson, then minister of Liberton, should preside at the disputation.

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH ANECDOTE.

Mr James Fairly was chosen to draw and defend the theses; Mr Patric Sands, Mr Andrew Young, Mr Francis Reid, and Mr William King, the other four regents, were appointed to impugn. They divided the theses, each of them choosing three; but they insisted only on such purposes as were conceived to be most acceptable to the king's majesty and the auditory. The special purposes agitated were: 1st, That the sheriffs and other inferior magistrates ought not to be hereditary, oppugned by Mr Sands with many pretty arguments. The king was so well pleased with the answers, that, after he himself had pressed some arguments to the contrary, and the defender had directed his answers to Mr Sands, his majesty, turning to the Marquis of Hamilton, who was standing behind his chair, and, at that time, was heritable sheriff of Clydesdale, "James," said he, "you see your cause lost." Mr Young, who disputed next, insisted upon the nature of local motion, pressing many pretty things, by clear testimonies of Aristotle's text. To which, when the defender made his answers, and cleared the purpose, the king said to some English doctors, which were near to him, "These men understand Aristotle's mind better than he did himself while he lived."

Mr Reid disputed thirds, anent the original of fountains. The king being much taken with this last argument, notwithstanding the time allotted (being three-quarters of an hour) was spent, caused him to prosecute the purpose, his majesty himself sometimes speaking for the impugner, and sometimes for the defender, as they were more or less constipate, in good Latin, and with much knowledge of the secrets of philosophy. Mr King, who disputed last, had his dissertation *De Spontaneo et Inevitato*, in the which, and in all the rest, the king let no argument escape without taking notice thereof, and speaking to

the purpose, with much understanding and good language.

After the disputation, his majesty went to his supper, and, after a very little time, commanded the masters to be brought before him. In their presence he discoursed very learnedly of all the purposes which had been agitated. Then he fell to speak of the actors. Methinks (said he) these gentlemen by their names have been predestinated for these acts they have had in hand this day. Adam was first father of us all; and therefore, very fitly, you, Adamson, had the first part to act. You, the defender, are rightly called Fairly; your thesis had some fairlys in it, and you sustained them very fairly, with many fair-lyes given to the oppugners. And why should not you, Mr Sands, be the first to enter the sands? Now I clearly see all sands are not barren, for you have shown a fertile wit this day. Mr Young, you are old in Aristotle. Mr Reid, your face need not be red with blushing for your actings. As to you, Mr King, you have disputed in a royal manner, and to a kingly purpose, concerning the supremacy of reason over anger and all other passions. I am so well satisfied with your exercises this day, that I will be godfather to your college, and have it called the college of King James. And although I see many look upon it with an evil eye, yet I will have them to know, that, having given it this name, I have espoused its quarrel.

One who stood by told his majesty, that there was one of the company of whom he had taken no notice—Mr Henry Charteris, principal of the college (who sat upon the president's right hand), a man of exquisite and universal learning, although he had no knack of speaking in public before so august an assembly. Then (answered the king), well does his name agree with his nature; for charters contain much matter, but say nothing.

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The king who stood by the king's chair commended his majesty's allusions to the actors' names, and his majesty pressed that the same should be turned into poesie, wherein his majesty both delighted much, and had an excellent faculty; which was accordingly done.

One of the English doctors wondering at his majesty's gift in the Latin tongue, all the world (said he) knows that my master, George Buchanan, was a great master in that faculty. I follow his pronunciation both of the Latin and Greek, and am sorry my people of England do not do the like; for certainly their pronunciation spoileth all the grace of these learned languages. But, ye see, my learned men in Scotland express the true and native pronunciation of both.

His majesty continued his discourses upon the purposes ventilated that day till ten o'clock at night, with much ability, and to the admiration of the understanding hearers. After which, he declared, that as he had given the college a name, he would also, at a convenient time, give it a "royal god-bairn gift," for enlarging the patrimony thereof.

"NANE O' YOUR FUN."

A minister was once catechising his young parishioners before the congregation, when he put the usual question to a stout girl, whose father kept a public-house—

"What is your name?" No reply. The question having been repeated, the girl replied, "Nane o' your fun, Mr — ye ken my name weel enough. D'ye no say, when ye come to our house on a night, 'Bet, bring me some ale!'"

The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place and the surrounding circumstances, assumed a

broad grin, and the parson looked rather foolish.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN SLEEP.

An old alehouse-keeper of the parish of Lunan, in Forfarshire (who greatly resembled the browster-wife in *The Bride of Lamermoor*, of whom Johnnie Mortheuchi said that she was, "deaf to everything but the clink o' the siller"), fell asleep one Sunday during the sermon, and, notwithstanding several strong admonitory hints from the elbow of a neighbour, would not awake. The minister, an eccentric, old-fashioned clergyman, observed the efforts of that neighbour, and, leaning over the pulpit, said—

"Let her alone, Elspeth; I'll waken her mysel' mair easily than ye'll do.—Phew! phew! (*Here he whistled.*) A bottle o' yil and a dram, Janet!"

"Coming, sir," instantly replied Janet, as she started up, only, however, to be covered with confusion.

FISHING FOR WIGS.

While Lord Coalstoun lived in a house in the Advocates' Close, Edinburgh, a strange accident one morning befell him. It was at that time the custom for advocates and judges to dress themselves in gowns, and wigs, and cravats, at their own houses, and walk to the Parliament House in fit state to appear at the bar. They usually breakfasted early, and, when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlour windows for a few minutes, before St Giles's bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day. It so happened one morning, while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls,

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who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which, in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window, by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. His lordship had just popped his head out of the window directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting, "good easy man," what a danger impended, like the sword of Damocles, over his head; when down came the exasperated animal at full career, directly upon his senatorial wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of landing-place their kitten had found, than in terror or surprise they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for along with the animal, up also came the judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons. His lordship's surprise, on finding his wig lifted off his head, was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling in its way upwards, without any means visible to him by which its motion might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the awe almost of the senator below—the half mirth, half terror, of the girls above—together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between—altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice, but which George Cruikshank might perhaps embody with considerable effect. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned; but assuredly the perpetrators of it did afterwards get many a lengthened injunction from their parents never again to fish over the window with such a bait for honest men's wigs.—*Robert Chambers.*

A PASSIONATE PREACHER.

The Rev. James Reid of Kinglassie had an unfortunate temper, and in mo-

ments of irritation was apt to violate the apostle's injunction, that a clergyman should be "no striker." He had fixed a quarrel on the gravedigger; and one day when that functionary was pursuing his avocation, he was rash enough to strike him with his staff. The gravedigger merely remarked—

"Tak tent, sir, tak tent, for an' ye do that again, I may forget that ye're the minister."

NO REASON TO BE SURPRISED.

A young advocate, when pleading before the Court of Session, took the liberty of saying, in his great zeal for his client, that he was *surprised* at the conduct of their lordships. The court was indignant at the expression, as being disrespectful. Lord Pitfour observed, that such an expression must have proceeded entirely from the inexperience of the advocate, for, if he had known them as long as he had done, he would not have been surprised at anything which they might do.

A LAIRD NOT A GENTLEMAN.

The following remarkable defence was made and sustained in an action before the Court of Session, decided 9th November 1709:—

John Purdie, fined by the justices of the peace of Midcaldre, in £100 Scots, for fornication with Christian Thomson, his servant, conformably to the last Act 38, Parl. 1661, he being the eldest son of an heritor (a landowner), and so a *gentleman*, in the construction of law; when charged for payment by Thomas Sandilands, collector of those fines, he suspended upon this ground, that the fine was exorbitant in so far that he was but a small heritor; and that the Act of Parliament imposeth the £100 upon *gentlemen transgressors*; and as all

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...ors are not gentlemen, so he denied *he had the least pretence to the title of a gentleman.* And farther, he had married the woman he offended with, which lessened the scandal, and was a ground to mitigate the fine. The lords sustained the reason of this suspension, to restrict the fine to £10 Scots; because *suspender had not the face or air of a gentleman.*

A COMPLIMENT TO A HIGHLAND REGIMENT.

When the 78th Highlanders were about to leave Brussels, after having been stationed there for some time, the following complimentary declaration was publicly made by the mayor of the city :—

“As Mayor of Brussels, I have pleasure in declaring that the Scotch Highlanders, who were garrisoned in this city during the years 1814 and 1815, called forth the attachment and esteem of all, by the mildness and suavity of their manners, and excellent conduct, insomuch that a representation was made to me by the inhabitants, requesting me to endeavour to detain the seventy-eighth regiment of Scotsmen in the town, and to prevent their being replaced by other troops.”

TREATMENT OF INFANTS.

The cold bath was held so much in esteem by the ancient Highlanders, that as soon as an infant was born he was plunged into a running stream, and carefully wrapped in a blanket; and soon after it was made to swallow a small quantity of fresh butter, in order to accelerate the removal of the meconium. When an infant was christened, in order to counteract the power of evil spirits, witches, and warlocks, it was placed in a basket, with bread and cheese,

wrapped up in a linen cloth, and the basket and contents were handed across the fire, or suspended on the pot-crook that hung on the beam over the fire-place.

JUDGES OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

A story is told of one of the Judges of the old school, which, if correct, indicates that, not quite a century since, there still did exist some of the old leaven. It is said that a law-suit had for some time depended between the magistrates of a certain circuit town and a neighbouring proprietor, which had been brought to a termination unfavourable to the wishes of the former by the admirable management of one of the Judges. This eminent person, who happened to be a Justiciary Judge, had occasion officially to visit the town in question, where he was received with becoming gratitude and attention by the gratified magistrates. At a feast—whether given by the Judge or his clients we forget—the magistrates gravely thanked the learned Lord for his kind exertions, and trusted he would continue his patronage. My Lord smiled and bowed, and looked particularly amiable. Presuming on his good-nature and complacent demeanour, one of the number ventured to hint, that his lordship's services might again be required, as they, emboldened by their former success, had commenced another new suit, and he was humbly requested to carry them through with that one also.

“Na, na, I canna do that,” said my Lord.

“Why?” exclaimed all the astonished magistrates, amazed probably at what they conceived to be a most uncalled for scruple of conscience.

“Because,” rejoined the Judge, “ye're ower late: I've already gi'en my promise to the opposite party.”—*Court of Session Garland.*

LOCHER MOSS ROAD.

Over Locher Moss is a road remarkable for its origin. A stranger, many years ago, sold some goods to certain merchants of Dumfries on credit. He disappeared, and the money was never claimed by him or his heirs. The merchants very honestly put out the sum to interest, and after a lapse of more than forty years, the town of Dumfries obtained a grant of it, and applied it to this useful purpose.

A LOCAL RHYME.

As a specimen of the whimsical enumerations of localities which the peasantry formerly composed as a relaxation in the winter-nights, we present one which we think will tickle the ear of the reader. It embodies not only the principal localities, but also many of the families which flourished at a particular period, in the neighbourhood of Whitburn and Bathgate:—

"The lang Flints o' Whitburn,
And Tennants i' the Inch,
John M'Call o' Bathgate
Sits upon his bench.
Tarryauban, Tarrybane,
Tarbane-hills and Scat-yawds,
Easter Whitburn's assy pets,
And Wester Whitburn's bra lads.
The Deuck i' the Head,
The Drake o' the Reeve,
The Laird o' Craigmalloch and Birnie-ton-ha',
Hen-nest and Hare-nest,
Cock-hill and Cripple-rest,
Belstane and the Belstane-byres,
Bickleton-ha' and the Gutter-myres."

SIR JOHN CARR ON SCOTTISH
EDUCATION.

The system of education gives to the manner of a low Scotsman an air of sedateness, acuteness, and consideration, which I have never witnessed in the same class in any other country. A low Irishman frequently shapes his an-

swer by a quick, and often erroneous anticipation, before the question propounded is half finished. A Scotsman hears you without interruption, and, after a pause of reflection, conveys a firm, modest, and generally a luminous answer. So strong is the thirst for knowledge among the lower orders in Scotland, that small farmers and petty tradesmen are known to form themselves into literary societies; and it is related, upon authority, that the workmen in the lead-mines of the Earl of Hopetoun, at Leadhills, have a common library, containing several thousand volumes. These people work only six hours a day, and therefore have time to gratify this extraordinary passion for literature.*

As Sir John Carr had visited every part of the empire, and most of the countries on the continent of Europe, he was able, from his experience, to form a judgment of the comparative condition of the lower orders in Scotland.

THE COMPANION OF WALLACE.

Sir John the Graham was the faithful companion of Sir William Wallace, and joined the illustrious patriot in his heroic attempt to achieve the independence of his native country. He was slain fighting gallantly, at the battle of Falkirk, 1298. He was buried in the churchyard of Falkirk, and his monument there, which has been several times renewed, bears in the centre the

* This Library or "Society for the purchase of Books," as it is properly called, is still in existence. It was instituted in 1745, and the Editor of the present work has the pleasure of holding a diploma of honorary membership, bearing date August 1863. From personal knowledge he can vouch for the excellence of the books forming the library, and the judgment with which they have been selected. That the books are "read," in the best sense of the word, is well known to all who are acquainted with the miners of Leadhills.

arms of the ancient family of Graham ; at the upper part, round an architectural device, is the legend "Vivit post hæc virtus," and at the lower part this inscription :

Mente manugue potens, et Vallæ
fidus Achates,
Conditus hic Gramus, bello inter-
fectus ab Anglis.

22 July, 1298.

The following English translation proceeds lengthwise, two lines being along each of the side margins :—

Here lye

Sir John the Græme, baith wight and
wise,
Ane of the chiefs reskewit Scotland
thrice ;
Ane better knight not to the world was
lent,
Nor was gyde Grame of trvth and
hardiment.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

A descendant of the Marquis of Montrose being taunted by a Campbell for the long time his ancestor's head was allowed to remain upon the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, "The marquis," said he, "was too good a soldier to quit his post till he was relieved," alluding to the Marquis of Argyll's head having been placed in its stead, after the Restoration.

NOT A MATTER OF REGRET.

A medical practitioner, not quite so
Galen, undertook to cure
of deafness, with which he was
afflicted. One lotion after another
was prescribed, but still the patient
was not from hearing the voice of
his wife.

She just came since mair to ye,

doctor," said his wife, "to see if ye canna gie John something better, for the last bottle ye gied him did him nae gude ava'."

"Dear me," said the doctor, "I'm surprised at that; but it doesna matter muckle: there's naething gaun worth hearing the now."

"MOTHER WIT" OF A WRONG SORT.

The son of Hackstoun of Rathillet was a Jacobite, and turned out in the "Fifteen." A future representative married into the family of Hay of Naughton, which was unfortunately tainted with a strain of madness. The offspring of this marriage was a son, named Helenus, who, along with the talent inherent in his father's family, had, moreover, a great portion of the insanity of his other parent. Old Hackstoun used to say to this youth, on observing any symptom of extravagance—

"Helenus, Helenus, ma man, I doot ye've owre muckle mither wit."

AN EARLY HEARER.

When Dr Chalmers was preaching in London, the excitement to hear him was very great, especially among his own countrymen. There was one Scotsman who was quite unmoved. His brother James never went once to listen to him. He could not escape, however, hearing much about him, for the stir created by him penetrated even his daily haunt, the Jerusalem Coffee-house.

"Well," said one of his merchant friends to him one day, ignorant of the relationship, "have you heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of yours?"

"Yes," said James, somewhat drily, "I have heard him."

"And what did you think of him?"

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"Very little, indeed," was the reply.
"Dear me!" said the astonished inquirer; "when did you hear him?"

About half-an-hour after he was born."

KILSPINDIE IN 1790.

Servants' wages in this country have risen to a most alarming height. The men from £7 to £15, 15s. a-year, with two pecks of meal a-week, and 9d. a-week for milk or beer; women from £2 to £3, with their victuals. The men-servants, with all their enormous fees, are disobliging, perverse, and obstinate, refusing to work more than six hours in the forenoon, and four in the afternoon. They have no idea of submitting to any little economical employment at a winter fireside. Bid them mend a corn-sack, and they will fly in your face.—*Stat. Account.*

AN ACCOMMODATING ECLIPSE.

William Mason, whilom secretary to the Grand Lodge of Scotland, was a person of quaint humour, and relished a joke. He was one day on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, where a crowd had assembled to witness an eclipse of the sun, when a country man accosted him, requesting to be informed whether the eclipse would take place that day.

"No," said the secretary, probably recollecting the similar joke of Dean Swift; "it has been put off till to-morrow!"

The clown went away, evidently perfectly satisfied with the information.

A GREATER GRIEF.

"Well, Sandy," said a neighbour to a little boy in the kingdom of Fife, whose mother had been seriously in-

disposed, "how is your mother day?"

"Deed I dinna ken very weel she is," replied Sandy, scratching his head; "but the cow's ta'en ill, that's waur than my mother."

AN EDIFYING SERVICE.

Mr Johnston, minister of the of Lyne and Megget, was a man singular character. The two parishes which are twenty miles distant, very thinly inhabited, both contain only 160 souls. In winter, the minister used to assemble the few that attend, being so widely scattered, in his own kitchen, and set down them a bottle or two of whisky, say,

"Ye'll no be the waur o' a wee o' that, as this is an unco cauld an' ye hae a gey bit till gang; tak an' administer every ane o' yer ain necessity." They accordeed the bottle round, every taking as much as he thought his duty required, as the minister thought the glass wholly unnecessary. It is less to say the congregation greatly edified by this pious service.

HOW TO SET THE FASHION.

Gibson, in his *History of Scotland*, published in 1777, seriously sets out the following method of regulating fashion, &c., the introduction of goods being then regarded as injurious to native industry.

"Let the people who fix the fashion be such whose quality and fortune put them above the rest of mankind; let this fashion be changed three times every year, in the following manner: Let there be a public sale in Edinburgh, upon the 1st of January; let the different

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3.urers produce before this assembly the respective kinds and pattern of the goods which they can manufacture, and let it be determined, by the company present, what species of goods are to be in fashion for the whole dress of both men and women, to commence on the 4th of June, and to continue to the 11th of November. Let there be another breakfast held upon the 5th of June, in which it shall be determined what kind of goods shall be in fashion from the 11th of November to the 13th of February. Let there be another breakfast upon the 12th of November, which shall direct the goods to be in fashion from the 13th of February to the 4th of June. Let the woman of highest quality present always preside in these assemblies; let her appoint some gentleman to take the sense of the company, and let their determination be published in the Edinburgh newspapers. Let the ladies treat every gentleman who does not give obedience to the mandates of these assemblies as an unfashionable creature, and as one inimicable to the welfare of his country. Let the gentlemen look upon every lady who does not appear dressed in the manufactures of her country as an extravagant woman, unfit to attend to the concerns of a family.

An institution of this kind would, in a very short time, have a surprising and salutary effect, and would certainly tend to the good of our country."

"I WOULD IF I COULD."

In a curious collection of jests printed in the year 1640, and to which the name of Archy Armstrong is prefixed as a decoy, there occurs an anecdote which shows that James the Sixth was not uniformly accessible to the flattery of his courtiers. Two gentlemen, noted for agility, trying to out-jump each other in his presence, he said to the individual who jumped farthest—

"And is this your best? Why, man, when I was a young man, I would have outleaped this myself."

An old practised courtier, who stood by, thought this a good opportunity of ingratiating himself with his master, and struck in with—

"That you would, Sir; I have seen your majesty leap much farther myself."

"O' my soul," quoth the king, as his usual phrase was, "thou liest; I *would*, indeed, have leapt much farther, but I never *could* leap so far by two or three feet."

END OF FIRST SERIES.

